Farm Crop Queries

Conducted by Professor Henry G. Bell

The object of this department is to place at the service of our farm readers the advice of an acknowledged authority on all subjects pertaining to soils and crops.

Address all questions to Professor Henry G. Bell, in care of The Wilson Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, and answers will appear in this column in the order in which they are received. As space is limited it is advisable where immediate reply is necessary that a stamped and addressed envelope be enclosed with the question, when the answer will be mailed direct.

Henry G. Bell

W.K.:—What is the best thing to grow for silage? Please give cultural directions.

Answer:—The best thing to grow for silage by all means is good field corn. If you live in a section where Dent corn can be successfully grown, in all probability it will out-yield Flint variety. However, toward the centre and north of Ontario, the Flint variety matures better than the Dent. Remember that the best quality silage is made from corn bearing ears which are pretty well mature. If corn is being grown for silage, it can be planted a little thicker than for ordinary field corn. It also will benefit from an additional application of manure and fertilizers.

Farmer:—I have a dairy of thirty cows and would like to raise some kind of feed that would be rich in protein instead of buying so much expensive feed. Would it be advisable to sow oats with peas? I have about eight acres of good black loam for the purpose.

Answer:—Peas and oats, cut for hay, make a fodder comparatively rich in protein. Henry, in his book on "Feeds and Feeding", says: "A combination of peas and oats, if cut early, forms a forage of high nutritive quality, much appreciated by farm stock, especially sheep and dairy cows. In the grain which this plant furnishes and the hay which it is possible to secure from it, the stockman located far north, has fair compensation for the absence of a corn crop." Analyses show oats and peas hay carries 10.3 percent. crude protein against field cured fodder corn analyzing 4.5 percent. crude protein.

J.N.:—When is the proper time to cut scions for grafting? I have a disease in my plum trees that is rotting the fruit, starting before they get ripe, and keeps up until all are gone. On the plum trees there is an insect, a half an inch long, shaped like a fish, slimy as a fish, eating the leaves. What can I do for them?

Answer:—You will do well to write the Horticultural Department of Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, for specific information as to how to treat your orchard.

M.Y.:—I have four acres of muck that I am going to put half into onions and half into cabbage. What shall I use for fertilizer?

Answer:—In growing onions on muck soil the fertilizer that is applied should carry from 1 to 2 per cent. ammonia, 8 to 12 per cent. available phosphoric acid and 1 to 3 per cent. potash if it is obtainable. Successful onion growers use upwards of 1000 pounds of fertilizer per acre. Many good yields are obtained where 500 to 800 pounds of such fertilizer is used. However, the largest quantity produces greatest yields. Similar fertilizer, applied in equal quantity gives best results also on cabbage, when this crop is produced on muck soils.

DAIRY COWS NEED WATER

By C. E. Richardson.

I often wonder if the average farmer realizes how important it is, for dairy cows to receive a proper supply of drinking water each day. When one understands that milk is nearly two-thirds water, it becomes evident, then, that cows ought to have plenty of it, ready when they get thirsty. I know of farmers that are extremely careful as to feeding and stabling their stock. They give balanced rations and are sure that the tie-up is warm and comfortable in the winter. They keep their cows cleaned off and provide bedding for them to lie on. But, they let the cows get what water they can, not thinking it worth considering.

I remember one day last winter, I happened to call to see a farmer friend who lived in the next town. He was just turning his cows out to water. The trough was about a hundred feet away from the stable. It was a windy day and very cold. As he let the cows out one by one, he would drive them over to the water with the help of a little stick which he used for a whip. When they got there, some would try to drink, but the wind blowing on them kept them busy holding their heads so as to protect themselves, and the water having ice in it, made it impossible for them to drink as much as they needed, so after drinking a few swallows, they would run back to the barn, cold and shivering.

"Do you think that your cows drink all the water they need?" I asked him.

"Well, I suppose they might drink a little more, if it was not so cold and windy," he answered, "but I guess they get enough to 'get-by;' anyway, cows don't need as much water in the winter as they do in the summer."

"That cow that is drinking," I pointed to a cow at the trough, "seems to drink quite a lot, even though it is cold."

"Oh, she is the fussiest cow I have!" he exclaimed. "Now, she has not drank anything for two days so I expect that she must be dry, so she has got to drink to-day. Yesterday and the day before she did not drink because it was windy and cold; but I knew she'd get over being fussy if I let her take her time!"

"But does she give much milk?"

"Well, she does pretty good 'til winter comes and then she drops off."

I wonder what sort of a surprise he might get, if he should weigh his cows' milk; he might find that they also, were not giving as much milk as they might, if they could have better means to procure their water to drink.

A few weeks later, I called to see another farmer. This one kept cows similar to the farmer described above. I noticed that he had made some changes in his tie-up.

"Yes, I have built a place in the barn with a trough, so that I can now water my stock inside on cold winter days," he told me.

"Do you find that it pays?" I asked.

"I certainly do," he answered. "You know I began last fall to weigh my cows' milk. I found that after I got used to it, that it was not the bother that I expected it would be. I have had some surprises."

"Did you find that the cows needed different water arrangements?"

"I found along the first part of this winter, when the weather got cold and blowy, the cows began to give less milk. I was surprised, because I have a nice warm barn and try to have them comfortable. But I noticed that they would not drink some bad days as they ought to, and on good days they drank more. On those days they would give more milk. So I tried an experiment. When the bad days came again, I carried water in pails to them. They drank all right then. I could see by the milk scales that there was a different in my favor when I watered them in out of the cold weather. So I decided to build this inside trough. And it has more than paid for the expense and bother."

"But what is that arrangement you have there, also?" I asked.

"That is another improvement. A dairy expert told me once, that all the record-breaking cows have water with the chill taken off, in the winter time. So I tried that, too. It was hard work carrying it from the house; hot water to warm the water in the trough. But I found that that also helped increase their milk flow, as they drank more. So I have installed the heater which you see, to warm the water here so I do not have to carry it any more."

"By building this you have saved much hard work and much discomfort for your cows?" I asked.

"I certainly have, but—the scales have shown me that it has paid for itself. I would not have believed it if I had not proved it that way. But, after all, 'experience is the best teacher.'"

Your Problems

Conducted by Mrs Helen Law

Mothers and daughters of all ages are cordially invited to write to this department. Initials only will be published with each question and its answer as a means of identification, but full name and address must be given in each letter. Write on one side of paper only. Answers will be mailed direct if stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address all correspondents for this department to Mrs. Helen Law, 235 Woodbine Ave., Toronto.

Mrs. E. A.:—There are two ways in which you can preserve your surplus pumpkin. 1. Cut in strips and dry thoroughly (in the same way as apples) over the cooking stove, then pack away in an old pillowcase in a dry place. 2. Cook the pumpkin as if for making pies, pack in sealers, partly screw on the lids, put them into a wash boiler on top of a wooden rack placed on the bottom of the boiler, nearly cover with cold water and boil for an hour, then screw the lids tightly and put away in your preserve cupboard. Be sure the sealers are well sterilized by boiling before the pumpkin is put into them. You will find that the pumpkin is just as good for pies as when freshly cooked. As for the pickled cucumbers that were frozen in the vinegar, I fear they are now worthless. But you might try heating up some of them with fresh vinegar and spices. Let us know the result, please.

Laura:—You are entirely mistaken, Laura, if you think that the reports you see in the papers and the things you hear about food conditions in Europe are at all exaggerated. Conditions are just as they are painted and the sooner the people of Canada realize this the better. Quite recently the British Food Controller made the statement that the time was at hand when compulsory rationing would be enforced in Britain. Already the sugar ration is in force. In the latest cablegram received at the offices of the Canadian Food Controller regarding conditions in France it was pointed out that the supply of breadstuffs was causing grave anxiety. Their bread card machinery had been completed but the lack of cereals had not permitted its application. There was a great shortage of farinaceous foodstuffs. The consumption of meat had been restricted by high prices to within the limits of the available and greatly depleted stocks. Butter was very scarce and milk even more difficult to obtain. Oils and fats were practically unobtainable. Isn't this serious enough, Laura?

Mrs. L. A. C.:—Yes, you would be well advised to save cream as much as possible and make butter. Did you know that the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have discontinued the use of cream at Rideau Hall for the period of the war?

A Soldier's Wife:—You may rest assured that the men in khaki are being well fed. Although the civilian populations of France and England have not tasted flour bread for months a Canadian nurse just back from France tells of having visited the Army Bakery in the Canadian section and seeing thousands of beautiful loaves being turned out for the consumption of Jack Canuck. Whoever else goes short he must not. That is why the people at home are being asked to save wheat flour, beef, bacon, sugar and other commodities.

An Amateur Gardener:—It is probable that the sale or use of canned vegetables will be prohibited again next fall in order to encourage the cultivation of back-yard gardens and vacant lots in spring and summer. The embargo on the sale or use of canned vegetables last year was successful in accomplishing its main purposes, which were not only to prevent waste of perishable food but also to save tin-plate, of which there is a shortage. The Food Controller's Office is prepared to do all in its power to encourage city cultivation this year. It is hoped that market gardeners will sow part of their land in bread grains.

Miss Kitchenette:—Here are some war time tips for you, Miss Kitchenette:—

Dried potato parings make good fire lighters.

Suet pudding is an excellent dessert for cold weather.

Ox tails make good soups and stews at small cost.

Next to dirt the greatest sin in the kitchen is disorder.

Sour cream is a valuable food which can be used in many ways.

Never buy large quantities of spices at a time—they spoil.

Muffins made from left-over boiled rice are delicious.

Brown bread and baked beans make a good sandwich.

Delicious muffins as well as griddle cakes can be made with bread crumbs, dried and run through a meat chopper.

R. E. A.:—Whatever you do, take good care of every scrap of fat. It is becoming more precious every day for there is a great shortage in Europe. In Germany no food is fried but everything is boiled and stewed in order that there may be no waste of fat. Grease from the kitchen sink is carefully treasured and soap, the basis of which is edible fat, has become a luxury of the wealthy. Candies, another fat product, have disappeared. France and England also lack fats, although in a lesser degree.

IS IT HARD OR INTERESTING?

Four boys in khaki swung down the street. It was the day after Christmas. The little woman in the front seat of the street car hid her face in her muff and a sob shook her. A moment later she raised her head. Her lips were smiling, but her eyes told you that her boy was "over there."

Two business men were talking. They had just finished the Y. M. C. A. drive and were already making plans for the Red Cross campaign.

"Last year we wouldn't have thought we could work this way," said the younger man.

"No," agreed the older. "But I certainly couldn't stand it now if I didn't. I've got to have something all the time to take my mind off it. The more work the better. Nights when I have time to think the thing gets me so I can't sleep. I wish there was another drive coming on top of this."

The visiting teacher was drying the dishes for her hostess. The housekeeper's husband was too old old to go, her children were all girls, and she had no brothers or male cousins to be drafted. Obviously, the war could not touch her personally. The teacher had absolutely no one, neither father, brother nor sweetheart.

"I feel so depressed," said the housekeeper. "And I don't see why I should. We've had no bad luck in business and Jack can't pass the examination so I know he won't be taken. But I can't get over the feeling that the bottom is going to drop out of everything. The future is all dark, and yet everything points to continued good fortune in our business."

"You'd be an unhuman monster if you didn't feel depressed, with all your friends sending their boys to protect you," came back the teacher. "Everybody feels it. It's in the air. I have fought the blues all the term for the sake of the children, but if something doesn't break pretty soon they'll get me yet. Half my pupils have a big brother or a cousin going, and one boy's father is a captain. I have nothing but war, and while to the children it is all glory and excitement, it's grim enough to me. The boys are dropping out of the eighth grade to help the family out and there are constant appeals to our purse and heart. Who could live and not feel depressed? But you needn't give up to the glooms."

"It's a hard time to live," moaned the tired shopper who couldn't match her silk.

"Yes, but isn't it gloriously interesting?" came back the saleswoman. "I am so thankful I'm alive to see it all, and live it. Nothing else has ever been worth the doing—just getting through the days some way. But now we can see a reason for everything we do. Every move we make, every cent we spend, can help. It isn't hard at all if you look at it that way."

And so the talk runs, everyone discussing the war as it affects them. But no one has gotten a better view of it than the saleswoman. We can make it hard or interesting, just as we please. If we please to sit around and feel sorry because we have to go without white bread and frosted cakes and baked ham, and moan for our boys at the front, we weaken ourselves and hurt the cause. If we choose to feel that every sacrifice we made, every corn pone we bake, every grain of sugar we save is a bullet for the right, and that if our boys are taken, their lives have not been a sacrifice but a priceless gift to man, we make the times through which we are passing, days to be looked back to with envy because of the opportunity they gave us to really live.

Don't the things which worried you three years ago look trivial now? Think of how you worried because you got a crepe de chine blouse when everybody else was wearing Georgette; and how you and John actually quarrelled over what color to paint the house; and how upset you got when the scalloped oysters run out at the farmer's club at your house, and how you slapped Johnny when he spilled his sauce on the clean tablecloth, and how bitter you were when your neighbor got a new car and you still had to drive the old buggy. How silly those things seem now beside the real issues of life.

Truly, these are interesting times. And they are times of testing. Those who respond to the test with renewed faith and clear vision will reap their reward in largeness of spirit, while those who can see only the hardships, and lose sight of the ends to be attained, will come out of it heavy losers.

Saving Burst Cabbage.

I had a fine lot of late cabbage, but nearly all of the heads cracked open so that I couldn't expect it to keep in storage. Since we don't care for kraut, I was puzzled to know how best to save it for table use, until my neighbor told me to can it as she used to do years ago.

We cut it fine and cooked it exactly as for the table except that no seasoning but salt was used. When fairly tender it was packed closely in jars and filled to overflowing with the hot juice, then processed and sealed as usual.

Fresh cauliflower is creamy white and it feels heavy.

Pastry can be made from cocoanut oil instead of lard.

Sheep Notes

Shelter, proper feed, and good management are the requisites in bringing sheep successfully through the winter season. While some shelter is necessary, close housing is not advisable, especially with the ewes in lamb. Large, dry yards in which the sheep have plenty of room for exercise are the first requirement. Seven or eight square feet of floor space in a shed is necessary for an average-sized sheep. The fleece affords sufficient warmth in dry weather, and for this reason the main need for a shed or a sheep barn is protection from storms. On most dry nights the sheep prefer to stay out of doors, and will winter better if allowed to be there.

While some of the roughage should always be fed out of doors, it is more convenient to have the feed racks inside the barn. With breeding ewes, toward lambing time, there is danger of injury in their crowding through narrow gates. In dry weather it is a good plan to have a pasture on which they can run during the day.

If the wether lambs and the cull ewes are sold early in the fall, it will be possible to use the winter feed and quarters for a larger number of breeding ewes. Sheep will usually thrive better with not more than 40 or 50 in a lot.

To bring the breeding ewes to lambing time in good vigorous condition, and only in medium flesh, is the problem of wintering breeding ewes. This can be done by giving plenty of exercise and the right kind of feed regularly. When the fall grass is soft it is a good plan to start with a little dry feed before the ewes are removed from the pasture. Hay may be used at this time, although a feed of half a pound of grain a head daily can be fed more conveniently.

Rape or rye, sown with small grain or drilled in the corn, is excellent for fall feed, and is also useful in the spring. This is an economical feed, and is helpful in keeping the sheep in good condition. With plenty of roughage, such as red clover or alfalfa hay, sheep can be carried until nearly sping with little grain. Corn silage can be used to furnish succulence, though some losses and a great deal of trouble have resulted from improper feeding of silage. Sheep are peculiarly subject to injury from moldly feed. Poorly kept silage is therefore to be avoided.

An excellent ration for ewes with lambs at their side is oats and bran. The flock should have access to water and salt all the time. In feeding rams during the winter season the object is to feed them as cheaply as possible, but at the same time to keep them in a thrifty condition.

Poultry

"To secure winter eggs it is necessary to breed from winter layers," says an expert. "These breeding hens should be selected now. Just which ones to choose is, of course, the thing that stumps the man who has never given much attention to poultry. If a poultryman or farmer can find five or six hens in his flocks that have laid an average of thirty eggs each during November, December and January—that is, ten eggs a month—these can be bred and a small flock of good producers raised for next year, if the eggs are hatched early.

"Early March is the best time to hatch pullets for winter laying. Of course, much has been said about early-laying pullets moulting in October and November, but if the birds are fed properly, this moult will not be a complete one, and will be confined to the head and neck. It has been my experience that the early hatched chicks—up to April 15—are the ones that grow most rapidly, mature soonest and lay best during the winter.

"A palatable mash which should produce winter eggs in a well-bred flock of fowls kept in light, roomy and sanitary quarters, can be made as follows: One hundred pounds of bran, 100 pounds of gluten meal, 100 pounds of meat scrap, 150 pounds of crushed oats and 150 pounds of corn meal. Two ounces of this mash, with one and one-half ounces of cracked corn, and one-half ounce of whole oats should be fed to each hen daily.

Glues, Pastes, and Patches.

When we fit a patch for the inner casing, for our boot or shoe, be it leather, fabric, or rubber, we get it to stick better for service if we make a feather edge about its rim.

This is hard to do with a dull knife, and the usual method is to lay the patch on a piece of soft board, when our knife soon gets dull as we chip the edge away. Our method for thinning down to a feather edge is to whet our knife sharp on a fine-gritted whetstone, then lay our patch flat upon this same stone, and as we work and our knife slips out from the edge of the patch as it is pared off, it becomes sharper instead of blunt, and the thinning-down is done the easier. Be sure you have rubber cement for rubber patching, leather cement for leather work, and rock cement for china.

Always leave rubber cement cure in the air just a little longer than your directions and you will have less tiny air bubbles beneath the patch.

A Child.

A little child—a smile, a song from God,
Wakening echoes from far ages past
That still endure through all the spaces vast,
Peopled with shades who once this sad earth trod;
A child to love, to lift us from the clod;
To curb our faults, our virtues to expand,
To open wide the clutching miser hand,
To show us where fair flowers of Duty nod,
To bid us run, and sing—forget to plod:
A little child with trusting eyes and clear
Seeking for Truth, and holding without fear
The balance fair 'twixt Righteousness and Fraud:
A little child in loving kindness given,
To lift me, childlike, to my home in heaven!

—Nina Moore Jamieson.

The Sunday School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FEBRUARY 17.

Lesson VII.—Jesus Teaching by Parables: Four Kinds of Ground—Mark 4. 1-20. Golden Text, Luke 8. 18.

Verse 1. Again by the sea-side—The picture is clear—the vast multitude on the beach, crowding down to the water's edge, the Master in the fishing boat, which is pushed out a little from the shore.

3. The sower—On the hills about the lake in plain view were the fields, the various soils, and all the conditions which would suggest the parable—the sower, the path through the fields, the birds, the stony fields, the good ground.

4. The way side—The beaten foot path, falling on which and having no lodgment in the crevices of the earth, the seed fell an easy prey to the birds.

5. Rocky ground—Not ground mixed with stones, for in those same fields to-day one sees much loose stone, yet the grain flourishes. This is, rather, thin soil on the surface, with a bed of rock beneath. The grain could have no deep root and no adequate moisture.

7. Among thorns—Which absorb the nourishment of the soil and thus prevent the growth of the grain.

8. Thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold—The soil on the plain of Gennesaret, to-day, is of marvelous fertility, and must have been the same at that time.

14. The sower—Primarily Christ himself, then his apostles, who go forth in his name. Broadly speaking, all teachers of spiritual truth. The word—The divine message brought to men by the Master. Historically, the teaching of spiritually-minded leaders in all the ages.

15. The way side—Representing the spiritually obtuse who indeed hear but into whose inner life the truth does not enter. Satan—The truth removed from the mind by evil influences, represented by the arch enemy of the truth.

16, 17. Rocky places . . . no root in themselves—A superficial reception of the truth and a quick lodgment of it, with a quick germination, but not sufficiently deep to give stability. No depth of soil, consequently easily scorched and easily washed away. Sun and rain, which nourish the seed in deep soil, only destroy it on rocky places. Tribulation or persecution—A superficial religion is easily discouraged and destroyed. Affliction and persecution cannot kill a deeply rooted faith.

18, 19. Among thorns . . . cares, riches, lusts—Other things go deeper into the life, absorbing time, attention, and interest, and overshadowing matters moral and religious. The seed brings nothing to perfection for lack of nourishment, room, and attention. Choke the word—Inevitably, for the material and worldly life crowds out the higher life.

20. The good ground—It goes almost without saying that when the seed has favoring conditions it gives the best results. Each kind of soil produces according to its capability. It is not intended to teach that all persons must inevitably fall under one of these four classes. The point of the parable is that the seed, in order to the best results, must have the right of way in the life of a man. The good ground is not only a well-prepared soil, but a soil steadily cultivated and cleared of all noxious elements. When these are the conditions the life is fruitful.

Cure Beef At Home.

Farmers can not only reduce their living expenses, but they can perform a patriotic service by curing their own meats.

Any of the brine or dry mixtures which good results in curing pork can be used satisfactorily for beef, but since beef is leaner than pork, it should not be allowed to remain in the brine or mixture quite so long or it will become hard and salty.

Dried beef should have the same cure as corned beef, but it should not be allowed to become too salty. It should then be washed to remove the excess of the cure, and smoked if the smoked flavor is desired. A very good country practice is to dry-cure the beef with salt and brown sugar, using about a fifth as much sugar as salt, rubbing the meat very thoroughly with the cure every two or three days for about two weeks. It should then be washed, wiped, and hung up to dry in a warm place or transferred to the smoke house and given a light smoke.

Corned beef is at its very best when it has been in the cure about ten days. If kept in the cure more than a month, it needs considerable freshening before cooking. If the red color of the beef is to be preserved, use a small amount of saltpeter, not more than two ounces to each hundred pounds of the meat. This improves the color of the meat but is detrimental in that it tends to harden the lean fibres.

A Dustless Mop.

Make it yourself. Start with an old broom. Cut the straw off just below the wires which hold it to the handle. Cover this with an old stocking and sew on to this covering the legs of other old stockings cut about twelve inches long and slit into one-inch strips up to two inches of one end. Sew these around and around the surface in rows about one inch apart until the mop is of the desired thickness. Then dip the mop into a solution of one-half cupful of melted paraffin and one cupful of kerosene and allow the liquid to dry on the strips. The mop may be kept moist by rolling it tightly when not in use and covering it with a paper bag.

Popcorn mixed with molasses into balls is a simple, wholesome confection.

Bedtime Stories

The Sea Fairy.

Madeleine had gone for the winter with her father and mother, after they had put her older sister, Lillian, into a boarding school, to a lovely sunny place in the far South. Their home was right on the sea, where there were many rocks and much sand. High among the rocks, near the very top, where it was too slippery for her to climb, Madeleine's sharp eyes had discovered a fairy.

There were no other little girls living near, and so Madeleine would often go out by herself, with bucket and shovel, to dig in the sand. She would always first look up and smile at the little new-found friend, as she considered her—although never would the tiny thing accept the invitation to come down to play. "But then," Madeleine would say to herself, "you could hardly except that of a fairy."

Madeleine wrote a letter every week or so to Lillian; or rather, being such a very little girl, she told her mother what to say. And always there was some word about the sea fairy.

Mother never could see the fairy; but then, the glare always hurt mother's eyes so much that she had to wear brown glasses; and father only laughed when she talked of the fairy. But to Lillian, from hearing of her so often, the fairy, with her lovely pale face and her long, sea-green hair, became an important personage.

So when the holidays came, and Lillian joined her family in the South, one of the first things that she wanted was to see the fairy.

"We must wait until to-morrow morning, Lillian," siad Madeleine, "when the sun is bright. She never seems to come out in the afternoon—or if she does I can never find her."

So, although a high wind was blowing, the big girl and the little girl went together very early the next morning to the rocks. Madeline pointed to the top of one of them and exclaimed, "There she is, Lillian! You can see her green hair waving in the wind."

Lillian looked and looked; and then she said, "All I can see, Madeleine, is a pale shell with seaweed blowing about it, up there, just above that shiny piece of pinkish rock."

"No, no," insisted Madeleine. "It is the sea fairy in her pink dress."

With the high wind, the waves were now coming in with unusual force, beating and lashing against the rocks.

Suddenly Madeleine grasped her sister's hand. "O Lillian," she cried, "that last great wave has carried her away!"

Nor could Lillian find any more sign of a white shell with its bunch of seaweed. Looking down, she saw that there were tears in Madeleine's eyes. "They have been playmates so long," she said to herself; and then, aloud, "I'm so sorry, Madeleine dear!"

At that moment Lillian's eyes caught sight of a pearly looking object on the crest of an incoming wave. As the wave receded, it left its burden on the beach, and Lillian ran quickly forward, pulling Madeleine along by the hand.

"Look, Madeleine, look!" she cried. "If your fairy has gone out to sea, she seems to have sent you a present to remember her by."

And Lillian rand down to the water's edge and, before another wave could come in, picked up a beautiful shell. With a smile, she handed it to her little sister—who at once forgot all her grief in the joy of being thus remembered by the dear sea fairy herself.

The Persevering Knitter.

There is a maid in our town
And she is wondrous bright,
She's knitted socks and sweaters
From morning until night.
And when she'd knit the Red Cross wool,
As sure as I'm alive,
She went and sheared her father's sheep,
He kept just four or five.
She washed the wool and carded it,
The persevering elf,
Ongreat grandmother's spinning wheel
She spun the yarn herself.
She steeped the hulls of butternuts,
And dyed the yarn all tan,
And knit another sweater,
For another soldier man.

A Song For Twilight.

In all the folds of heaven the stars
Are still as huddled sheep;
The tired birds, their songs all said,
In tree tops are asleep.

A slow wind walks the quiet world
With little steps and light,
And sings a drowsy lullaby—
Good night, good night, good night!

Gunns Shur-Gain Fertilizer

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