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EFFICIENT FARMING

Tuberculosis in Poultry.

Chickens, roosters, hens, turkeys, all sorts of barnyard poultry are subject to a particular kind of tuberculosis and may show extraordinary symptoms suggesting some kind of paralysis. During the epidemics of infantile paralysis which have occurred at intervals since 1908, many affected fowl were sent in to medical laboratories or described to physicians as perhaps suffering from infantile paralysis, but, in the vast majority of cases, tuberculosis was found to be the cause of the trouble, "consumption," as it would be called if it were the human lung that was affected. This tuberculosis of poultry, although a true tuberculosis, is due to a germ called the avian or bird germ which is not the same as that which causes human tuberculosis. This bird germ is related to the human germ but so distantly that it cannot cause human tuberculosis.

There are three tuberculosis germs to be found on many farms—the avian, just described, which grows and produces tuberculosis in poultry only; the bovine germ, which grows and produces tuberculosis in cattle, in hogs, and also in the human, particularly in children; and the human germ, which grows in the human only; the latter is found active in about 1 per cent. of the population of the northern half of North America.

The avian germ in poultry often gives no symptoms of its presence until the fowl is opened, when white spots on or in the liver may be found. The birds may be fat and well to all appearance. City health officers are consulted at Thanksgiving and Christmas by purchasers of good looking birds concerning the poultry, turkeys, and so forth, they have bought, asking about white spots in the livers, whether it is safe to eat these birds, and if they can get their money back from the farmer or butcher who sold it to them!

If cooked, such birds are perfectly safe for food. Even if eaten raw, they could not convey tuberculosis to the consumer, for the avian tuberculosis germs, present in those white spots, do not hurt human beings. In fact, meat from the farm, whether yielded by bird or beast, cannot be blamed for the spread of tuberculosis in the human; of the animal products it is only the cows' raw milk that is dangerous, or products made from raw milk.

The really dangerous tuberculosis germ on the farm is the human germ—the one that produces human tuberculosis or so-called consumption.

Next in order, only about one-tenth as dangerous to the human, is the bovine germ, chiefly affecting cattle and hogs, but also producing about 7 to 10 per cent. of the tuberculosis of the human, chiefly in children (they get it only by drinking raw milk); finally comes the avian germ, which hurts only the birds.

Sick fowls of any kind should never run with the others. Very valuable birds may be isolated and kept awhile to see if they will get well. Unless they are valuable birds they should be killed at once—and be sure to examine them to see what is the matter with them. Better still, send the fresh-killed bird, carefully packed, to the Veterinary Division of the Agricultural College, with a letter describing the symptoms. Specialists there will tell you what was the matter and advise as to how you can stop further trouble.

An expert says that avian tuberculosis in poultry can be readily detected by a test with avian tuberculin, a test which is made quite easily on the wattles or combs of the birds. In this way a valuable flock can be tested out, and the disease birds eliminated.

If you have birds that are doing poorly, showing diarrhoea, tending to be lame, losing weight, perhaps tuberculosis is at work. The disease is no doubt transmitted in the droppings from bird to bird. So, if you observe this disease amongst your fowls, you should remove the healthy ones to an entirely new place, where the ground is not yet contaminated with droppings from the sick ones. New chicken houses are best but the old houses may be used again after thorough scrubbing with a strong solution of lye in very hot water. When this is dry, follow with whitewash, to which chloride of lime has been added, two ounces of chloride of lime powder to the gallon of whitewash. Absolute cleanliness is an efficient aid against all diseases.

The Sunday School

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. NOVEMBER 28TH.

How Jesus Was Received, Matthew 11 and 12. Golden Text—Matt. 11: 28.

11: 1-6. In the Prison. The great preacher John, whom men called the Baptist, the man of clean heart and prophetic vision, the forerunner of Christ, had been imprisoned in the castle of Machaerus by Herod Antipas, because he had boldly rebuked that ruler for adultery. The story of his imprisonment is told in 14: 3-4. To John's prison his disciples had come with news of what Jesus was doing, and John had begun to doubt. He had believed and declared that Jesus was the long-promised King and Saviour who would restore the throne of David, re-establish the independence of Israel, and set up a righteous and glorious dominion. But he saw that Jesus was taking no steps in that direction. He was not gathering an army, or leading in a revolution, or asserting His claim to a throne of that sort. What could He mean? Had John, then, been mistaken? He sent his disciples to Jesus Himself to ask the question.

The answer of Jesus was to bid them simply tell John what they had seen of the work of His ministry—His healing and His teaching, and to bid him have faith. It was hard to believe that the world could be saved, the powers of evil overthrown, and the kingdom of God's people established, in that way, but that is what Jesus wanted him to see and believe. It was not by arms and munitions of war, but by the ministry of love, that His kingdom was to be won. The work which He was doing was the evidence, and such work in every age is and will be the evidence of His church's right and power.

In vs. 7-15 Jesus bears striking testimony to the character and the greatness of John. Those, he reminded the people, who had gone out into the Jordan wilderness to hear John preach had found no weakling, no child of luxury. They had found a great, strong, self-forgetting man, and a prophet, a man of vision and of faith. The promise of an ancient prophet (Mal. 3: 1) had been fulfilled in him. He was indeed great, one of the greatest of the old order, but a new day was dawning and a new order coming in which new powers would be recognized and a new standard of greatness. The old barriers to the kingdom of God were being broken down, its doors were soon to be thrown wide open, and John himself by his preaching had prepared the way for the change. Already the violence of the new order, the violence and conquering power of faith, was taking possession of that kingdom, and it was not to be, as John thought, a kingdom of Israel, but an empire and dominion of faith and of the Spirit of God to extend over and include all men.

11: 16-19. Wisdom is justified of her children, or, as in the Revised Version, " by her works." John and Jesus were very different in their life and manners. John the man who lived an ascetic life apart, appearing only to preach to the multitudes, and Jesus, who sought the companionship of His fellows and lived and ate and drank with them. But neither had pleased the Jewish authorities, nor the people who were dominated and led by the Pharisees. Jesus says in effect: "We have each filled our place and done our divinely appointed work. As children of the heavenly wisdom we need no apology. Our works, as wisdom's works, speak for themselves."

Verses 20-24 are placed by Luke (10: 12-16) in a different connection, and are connected with the mission of the seventy. The places mentioned were on the western and north-western shore of the lake of Galilee, and were the scenes of much of our Lord's ministry. Their opportunity to see and to hear had been very great, and great also would be their responsibility.

11: 5-30. At that time. Luke (10: 21) shows us that these words were spoken on the occasion of the return of the seventy disciples from their mission, which had followed that of the twelve. The rebuke of Capernaum and its neighboring towns may indicate that Jesus was at this time greatly disturbed and disappointed. He had hoped for a widespread response to these missions, and a great movement among the people, but it had not come. The rulers were obstinately opposed to Him, and the mass of the people was under their influence. Jesus had, however, this one great consolation, that the truth which He preached was being revealed to the simple minds of these disciples who believed in Him. Hidden it might be from the wise, but it was being made known to babes.

12: 14. The Pharisees. In strong contrast to the patient faith and courage and hope of Jesus, which He sought to impart to His disciples, is the growing hostility of the Pharisees, chief representatives in their day of the old Jewish faith. Because Jesus showed them no respect and paid no attention to their claims of spiritual authority, they hated Him and would now destroy Him.

Mixing Poultry Manure.

On poultry and fruit farms the poultry manure is a valuable asset for fertilizing trees. The Massachusetts station recommend the following mixture: Hen manure, 1,500 pounds; high-grade sulphate potash, 170 pounds; sixteen per cent. acid phosphate, 330 pounds. This makes a total of 2,000 pounds of fertilizer for orchard use. The approximate analysis is nitrogen 1.1 per cent.; phosphoric acid, 3.3 per cent.; potash, 4.5 per cent.

Poultry manure spread on strawberries seems to induce a rapid weed and grass growth and is not conducive to the production of large quantities of fruit. The Massachusetts station recommend the following mixture of poultry manure when it is used on strawberry patches: Hen manure, 1,000 pounds; nitrate of soda, 100 pounds; ammonium sulphate, 100 pounds; high-grade sulphate potash, 200 pounds; acid phosphate, 600 pounds.

Do not burn leaves, but save them for the garden. Mix the leaves with a little soil or manure, pile in the garden, and scatter just before plowing. Plow them under.

Poultry

Have the ducks warm pens for the winter? While it is not necessary to keep ducks housed except at night and during the coldest weather, remember that any dampness in their quarters will surely cause bad colds and roup. Be sure that the roofs are tight and, if possible, that the walls are covered with tar-paper. A good coat of paint will make the houses ship-shape, and fill up the cracks where vermin lurk. No roosts are necessary, but since the ducks spend all their time on the ground and their feet are very tender, see to it that they have plenty of straw or litter and all the bedding they need.

Do not keep ducks with other poultry, for it is mistaken economy. In the first place, ducks require different food, which they eat very slowly. They are timid, and should not be excited or confused, as would be the case if they were kept with hens. A very small chicken can drive a duck away from the feeding dish.

Ducks should not be fed sloppy or gummy food; they will not eat it. Nor should whole grain be given them. Soak corn for several hours before feeding time. Chopped turnips, beets, apples, onions and cabbage are fine for ducks. Many breeders advocate a combination of cornmeal, cooked vegetables and bran, fed in equal parts. Add a little salt twice a week. During the laying season it is well to add raw cut bone and meat scraps at the same intervals. Pekins have to be fed oftener than Runners.

Have a box of charcoal and another of sand near at all times. And do not forget water. Ducks need plenty to drink, even more than chickens. Change the water in the pens several times a day, and take the chill off in cold weather. It is a mistake to add grit to the feed, but it should be kept always available in a separate dish.

If ducks are well cared for, as they ought to be, they will begin to lay during the winter, the Indian Runners several weeks before the Pekins. They should lay from the latter part of February or early March clear into July. It is as easy to get winter ducks' eggs as it is hens'. Since ducks lay on the ground, the importance of clean straw and litter, and a good deal of it, will be seen. Remember this: the eggs won't hatch well in the spring if the ducks aren't cared for in the winter.

Ducks can no more be neglected than can horses or cattle, but if a man gives ducks good quarters and the right kind of feed, they will pay him for their keep over and over again. Good care always pays.

Clean up the orchard and garden. Do not let fruits and vegetables lie on the ground to decay. Such practise is bread and-butter for the bugs.

Safety First When Farmers Hunt.

There comes a time in the fall or winter, after the crops are in the barns and the hard work of harvest is finished when nearly every farmer thinks of getting out his gun and going after the rabbit, the grouse, the woodcock, the squirrel, the fox, pheasant or some kind of native game.

A few weeks ago I was hunting on strange territory and found only two little bunnies, while a farmer friend went out with his beagle and located five. He knew where they lived and they were there waiting for him. The city man had passed them by many times.

When one man hunts with other hunters, a great deal of care must be exercised. Not that I mean to preach a sermon on safety first with the gun, but I have noticed that a good many accidents occurred in certain places and under certain conditions, hence there are some cardinal "Don'ts" that I want to present.

Don't get the habit of carrying your gun with the safety off or the hammer up. A good shooter throws the safety as his rifle or shotgun comes to shoulder. It is an easy habit to get and it is a safe one, too. The hunter who thinks he has to go into the brush with his gun all set to shoot at the first movement, is the one who causes the accidents, and he generally gets less game than the hunter who takes more time, is more careful, and plays the game safely.

Probably more accidents happen when the hunters are crossing a fence than at any other place. Possibly there is a fox hurrying off in the distance, or a rabbit skipping ahead of the dogs, and every one wants to get over the barrier rapidly and get in a shot. Right there is the germ of a shooting accident, for to clamber over with the loaded gun in hand, perhaps with the safety off, gives every possibility of a slip and a fall that may discharge the gun. The sane way to get over any fence is to go through a gateway if possible, and if it isn't possible, set your gun over the fence first and then climb over yourself.

Some hunters have the pernicious habit of getting over first and then pulling the gun after them. In that case the chances are that the muzzle is directed in the direction of the body, and many an accident is the result of this foolish carelessness. Put the gun over the fence first. But make sure that you don't climb over just where the gun is located, so that a fall might land you on top of it.

When going from one piece of woods to another, hunters often show the greatest amount of carelessness in the manner of carrying their guns. The weapons are shifted into easy positions with the barrels in a horizontal position that makes the range of the gun cover some companion's body. The proper way to carry the gun, when with one or more people, is to see that the muzzle is aimed downward or upward. Not straight up or down, but pointed so its muzzle is looking at the ground or at the sky. With a very little care on the part of the hunter, a gun can be carried in an easy position so that its load would never go in the direction of another member of the party.

Accidents generally come as a result of thoughtlessness. If one member of the party sets out carefully the others will follow his example. Sometimes a hunter will walk ahead of me and let me gaze into the muzzle of his loaded gun. It sends such a chill through me that I ask him to shift his weapon. He is invariably glad to do this. I have thoughtlessly done the same thing myself and have been glad of the correction.

Some hunters never carry their guns right when walking along a side-hill. They "tote" them any way that happens to suit, and perhaps a slip is all that is needed to cause a fall. Falling with your weight on any weapon is pretty liable to damage it in some way, to say nothing of the injury it might cause by exploding. The gun should be carried on the downhill side of your body. Since the direction of fall will most likely be uphill if you should slip on a wet stone, the gun will be safest on the lower side.

Another problem is to carry the gun safely in a boat, wagon, automobile or other conveyance. If the arm is of the magazine type, it is better to keep all cartridges in this magazine, throwing the top one into the chamber when ready to shoot. A loaded shotgun in a boat should be in somebody's hands while the other member of the party does the rowing.

Important Notice: The advice of all fur companies is not to trap early this year. Wait until fur is prime, and better prices will be secured. Every year many skins taken are practically worthless, and the trappers complain because they receive such low prices. Conserve the fur crop. It is a valuable one. Use common sense.

They are Convinced

Farms in Three Counties of Ontario Prove Value of Fertilizers

Tests of 1920 carried out under scientific supervision convince farmers of Ontario of the value of fertilizers in hastening maturity and obtaining larger yields and bigger ears.

The demonstrators report:

1. "The greatest difference of all between the plots was in the maturity of the corn and the yield of ears."
2. "These two plots of corn (1st-fertilized, 2nd-fertilized and manured) were eight to ten days earlier in ripening."
3. "The differences in maturity of the ears for silage purposes were distinctly in favor of the fertilized plot."

Improve the Quality and Increase Yields in 1921 by Fertilizing. ORDER EARLY

Write for Booklets

THE SOIL AND CROP IMPROVEMENT BUREAU
of the Canadian Fertilizer Association
Henry G. Bell, B.S.A., *Director* 1111 Temple Building, Toronto

Christmas Gifts From the Farm.

By MARION ALDRICH.

Last Christmas I spent with a schoolmate who lives in the country. I had gone to her home in the early autumn to board because I had much writing to do and needed quiet. At the same time I needed the sweet, pure country air. When we first began talking of Christmas, fully six or eight weeks before that date, Ruth, my friend, began the old-time plaint: "I know I shall get a lot of pretty things from my city friends and relatives, and what on earth can I get in this old ark that is fit to send them?"

"This old ark," was the village general store, where we were when we brought up the subject of Christmas giving.

"Ruth Preston," I answered her, "with all the opportunities you have for making the most delightful, unusual and really worth-while gifts, you should worry about Storekeeper Wiggin's limited stock of cheese and chewing tobacco."

"What do you mean?" gasped Ruth.

"Well, you never lived in the city, cooped up in an apartment, or in a house in a big town where the nearest woods and nearest garden were miles and miles away? Did you now?" She admitted that she never had.

"Imagine that you did live in such a place. What would you say if you were to receive a beautiful little baby fir tree eighteen inches high, a luscious deep green, growing in a pretty little wooden tub painted deep red? Suppose it came to you carefully wrapped in wet burlap so that the express people could see what it was and keep it right side up?

"It would be pretty," admitted Ruth.

"And suppose you lived in a big elevator apartment with a tiny kitchenette and a new maid every week or so and all the goodies you had you made yourself or got at a cafe or dug out of cans with a can opener. How would you like to get a great big fat mince pie, packed in a box so carefully that it couldn't crush or break?"

I had set her to thinking. Soon after that we brought up the subject once more. I sent back to the city for two dollars' worth of narrow, red ribbon, holly ribbon, Christmas labels, tags and stickers.

"What are you going to send him?" I asked Ruth one day as she mentioned her very wealthy brother who had lived in a distant city for twenty years.

"Oh dear, Tom has so much money that anything I could afford would look cheap!" she complained. "Neckties are silly and I don't know the latest styles. I'd love to surprise him once—"

"Make fifty of those old-fashioned big sugar cookies, such as your mother used to make for you and Tom when you were youngsters. I know how they taste—want one right now! Wrap each one in white tissue, stick a tiny fancy label on, to fasten the tissue together, pack them firmly in a box and send them along to him." Watch his mouth water!

Ruth did it and the letter she got from her brother brought the quick tears to her eyes.

To my brother's wife I sent a small crate of mixed vegetables. She was delighted. I sent them early enough for her to use them for the Christmas dinner. There was a small squash, some choice potatoes, onions, beets, carrots, turnips, a cabbage, some apples, a dozen hard winter pears and a little jar of delicious crabapple jelly tucked in.

To our old school-teacher, still striving to teach the young idea how to shoot, Ruth and I joined in making a big, rich fruit cake.

To a friend who had a number of small children, Ruth sent half a dozen jars of pure honey.

I don't know how many little jars of jellies and chili sauce and baby pickles and jams and other preserves and condiments we sent along for presents.

To a doctor friend—the one who sent me to inhale the country air for six months—I sent two dozen big, rich duck eggs, quite fresh. On each egg I pasted a tiny sticker, a little Santa or Christmas tree or stocking or something of that sort. I placed these in a wire case which holds each egg firmly, marked them plainly and they reached the good doctor without a break or a crack.

Every year Ruth's great aunt sends her something of value. This great aunt owns a string of business blocks in a big city and keeps a lawyer busy attending solely to her estate. At my suggestion, Ruth prepared a goose for the oven, stuffed it, sewed it up in a white cloth, and packed it in a box, the corners of which she filled with apples and onions for roasting. This she sent to Great Aunt, not without fear and trembling. "The very idea of sending her something to eat," she gasped, "she'll think it an insult." She invited a select few in to dinner, she wrote, and boasted of the "home-grown goose straight from my dear niece who lives on a farm." And all her guests raved.

To friends who had children we sent baskets of native nuts: butternuts, hickory nuts and the like. We also made some delicious molasses kisses, wrapped them in waxed paper, packed them with sprigs of evergreen and sent them along.

If you live in the maple belt, you surely have some maple sugar left. If it is black, melt it over and recast the cakes. They will be delicious. Or melt them and stir them into the soft maple sugar and let your friends use them for genuine maple fudge.

If you have popcorn, tie up four bunches, six ears in a bunch, with red ribbon and send it as a present. Country popcorn "tastes different," you know! It does. I've tasted it.

Bedtime Stories

Blackie.

Once upon a time there was an old mother hen who had twelve baby chicks. They were all fluffy and yellow except one who was so black that he was called Blackie.

Every morning the little girl who lived in the big farm house came out to feed the chicks.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said the old mother hen, and "Peep, peep, peep!" cried the baby chicks as if they were saying "thank you" to the little girl for taking such good care of them.

"Peep, peep," said Blackie, "now that I have had my breakfast I'm going to take a journey." And away he hopped from his mother and little brothers and sisters as fast as he could go!

By and by he came to a hole in the fence and out he went. He found himself on a nice green lawn and very near a lovely big flower bed full of pretty red and yellow tulips.

"What a fine world this is," thought Blackie, "I'm glad I ran away from the old chicken yard, for it was never so wonderful as this." With that he began scratching around the tulip bed to find something more to eat.

Just then a terrible noise sounded quite near him.

"Bow, wow, wow!" It was the little girl's fat brown puppy who was jumping about on his funny big feet, his tongue hanging out in much excitement.

"What are you doing out of the hen yard?" he said. "Go right back or I shall make you!"

"Peep, peep, peep," cried frightened Blackie and away he ran without looking at all to see where he was going.

Before he knew it he hopped right into the middle of a puddle of water. Little chicks do not like water at all, so poor Blackie was more frightened than ever! He fluttered his little wings, took a great hop and up he jumped on to a smooth stone in the middle of the puddle.

"Peep, peep, peep, Mother, Mother!" he cried. But mother hen was far away in the hen yard and could not even hear him.

The old tabby cat was curled up in the sun on the steps of the farm house porch, not far away. The little girl had given her a good saucer of milk and she was napping after her breakfast.

"Peep, peep, peep!" cried the baby chick from his stone in the puddle, "I want my mother!"

The old tabby cat heard him and came down to see is she could help. She put one paw into the water, but drew it out in a hurry and shook off the drops, then she sat down as if she were trying to think of some other way for tabby cat did not like to wet her feet.

"Peep, peep, peep! I want my mother, I'm afraid I'm going to drown."

Bang! went the screen door and down the porch steps ran the little girl! How she did laugh when she saw little Blackie and the trouble he was in.

"Never mind, Blackie, I'll take you back to your mother," she said and picking him up very carefully, she carried him back to the old mother hen.

Wintering Bees.

Large numbers of colonies of bees are lost in Canada every winter through lack of proper care and forethought. Serious losses are due to want of timely and intelligent preparation. Mr. F. W. L. Sladen, Dominion Apiarist, in Bulletin Number 43, 2nd Series of the Experimental Farms, makes the statement that long and cold wintering in many parts of Canada, is not so hard on the bees as might be imagined. In some respects, he says, wintering is easier here than in mild countries, like England or in the Southern States. This is because bees rest more completely during the winter in Canada. One of the most important things for good wintering is a populous colony, consisting mainly of young bees; another is an abundant supply of wholesome stores in the combs, and the third is an adequate protection from the cold.

This bulletin, entitled "Wintering Bees in Canada," is available at the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. In describing the wintering of bees in the cellar the temperature of the cellar cellar the temperature for the cellar precautions as regards the spring management of bees are recorded in the bulletin.

Put the necessary winter overcoat on the strawberries.

IN HIS NAME.

I saw the thing with my own eyes, at a big Fair early in September. It has stood out, ever since, as the biggest and best exhibit there; an exhibit of manliness and tenderness and love. Compared with these, what were hogs and corn, cows and aeroplanes?

They had come to the fair for a well-earned vacation. But it was not a rest. Rooms were hard to find; meals were high priced and not overly good. It is hard work tramping city streets and fair-ground avenues all day. The children were not used to their shoes. They became tired easily. They could run all day in the meadows and pastures, but an hour on the pavements wore them out. They became fretty and peevish; one was suffering from the whooping-cough. She should never have been brought, but it was either bring her along or the whole family stay at home.

The baby show appealed to the woman. She had borne a half-dozen; only three were left. The tears came to her eyes, as she thought of the little mounds in the cemetery back home; of the little hands which once clutched hers; of the warm lips which had long been cold. Perhaps if there had been baby shows at the fairs in those days—and she could have attended—those little mounds of earth would not exist to-day. Through her tear-swimming eyes she looked in at the baby show which she could not attend because of the affliction from which the smallest, dirtiest and tiredest of the children was suffering.

And then He appeared. I do not know his name. I do not know whence He came. I want him to remain just an intangible, unidentified He, with a capital H. He looked as if He had never had a care in the world. He was foppish. He was frivolous. The girl He was with was a vain peacock. She brushed by the woman and the child whose cough was causing mothers to gather their little ones to them and scurry away.

He grasped the situation in a glance: The poor, tired mother, her dreams, her regrets, her vain longings; the afflicted, tired child. The peacock walked on. Somehow I hope He never met her again.

"Want an ice-cream cone, honey?" He said, stooping down and patting the child when her paroxysms were at an end. "I sure do, only nobody will eat one with me."

God teaches the little children whom to trust. The child put her hand in his and was content.

"I'll take good care of her," He said. "There are slides in the playground and swings. I was a kid once and I had it, too. Let me take her a while."

I watched them, and He was as tender as a mother; a gracious, rollicking playmate. The tired lines were wiped out of the tear-stained face of the child. She was too young to know about Prince Charming. But He was that, in very truth.

I saw horses for which $50,000 had been refused. I saw millions of dollars' worth of stock. But I saw God there in the children's playgrounds, and Heaven in the thankful eyes of the mother when she returned to claim her child.

Get every piece of farm machinery under cover before snow flies.

ery, if cold. Oil usually flows slowly in cold weather. It will pay to change to a lighter oil for winter use.

Light creosote oils properly injected into wood apparently will prevent decay until the wood wears out, or until it checks so badly that the untreated portions are exposed.

Mulch strawberries with straw, leaves, cornstalks or wild hay as soon as the ground freezes.

Protect raspberries, blackberries and bush fruits from severe winter weather by bending the canes down, pegging them with sticks stuck into the soil, covering with earth. If canes tend to break remove earth near the roots, on side toward which the plants are bent. Bend all the same way.

Clean ditches and tile outlets this fall before the ground freezes. If absolutely safe, open ditches should be burned out now so they will be ready for use early in the spring. A single tiny fill in the ditch where the wagon or car crossed last summer may hold back enough water to keep you out of the field a week later than your neighbor next spring. The outlet from the tile should be clear, since water allowed to back up in the tile and stay at this time of the year will freeze and injure the tile.

That old straw stack left over from last year is good for use as a mulch on winter wheat or winter rye fields. Where the winter wheat or winter rye has been sown in corn stubble or grain stubble, a mulch of about two tons of old straw an acre will be a distinct advantage to the crop, because it will protect it during winter and will also aid in holding the moisture about the roots in the spring. In November and early December is a good time to spread the straw. There are several good straw-spreaders on the market.

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