EFFICIENT FARMING

Farm Efficiency.

By the term Farm Efficiency, we mean a system of farming in which the desired effect is attained, whether it be from grain farming, live stock farming or fruit farming. The aim of our farmers is to produce sufficient from their farms so that there may be a profitable investment for them, and at the same time maintain the fertility of their farms as the wide-awake farmer can see the folly of robbing his land.

We have learned from our association with the farmers of this country that there are very few of them who run their farms on a business basis. Every farmer should know just what it costs him to raise everything that he produces. He should know what every bushel of grain costs him, what every ton of hay costs him and every head of live stock that he raises. This can be done very handily by keeping a record. Such a record is worth much to any farmer and it is necessary for some farmers if they would be successful, as we know that there are many farmers that are producing some of their products at a loss and do not know it, and this is the only method by which they can determine this fact. We know that there are some farmers who are making good profits on some things that they produce and losing it on some other things. The farmer with a system of farm accounting for his farm operations will soon see where the leak is taking place and then he will be in a position to remedy this defect.

The progressive farmer is going to find out just how his farm is paying him. Thus he can discontinue anything that is not profitable for him. Two men on the same kind of soil and in the same season will obtain very different results in the same year. This was very forcibly brought to our attention during the past few weeks during a canvass by a farm management demonstrator, who was taking records in the section where we reside. These records were for last year and were taken by the same man and under the same system and it showed that the one man had made $3,500 on his farm of one hundred and sixty acres while the other farmer on an equally as good farm of eighty acres in the same section lost over $400.

One of these farmers will be dissatisfied and say that there is no money in farming, that the markets are no good, that hired help is too expensive, and yet his neighbor made a handsome profit from his year's work, while he worked at a loss. We say that the fault here is with the farmer himself and that nothing but an application of business principles to his farming will help him out of his difficulty. The farmer that is making money is always to be found at the agricultural meetings and farmers' gatherings, seated well up in front, trying to get some new information, while the fellow that is not doing so well does not attend, as he is afraid that he will be criticized for his poor showing, and so he goes along year after year. We should all profit from the mistakes of others. Their failures should be our warning signals and our danger signs.

Another thing that has been overlooked by many farmers is the relation of live stock to grain farming. This opens a new field for many farmers, as food animals are high at the present time and pure-bred animals are in great demand. This also offers a valuable method of maintaining the fertility of the soil from the use of manure. We believe that the live stock industry will flourish for years to come and the farmer that devotes his energy to live stock farming has a bright future ahead of him.

How to Reduce Cost of Handling Fodder.

One of the real needs of our farms to-day is a more even return of fertility to our soils.

The manure spreader is solving this problem to a certain extent, but we find that the manure spreader is not working out to the best advantage upon many farms, and the seething piles of stalks and straw which lie in barnyards all summer long, are of little value as a fertilizer.

We have often wondered why so many of our farmers work and tug all winter long with great armloads of stalks, paying out long prices for getting this corn husked and the heavy bundles of stalks stored for winter feeding. They are doing it all at a high cost of twine, of husking, and the added labor of handling these stalks to the feed lot and of getting the residue back upon the fields again.

We have just completed the breaking up of 20 acres where we have turned under the stalks just where they grew, and we do not know how we could get a more even distribution of humus, nor a better job of conserving it. There is but little fodder of value growing upon cornstalks below the ear, so we get busy as soon as the grain is glazing, and with sharp cutting knives top above the ears and bind these bundles into the finest feed imaginable for winter feeding in the barn mangers, and have no hauling in and out of bulky stalks.

As soon in autumn as we get the ears snapped we break up the soil turning under the butt stalks, evenly distributed as they grow, and thus eliminate the handling of this bulk two or three times during the winter feeding.

We have followed this plan for several years, and it works so well for us that we are very enthusiastic about it, and would recommend it to others.

We start our corn harvesting earlier in the fall, for we can commence topping at least two weeks earlier than to cut full shock, and the ears mature and cure out earlier for shucking and cribbing. We can store twice as much feed in our barns, and we turn the cattle into the fields after topping and shucking, so no feed of any value is lost.

Some Milking Machine Don'ts.

A canvass of dairy cattle breeders handling valuable pedigreed cattle, and naturally extremely critical of all aspects of milking machine use, produced helpful cautions. Many breeders as well as market milk farmers now use machine milkers exclusively, and they can intelligently discuss the ways in which inexperienced owners of machines sometimes make mistakes. The dealer or agent selling the machine in over-enthusiasm sometimes paints the milking process as so simple by machine an untutored child can do it, which isn't so. Machine milking isn't a fool-proof operation—yet.

"A man must make sure that all the milk is taken away," said one breeder. "You must be on hand at the proper time to finish up each cow. With some cows it is necessary to strip, but many of them, particularly the younger ones, will milk out clean if a little weight is added to the teat cups, and the udders manipulated a little. However, if the attendant is not on hand at the proper moment, and the machine is left running, the cow will hold the strippings, and much time is lost in hand stripping before it can be got, if at all."

"One thing a man must do," cautions another dairyman, "and that is make up his mind to keep things clean. A milker if properly cared for will produce clean milk, but if carelessly handled it can become the very worst source of contamination imaginable."

"The mature cow gives about half a pound of strippings, and the heifers scarcely any," stated a Holstein breeder. "I believe the machine would take practically all the milk if left on long enough, but it would not pay. I find it best to have the udder worked till the cow is ready to let down freely before putting the machine on, and also to take the machine off as soon as it begins to milk slower than I could by hand. Thus the machine is kept working at its maximum all the time. Instead of sitting around and waiting for it to finish up a cow, I put it on another one and finish by hand."

The successful herdsman on a well-known breeding farm believes "that many farmers imagine that there are no strippings, when the real fact is that they have left the machine pulling away after the milk ceased coming, thus causing discomfort to the cow and leading her to refuse to let down even to hand stripping." On the subject of hand stripping, another breeder who followed it declared that nothing had prejudiced farmers more against the machine milker than agents who claimed the machine did not require to be followed by hand milking.

Lucky Woman!

Eve never had to sit and darn
A pair of socks for Adam;
She couldn't knit, there was no yarn
Or needles—no one had 'em.
Oft times with sadness I survey
My mending pile so shocking,
And envy that first lucky dame
Who never darned a stocking!

To drive nails into hard lumber: Take a piece of fat bacon and tack it up in a convenient place where you are at work, and when you pick up a nail push the point and about a third of the length of the nail through the fat. Take care to get no grease on the head of the nail. A greased nail will enter seasoned oak or other hard woods easily.

AUTUMN

THERE is a nip in the air these mornings that must be rather sharp to the man who scrapes his chin when shaving himself.

If he used a Gillette Safety Razor, he would positively enjoy shaving *every* morning, he would look his best at all times, and there would be no cutting or chafing of the skin!

Furthermore, in the time he now takes to get his old razor edge as near right as he can, he could finish shaving with the Gillette.

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The Sunday School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON
NOVEMBER 16.

Witnesses of Christ's Glory—Luke 9: 28-36. Golden Text, Mark 9: 7.

"About an eight days after." The reference is to Peter's confession and the conversation which followed. There had been time for the disciples to think very seriously about and to discuss with each other the things which Jesus had said. See Matt. 16: 13-28 and Luke 9: 18-27. For the story of the Transfiguration compare Matt. 17: 1-13 and Mark 9: 2-13.

The purpose of their going into the mountain apart from the others was, simply, "to pray." Jesus sometimes went apart alone to pray. He may often have associated one or more of the disciples with Him. The privilege of those quiet hours in solitary places must have been great indeed. The place was somewhere in the foothills or upon the slopes of Mount Hermon. Dr. William Wright, who knows the mountain well, describes a place upon the summit, 9,200 feet above sea-level, which he thinks may have been the scene of the disciples' vision. It is an irregular, angular space, four or five hundred yards from edge to edge, surrounded by a jagged fence of broken rocks. He says, "There is not another spot of earth so fitted for the Transfiguration as that plateau, the loftiest place on earth known to the men of the Bible; the land of Israel spread out below, and the vast kingdoms of the world hemming it round." See Peloubet's Notes.

It is plain, from verse 32, that the three disciples were sleeping, and Luke says, "when they were awake, they saw his glory." In their dreams they may have been prepared for what they now saw, but it was something more real and tangible than a dream experience. The face of Jesus was shining with a strange and wonderful light, and His "raiment was white and glistening." Moreover, two men stood talking with Him, Moses, great law-giver of the ancient time, and Elijah, most conspicuous of the prophets who did battle against Baal and all his works. To their astonished vision both the sacred law and prophecy of their own earlier history bore testimony to their Master and spoke of His death.

Though they remembered all this long after and understood its meaning better after the experiences of the death and resurrection of Jesus, yet at this moment they were bewildered and excited. Peter spoke, impulsively as was his wont, but "not knowing what he said." Even as he spoke a cloud of mist settled upon the mountain and hid the vision from their eyes. Out of the cloud a voice spoke declaring Jesus to be the Son of God. When the cloud passed they were alone with Jesus.

It was an experience never to be forgotten. Each of the three Synoptic Gospels tells the story. The vision must have brought comfort and strength to the heart of Jesus Himself, burdened as He was and sorely tempted by thought of the ordeal through which He was so soon to pass. For the disciples it was not merely a spectacle staged for their benefit, but an experience shared with their Master.

They shared His temptation and His suffering; they shared also the revelation of His glory, and the testimony borne to Him by their own heroic and marvelous past. So wrote Dean Stanley:

"O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face."

Hogs

When a disease particularly dangerous to human life breaks out in a community, a quarantine is enforced during the time of its height. Why isn't the same idea right for hogs when the cholera is among them? It looks to me as though it is, and there is some evidence among neighboring farmers that it is one way of keeping down the dreaded disease.

The cost of vaccination is not great, but it runs up in a herd of 50 hogs. The cost of a building is rather big, but it lasts. Hogs have to be treated often as your pigs grow up and are marketed and others take their places. I am not personally able to say just which is the cheaper.

One neighbor who had lost hogs in a cholera siege before has now a pretty good hoghouse made of cement. It is made for keeps, and is tight. It is large enough to keep hogs in day and night, and that is just what he does when cholera is around. Germs of cholera are carried by birds—sparrows principally, I am sure—and also on people's footwear. A neighbor will unknowingly carry them with him, and may do it carelessly. The result is the same. Dogs are another source of this traffic, and more dog laws or more enforcement is needed.

Now, I wonder if in two years or something like that the expense of invested in a place for hogs to treating hogs would not be better be kept when danger comes in the neighborhood? The man who owns them would have much better gains, undoubtedly, and a good deal more comfortable time caring for them than without buildings that will house them. One county agent tells me that the results from treating last year show it to be 94 per cent. efficient. That is splendid, and most of us know the results in our own neighborhood. Would not quarantine be as efficient, counting a five-year cost?

Look at the wormy apples now, and resolve to spray next year. Your Provincial college or experimental station will furnish you with spraying schedules.

The British are the greatest mutton eaters in the world, as 22 per cent. of all the meat they consume comes from the sheep. France is next with about 11 per cent. Canadians use only about 7 per cent.

Bedtime Stories

The Best Thing.

Once upon a time a spider and a daddy longlegs got into a tremendous argument.

"I'm far superior to you," said Daddy. "See what long legs I have, and how much faster I can run!"

"Flies and fiddlesticks," grumbled the spider. "What good is running? Can you spin?"

"Spin?" said Daddy Longlegs. "I wasn't made for spinning! Can you run?"

"I don't have to run," said the spider. "I sit at home and let other folks do the running. Spinning's the best!"

"Running's the best!" cried Daddy, shaking one of his legs angrily.

Just then a terrific gust of wind came sweeping around the corner of the porch. Daddy Longlegs saw it coming, and he did the thing that he thought was best—which was to run—and his long legs carried him safely to a hole between the boards of the porch.

And the spider—he saw the terrific gust of wind coming and he did the thing that he thought was best, which was to spin. Quick as a flash he spun a web round a splinter, then round and round him so that he was tied fast and the gust of wind did not carry him on.

When the terrific gust of wind had gone somewhere else Daddy Longlegs stepped out of his hole. "I'll just see what became of that foolish spider who could not run," said he. And the spider began untying his web and muttering to himself, "Now, I wonder what became of that silly Daddy Longlegs who could not spin?"

"Why, hello!" cried Daddy Longlegs in surprise when he came up to where the spider was untying himself. "Why, hello! Thought you'd be blown atop the roof by this time!" "And I thought you'd be clear up to the clouds by now!" said the spider to Daddy Longlegs.

"Well, you see now," said Daddy, wagging his long leg triumphantly. "Running was the best."

"I see nothing of the sort!" cried the spider, popping his eye. "Spinning was the best." Then both of them stopped short, 'cause they both discovered something.

"Why," said Daddy, "I see how it is. Spinning's the best for you, and running's the best for me."

"That's it! That's it!" cried the spider. "Shake hands, Daddy Longlegs, shake hands!" And they did. So you see both were best. That's often the way with things.

When Day Drops Its Curtain.

There is something about the end of a day on the farm that helps and rests and comforts the tired man or woman who will take the time to give it play in the soul. We do get weary, even though our work does lie amid so much of beauty. Things press hard all through the day. We must be busy as long as the sunshine lasts; but when night comes on, and we have rounded up the labors we took up so bravely in the morning, a hush comes over the earth. If we will let it do so, that calm will find its way into our very souls and cure many of the aches that have come with the passing day.

We look out over the old farm, think what we have been doing through the day and ask ourselves if it has been done the very best we could do it. That is what tells the story of a really happy, successful life. To do every day's task so well that we have nothing for which to be sorry when night comes. For sometimes we get in a hurry; we skip over the little details of our work. We fret too much. And the hurry and the worry cause us to leave a part of our duty undone or slight it unduly.

Has that been so to-day? Sitting here in the twilight we take saner, more sensible views of life as it ought to be. We are sorry we made the mistakes. We resolve that we will do better on the morrow. We rise from our evening trysting with the great quiet all about us, stronger to will and to do. Blessed be the evening time of the farm.

The artist Whistler told an inquirer that he mixed his paint with brains. And the successful farmer mixes his fertilizer with brains.

THE TRAPPER.

Skin Your Furs Right If You Want Full Value For Your Efforts.

The duty of the trapper is only begun when he has taken his catch from the traps. An important task remains before shipping the pelts to market, and that is to skin the animals properly.

All the animals trapped in North America are treated in one or two ways—their skins are either "cased" or taken off "open." If taken off open some are preferable fur side out and some pelt side out.

Casing a pelt means that you peel it from the body of the animal intact. Here is the way most experienced trappers say to do it: With a sharp knife cut from the base of the tail down each hind leg to the foot. Also cut the skin loose about the eyes and nose. Then suspend the carcass by the hind legs and with a gentle, slow movement so that you will not tear the pelt, begin pulling downward, until you have peeled the whole pelt from the animal's body. If the tail is valuable it should be skinned also, and the bone removed.

If you have never had experience in caring your catches it would be wise to have some seasoned trapper show you how it is done before you attempt it yourself. It is a task that requires care and skill, but you are repaid by the better prices that well skinned pelts will bring.

The "open" method is used generally on coon, beaver, badger, mountain lion and bear. With a sharp knife slit the pelt down the belly from the jaw to the base of the tail. Also make incisions down the back of the hind and the inside of the forelegs.

Then peel the skin off gently, taking special care when you come to the head not to rip or tear it. Never cut the head off. After you have done this remove every ounce of surplus flesh on the pelt.

Next comes the stretching of the skins. Steel stretchers may be procured for this purpose. Do not attempt this alone and unaided or without instruction at first. A wise move is to write one of the big reputable fur houses, asking for explicit and detailed directions for stretching skins, and any other information about preparing them for market that you may need. You will find that the fur house is willing to help you at every turn of the trapping game. Also observe and adopt the methods of trappers of experience.

The importance of this task cannot be over-emphasized, because unless skins are stretched properly they will not bring full market value.

The drying process is not so difficult. Always remember that skins must be dried in a cool, shady place and keep flies away from them. Never dry skins in the sun or by artificial heat. They must not be allowed to wrinkle or get brittle, and if for any reason they start to get too dry, moisten them from time to time with a wet cloth, taking care however, that this moisture doesn't remain when the furs are shipped.

Sunshine is one of the best disinfectants.

Rainy days in Autumn are excellent times to put the tractor in shape for the next season.

Blunted sewing machine needles may be sharpened by stitching through fine sand paper.

Leaves contain relatively large amounts of potash. Use them as a winter mulct and spade them under in the spring.

It Was Good Enough For My Father.

A neighbor of mine in the country stopped by one day when we were making some changes in our house. He climbed down from his buggy; and, being glad of a chance to loaf, I quit work to talk to him.

"Going to put all those three bathtubs in one house?" he asked incredulously.

I told him we had figured it didn't cost much more to have all the bathtubs we wanted, while we were about it.

"Going to have a furnace, too, I see," he added.

I said we were.

When he spoke next there was a certain condescension in his tones, as if he realized we were making a mistake and would like to have saved us from it.

"I never went in much for such things," he said. "I figure my place was good enough for my father and it is good enough for me."

As he drove away I got to wondering how much of the world's failure to progress can be attributed to that unhappy phrase.

I have attended town meetings where it was the stock argument. Why make improvements? Why be so dissatisfied with the roads, or the water supply, or the schools?

All these things have been so in the past; our fathers managed very well with them; why should their children want anything better?

The answer to that argument, it seems to me, is that every man who amounts to anything ought to feel a sense of pride in leaving the world at least a little better than he found it.

Some men, like Clemenceau, and President Wilson, and Lloyd George, have the magnificent opportunity of lifting all civilization to a little higher plane.

Other men leave nobler cities as a record of the fact that they have lived. Sir Christopher Wren was one of these. The fire that wiped out London in the seventeenth century was a blessing in disguise, because the genius of Wren created a finer and more lovely London in its stead.

Most of us work neither with civilization or with cities. Our influence is confined to a little town, or a few acres of land, or a single household.

These are our kingdoms, and the fact that they are small ought not to excuse us from the obligation to improve them just as much as we can.

When I get to the end of my life I would like to be able to check over the record and say:

"At least I am leaving my land a little more fertile than the previous owner left it. I've put the house in such shape that it will stand for fifty years. And every time a proposition has come up that would improve the town, I've helped it along. To this extent, at least, the world is a better place because I spent a lifetime in it."

Elijah in one of his periods of dejection went over into the woods and sat down under a juniper tree. And he prayed that he might die.

"It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life," he prayed; "for I am no better than my fathers."

His notion was that when a man is content to be no better than his fathers he might as well be dead.

And there is considerable to be said in favor of that proposition.—Bruce Barton.

Want to Keep Warm?

Do you want to be warm this autumn and winter? Then read on.

Exercise is the thing! But it is not always possible to get it, or enough of it. Yet it can be noted that the warming effect of exercise is not something that passes quickly. It lasts some hours. A brisk walk from, say, six till seven, would find you warm at ten. And if you cannot, by stress of weather, get our for exercise, most houses have stairs!

Exrcise, too, holds other than warming merits. It prevents chilblains.

And after exercise—or, better still, as its partner—comes food. Food is literally the body's fuel, and creates heat. But all food does not create the same amount of heat. Some lower it. In winter, the heat-producing foods, like porridge, fat meat, dripping, stews, butter, bacon, pork, and oily fish—salmon, mullet, etc.—should be eaten. Slow mastication, plus exercise, will enable all these foods to digest easily and warm th body.

Clothes! We think that to get warmth we must have weight. That is a fallacy. True, weight makes us feel hot for the time, but what is happening is that we are surrendering our body heat. Presently we shall be very cold. Winter clothes should be loose, so that the air buffer can form. Two thin vests, not close-fitting, are infinitely better than one thick one. Clothing, generally, should be of no heavier texture than will repel extra cold winds. All else is waste. The material should be wool, not because wool "makes you warm," but because it conserves the heat which radiates from your body.

The entrance of dirt into milk is objectionable from two standpoints, sanitary and economic. The contamination of milk by manure may add organisms which are injunious to health.

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