HOLDING A SUCCESSFUL FARM SALE

A real farm sale must be most carefully planned. So many things can come up to spoil a sale, even though the many details have been looked after, that it well behooves the man to leave no stone unturned in getting ready for the day. Rain, bad roads, lower market conditions, a funeral—these and many other things can affect a sale materially. I have known instances where the death of some person in the vicinity has cut the sale's crowd to half the usual number.

First, advertise the sale, and be careful that your listed stuff is exactly what you have to sell. See to it that the papers in all the surrounding territory run your ad, and have a generous supply of handbills displayed in banks, elevators, on the signboards, etc.

Arrange with the auctioneer for a day that he can give you and arrange with a bank to have the sale clerked properly.

The sum the auctioneer will charge differs in various localities, but a usual charge is on the percentage basis, with a minimum charge. In some places they charge 2 per cent. for sales running under $1,000, and 1½ per cent. for sales running over that amount.

Have a bank employee to clerk the sale; he will know the people who buy. He is familiar with their rating, and in case he isn't he must be guided by the sworn statement of their assets. Sometimes a percentage is deducted from the purchase price for cash. If notes are given in payment, the bank will take up the notes and give the owner cash less a discount. The notes bear the current rate of interest. This gives to the man who is holding the sale his full share of the proceeds as soon as the sale is over.

Look after the comfort of your buyers. The lunch folks will most likely be glad to serve a lunch around noontime—"hot dog" and meat sandwiches, hot coffee, etc. The ladies' club of the community church, or the gymnasium club of the rural high school, or some other organization, may want to serve lunch. Better see about it.

Have the stock properly marked for later identification. Group everything for good display. Always have the stock well groomed.

A TRUE HERO

BY JENNY WREN.

"A hero," sighed little Frank Fanning, as he closed the book he had been straining his eyes in the twilight to read, which told how a little drummer-boy had kept up his dub-a-dub all through a fiercely fought battle—his little red coat seen here, there and everywhere, as he moved among the soldiery, cheering them with the gay sound, until at the close of the day, when they had gained the victory, they noticed that the sound grew fainter and fainter, until some one going up to the spot where he had sunk to the ground, discovered that the brave little fellow's life-blood was ebbing fast through a mortal wound caused by one of the bullets of the enemy; but, still, his last, expiring effort was to keep up the rah-tah-too, and his last glance was for the flag, in which they wrapped him as they laid him away to his final rest, while on the rude board that marked his grave they cut the words!

"Here lies a little hero!"

"That was worth dying for," thought Frankie, when from the adjoining room, some one called his name.

It was his mother, and it was the third time she had called him.

"Yes, mother, I am coming," he answered, springing up.

"I wanted a glass of water, my son. I am thirsty."

Frank felt a little pang of reproach, for his mother was an invalid, and unable to move from the lounge to which she was carried every morning, and she depended on her little boy to wait upon her.

"I ought to have come before, mother," he said; "but I was reading such a splendid story. It was about a boy-hero, mother. Oh, I wish that I could be a hero!"

"And so you may be, my son! Do you know what heroism means? It means self-sacrifice. Always remember that. There is no man who entirely forgets self but who is a hero. He may not know it himself, the world may never recognize."

Somehow Frankie could not forget his mothers words as he lay that night, with wide-open eyes, in his little bed. Whenever he closed them he seemed to see that soldier-boy's grave, and the sentence written above it. But one might be a hero and yet not die. He could not understand it, and so wondering, he fell asleep.

How good Frankie had grown! thought Mrs. Fanning in the days that followed. She no longer had to call but once when, no matter what he was doing, he hastened to her side. How often she blessed him in her thought; but spite of his loving care she felt herself growing paler and weaker every day.

It was mental trouble, the doctor said, as much as physical. Her mind must be kept free from care. But this was the one thing that Frankie could not do, though he well knew what was troubling her.

Every week their little hoard at the bank was decreasing, and Mrs. Fanning, who was a dressmaker, could do no work. Another month—if she continued ill—there would be hardly enough left to pay the rent.

On his way home, one afternoon, from the school, bitterly revolving all this in his mind, Frankie, glancing up, found himself opposite a large factory, outside of which was a placard, on which was written, in great letters: "Hands Wanted."

The boy looked down at his own hands. They were small and white, and unused to work.

"But they were made to use," he whispered to himself with sudden inspiration. "Other boys make money—why may not I?"

Five minutes later he stood before the superintendent. In ten minutes the agreement had been made. He had to go to school one-half the day, the other half he had to work in the factory, and for this he was to receive three dollars a week.

True, it would take away the only hours he had for play—no more skating, no more sledding. But never mind that, Frankie thought, gulping down a sigh of regret, and manfully trudging homeward.

At the door he paused.

"I won't tell mother," he whispered; "it would only trouble her. She will find it out soon enough."

One day when she had needed and missed him, she reproached him for thinking more of his play than his mother, but though he grew a little pale, he said nothing.

The month was drawing to its close. The time was approaching when she must learn the truth, else how could he account to her for the money?

Never mind. He would tell her how much happier he was knowing he helped her, and how little he missed his outdoor sports. Next winter, when she was strong and well again, he would enjoy them all the more.

It was the last day of the month, and Frankie was on his way to the counting room to receive his pay, which he had left in the superintendent's hands until the whole amount had been reached.

When, in passing some machinery, it was suddenly put in motion. Directly in his pathway stood a little girl, and as the great wheel slowly revolved, Frankie saw that it had caught a corner of her dress. The next moment he only knew that the dress was freed, that the child's life had been saved, and that his own strong right arm hung broken and helpless by his side. It had all taken such a little time he could scarcely realize it himself. He wondered what it all meant when they crowded around him.

"He is a little hero!" said a voice and then it all grew dark and the little fellow knew no more.

When he recovered consciousness, his mother's pale face was bending over him.

"You're not angry, mother?" he whispered. "I couldn't help it."

"My precious little hero!" she answered, sealing his lips with her kisses.

Then he remembered all, and what that other voice had said. But what could this mean? He a hero? He, who had never done anything heroic in his life!

He had time to think it all over in the long weeks that passed before his broken arm mended and he grew strong again.

But one day the factory superintendent, who had insisted upon paying all the expenses of his illness, so that he might get well in his own time, came in and handed him, with a smile, a little box.

On opening it a bright gold medal lay before his astonished gaze, and on it was written:

"In memory of a brave and noble action."

"Mother!" he cried, "see here! What does it mean?"

"It means," she answered, solemnly, "that my boy has forgotten self in others and that he is his mother's hero!"

Tears fell thick and fast down the boy's face. He had done so little, he thought, and they had made of it so much.

Nor was this all, for the next year the superintendent found a place for him in his own private office, where he might grow up a good and useful man.

To his mother, health and strength had returned, and all was happiness in the little cottage, but Frankie had learned a lesson he never forgot—that it is in the quiet home-circle, in the every-day unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others, rather than the battlefield, where the first seeds are sown which make the hero.

Keep the Ewe Lambs Growing.

No flock owner can afford to neglect the ewe lamb crop. When in restricted winter quarters, and on dry feed, care should be taken to keep them healthy. They should be provided with feeds that produce bone and muscle. Ewe lambs are susceptible to delicate fondness for certain kinds of food, and especially for the first few weeks after coming off pasture. To obviate a set-back in flesh and bone growth, a little attention to providing savory food to encourage the appetite, is prudent.

I have always adhered to the practice of separating the ewe lambs from the flock early in the fall. I think the ewe lambs do much better, and make faster growth, when kept separate. As a rule, the winter quarters for the average farm flock is limited. Overcrowding is sure to cause the ewe lambs to suffer first and, if allowed to continue, will in a short time materially retard their development.

We see that the ewe lambs have plenty of room at the feed rack and grain troughs. Otherwise, they are likely to go under-nourished. My experience has been that it is better to provide at least a third more space at the feed rack rather than is actually necessary.

The ewe lambs should be fed for bone and flesh growth, but not to become overfleshed. A ration that furnishes plenty of bone and flesh material without causing the taking on of too much surplus flesh is best suited for growing ewe lambs. I feed plenty of clover or alfalfa hay and bean-pods for roughage, and a light grain ration of two parts oats, one of corn, and equal bulk of wheat bran. —C. R.

Scoop-Shovel Feeding.

"Scoop-shovel" feeding is bad stuff, our good friend E. J. Perry declares, and we pat him on the back for saying so. He points out that if a man overfeeds one-half pound of grain daily for a month, it is just the same as putting $6.40 in the manger. If the cows are underfed the same amount, the owner loses 810 pounds of milk, worth $24.30. Subtract the grain cost and you have a net loss of $17.90. Really, the only way to do is to weigh the feed for each cow, and keep increasing her allowance only as long as her milk cheques pay for the extra feed. The rule is, feed all the good legume hay a cow will eat, and one pound of grain for every three or four pounds of milk. Of course, rules are made to be broken, and so this rule should be only a starting point. If a man isn't going to check up on every cows feed and milk, then he had best follow the rule.

Dairying in Northern Ontario.

In Northern Ontario, even as far back as the transcontinental railway, practically all the crops suitable for feeding dairy cattle do well. Red clover provides excellent summer pasture and winter hay, and such excellent silage crops as sunflowers and a mixture of oats, peas and vetches give good yields with ordinary farm cultivation. These are the main roughage crops used at the Kapuskasing Experimental Station for the milking herd of about twenty-five head of pure bred and grade Ayrshires. From these foods with a grain ration the herd gave an average of about 7,000 lbs. of milk testing about 4 per cent. of fat. Charging up the feed used at market prices and labor of attention on a cost basis the cows of pure breeding gave a profit of $200 and of grades $175 per head for the year.

Regarding rations the Superintendent of the Station says in his annual report, obtainable from the Publications Branch at Ottawa, that during the winter an abundant supply of good silage, either the mixture of oats, peas, vetch or sunflowers are used to good advantage in maintaining the dairy herd. The cattle are fed all the silage they can handle, together with a small allowance of hay; these two roughages are supplemented by a meal mixture made up of bran, four parts, oats, two parts, barley, two parts, and oil cake, two parts. Ensilage, together with the grain, and the hay are each fed twice daily.

Good clover pasture has been found about all that is required during the summer, sometimes supplemented by a small allowance of grain to the heavier milking cows. The ration for individual cows are determined by such factors as the size of the animal, its capacity and constitution, and the ability to give milk. A representative ration for a dairy cow weighing around twelve hundred pounds and producing about forty pounds of milk per day is given as 50 lbs. ensilage, O.P.V. or sunflower, 10 lbs. clover hay and 12 lbs. grain per day.

In making deductions from tests conducted to determine the relative value of sunflowers and O.P.V. silage, the Superintendent states that the average results would indicate that for dairy cows there is practically no difference in the two silages.

Haul the Manure as it is Made.

Farmers are always crowded with work. As a result, many things are slighted. One of these is hauling the manure. Often fifty per cent. of the plant-food value in manure is lost by weathering. With a concrete manure pit, or good concrete floors in the stalls, the losses from fermentation and seepage can be lessened.

One of the means that many practical farmers employ to save the fertilizer value of the manure is to give the barns a thorough cleaning once each week. The manure is loaded directly into the wagon or manure spreader and taken to the field. Others have an extra wagon, placed at a convenient place back of the barn, into which the manure is forked until there is a load. Then it is taken to the field. An old gravel bed on the wagon is suitable for this purpose, if the fields are not too far from the barn. When using the wagon-method, mentioned above, the manure should be tramped each day, as this helps in holding the water, prevents fermentation, and enables one to haul larger loads.—H. Holt.

Honest, now, is it possible to feel foolisher than you do when a fresh kid knocks your hat off with a snowball and you find yourself forcing one of those hollow laughs to show the neighbors what a good sport you are?

The successful business man, in these days of reconstruction, is the one who can bring order out of chaos.

WINTER FRUITS GLORIFIED

BY EDITH M. BARBER.

Fruit every day, once or twice, is a health measure for the family and a labor and time saver for the housekeeper. With plenty of canned fruit, as well as selected apples, in the cellar, with several varieties of dried fruits in the pantry and with a supply of oranges and grapefruit on hand, the breakfast fruit, as well as the dessert for dinner or supper, is easily chosen.

FIG TAPIOCA.

¾ cup granulated tapioca, ½ tsp. salt, 4 cups boiling water, 1 cup cut figs, ½ cup brown sugar, nuts. Add tapioca slowly to boiling water and salt, and cook over hot water until clear. Add figs and sugar and cook five minutes. Pour into pudding dish or into individual dishes and garnish with halved walnuts or pecans. Serve very cold with plain or whipped cream. Prunes may be used instead of figs.

FRIED CANNED PEACHES.

Drain solid peaches and sprinkle with sugar. Fry one minute on each side in melted butter and serve hot with syrup which forms in the pan from sugar, butter and juice. Pears may be cooked in same way.

RAISIN AND ORANGE CUSTARD.

3 cups milk, 5 egg yolks, salt, ½ tsp. vanilla, 3 oranges, ½ cup raisins, ¼ cup sugar. Scald milk in double boiler. Beat yolks slightly, slowly add sugar and salt and part of milk. Return to boiler and cook until custard makes straight line across spoon when tested. Stir constantly during cooking and do not allow water to boil hard. Cool slightly, flavor and pour over sliced oranges and raisins in a glass pudding dish.

CRANBERRY AND RAISIN PIE.

3 cups cranberries, 1 cup raisins, 1½ cups sugar, 2 tbsp. flour. Cut cranberries in halves, mix with raisins, sugar and flour, and bake between crusts in hot oven (450 reg. F.). Or, bake on one crust and, when the fruit is done, cover with meringue made by beating whites of two eggs stiff and adding one-fourth cup sugar. Brown the meringue in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.).

COMPANY SALAD.

Canned pears, chopped nuts, cottage cheese, candied citron. Drain pears and place cottage cheese mixed with nuts between halves. Press together to resemble whole pear and form stem and leaf from thin pieces of citron. Place on lettuce or cabbage leaves and garnish with salad dressing at side. Instead of the citron any small green leaves from a house plant or fresh mint leaves may be used.

POACHED PEARS.

1 can pears, sugar, plain cake. Drain pears and measure juice. Add equal amount of sugar to juice and stir over fire until dissolved. Cook pears carefully in this syrup for two minutes and place on slices of cake when ready to serve. The hot syrup is served with this. For a special dessert, rounds of ice cream may be placed on the cake under the pears. Peaches may be used.

BREAKFAST PRUNES.

Carefully look over and wash prunes. Cover with water and let stand two to twelve hours, according to state of dryness. Cook slowly in a covered dish until tender. Cool without uncovering. This method prevents shrinking and develops the natural sweetness of the fruit. Other dried fruits may be cooked in the same manner. If the fruit is sour enough to need sugar, add when the cooking is finished, stirring carefully to avoid breaking fruit and re-covering at once.

APRICOT BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.

2 cups dried apricots, ½ cup sugar, 6-8 slices buttered bread. Soak apricots for two hours in just enough water to cover. Arrange bread in baking dish, butter-side toward dish, pour in apricots and cover with bread. Bake in hot oven 400 deg. F.) about twenty minutes until bread is golden brown. Apples or rhubarb may be used in same way.

Brasses.

Brass that makes no sound,
But sings a song
Of yellow all day long—
Sunshine on Manchurian plains,
Ripening northern grains,
Peking palace-roofs with yellow tiles,
And yellow rivers sulking miles and miles
From yellow mountains to a yellow sea,
Brass that makes no sound,
Sing on to me!

—Lyon Sharman, in "The Sea Wall."

Water Lilies.

Day.

Behold
On the pale surface of the lake,
Flotillas of pink, white, and red,
Flanked by thin sheets of burnished bronze and green,
Lie anchored!

When windows stick, rub a little floor wax along the groove in which the sash runs, and after it stands for a few minutes, polish with a cloth. Also good for drawers that do not slide easily.

In baking pancakes you can avoid the smudge of the griddle, by beating into the batter a tablespoonful of unsalted melted grease, and you do not need to grease the griddle.—Mrs. L. W.

Apply a paste of salt and vinegar to brass and let stand for ten minutes. Then polish in the usual way.

A teaspoon of honey stirred into the French dressing makes a pleasing change, being delicious with tomatoes.

Be Kind to Your Heart.

"Your pulse standing is 88. Now let me take it sitting." The patient was of unusual intelligence and education, yet she was surprised to know that the sitting pulse would be lower than when standing, and the pulse lying down, still lower. It is because these simple truths are so important that I repeat them. When this woman learned that the heart that pumped blood through her arteries eighty-eight times every minute when standing, had only to work seventy-six times a minute if she sat down, and was let off with sixty-eight revolutions a minute when she lay comfortably still, she saw the great value of rest lying down. She could see better the value of stretching out on a lounge or bed for half an hour after the dinner dishes were washed, to get a little rest before facing the duties of the afternoon.

Persons who are convalescing from any form of serious illness should give very particular consideration to these facts about heart action. A day or two more in bed may steady the heart and put it in better shape to carry the extra burden that comes as soon as the patient becomes active. I am convinced that a large share of the cases of "heart failure" that come in middle life are the direct sequel of some illness of childhood from which the little patient was allowed to go back to play or school just as soon as he felt like it. A day or two longer in bed would have given the heart a chance to recover its balance.

Persons who are afflicted with heart disease always get great benefit from rest in bed. When you consider how greatly this relieves the tax upon the heart, you need no further explanation.—Dr. C. Lerrigo.

Short Cuts in Housework.

Disconnect the electric iron before you finish ironing. If you save a few handkerchiefs or other thin pieces for the last the iron will be hot enough for them for some time after disconnecting.

Press the silk frock or blouse that doesn't require a hot iron after you've finished your ironing.

In sewing many small pieces on the machine, as in making children's garments, plan a succession so that you need not move from the machine to get other pieces, but sew from one to the other without breaking your thread. Baste or pin the pieces together as they should be stitched and put them on a table or basket convenient to your left hand.

Connect the iron on ironing morning as you are finishing up the dishes so that it will be hot to begin ironing.

Fold up garments when they are "right" to iron instead of letting them get dry and then sprinkling them. White clothes may need to stay out all day in the sun to bleach, but colored clothes fade if left until dry. Linen things will have just enough stiffness if ironed before quite dry.

Start the dish water to heating—if you haven't a fire in furnace or range—before you begin to clear the table, instead of fidgeting around afterward until it gets hot.—M. J. M.

Breeding, feeding and housing are important factors in most live stock enterprises.

REMARKABLE SNAP OF A CROPPER

"Wandoo" turning a complete somersault at the last fence in the Kenton Steeplechase in England after having led the field to this point. The Jockey, L. B. Rees, suffered a broken thigh in the mishap.