



PASTURE AND THE MEADOW

Careful Study of Subject Will Show Variety of Grasses Better Than Only One Kind.

(By S. M. MILLER.)

It sometimes seems as if one-half of the farmers were doing everything possible to fight nature and when we make a study of the various grasses and their peculiar needs we wonder that we have been succeeding as well as we have in growing good crops of hay. A careful study of the English system of maintaining a permanent meadow and pasture would essentially aid us in the management of our grass lands. There we may find from ten to twenty kinds of grass growing on one sod and all thriving and producing hay and forage.

We go on our meadows when the proper times come, cut the grass, cure it into hay and haul it to the stack or barns and think no more about the whole matter until the next year comes and then we go out and go through the same motions only get a smaller crop and keep this up until the yield is so small that we feel it is necessary to plow up the field and reseed it to clover and timothy again. We don't go to the trouble of top dressing or fertilizing the meadow or tile drain to prevent the water from drowning it out during the wet season nor do we plan to leave a stubble to protect it from the hot summer sun.

Animals will often walk from one end of a large pasture to another to get a nibble of some variety of grass that is different from that in the other end of the pasture.

Pastures that contain the greatest number of varieties of grass are invariably the ones that will support the most stock.

It is one of the greatest evils of our system of farming to plow up a good pasture for it requires a number of years to get a good turf established.

In selecting grass seed for a permanent pasture select kinds that will bloom in succession from early summer until late in the fall so that when one kind is not growing there will be another to occupy the soil and prevent weeds from growing in where the soil is not occupied.

In selecting grasses for the meadow select varieties that flower about the same time so that they may be cured for hay at one cutting.

Select those that furnish the most leaves and thus diminish the amount of woody indigestible matter in the hay.

It is folly to try to skim off a second crop from the meadows. If the growth is too rank in the fall pasture it off with young stock but do not pasture it close enough to injure its chances of living through the winter.

Nature provides for winter by promoting a rapid fall growth. The old ideas of getting something for nothing have been exploded for a long time and if we cut three tons of hay from our meadows we must feed them accordingly and keep the bare spots covered with grass instead of weeds.

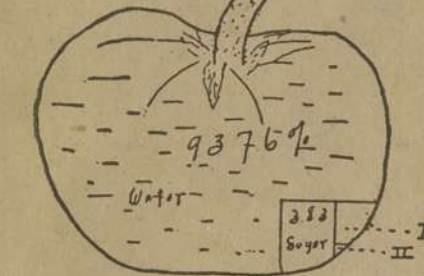
If we supply better forage rations for our live stock they will come through the winter in better condition and will require less grain to keep them in a thrifty condition.

We, as a rule, are feeding too much grain to our animals and unless we devote more attention to providing nutritious forage rations we must expect less hardy and vigorous animals.

COMPOSITION OF A TOMATO

Nutrient Present in Largest Amounts is Sugar, While Organic Acids Give Character.

The extensive use of tomatoes as an article of food has caused many inquiries to be made as to their food value. The nutrient present in tomatoes in the largest amount is sugar, while the organic acids are the main substances which give individuality or character. In tables of analysis tomatoes are given as containing from 92 to 95 per cent. water, 45 per cent. ash,



Composition of Tomato.
I....Oxalic Acid.
II....Protein

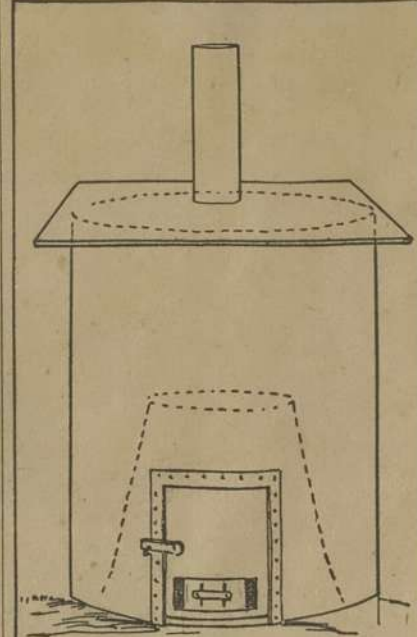
.90 to 1.00 protein, and 3.80 to 4.80 per cent. of carbohydrates.

When the tomato is used for food, care should be taken to retain all of the juice, as the nutrients are present largely in soluble form and any diminution of the amount of juice entails a corresponding loss of nutrients. In its favorable influence upon the digestibility of other foods, the tomato has considerable value.

BURNER TO DESTROY STUMPS

Made From Steel of Old Abandoned Food Cooker and Joint of Pipe—Cost \$1.25.

The rather peculiar device shown in the illustration herewith was made by a Vernon county, Missouri, farmer for destroying stumps, and we are in-



A Practical Stump Burner.

formed that it proved much more than expected, so far as getting rid of the old stumps were concerned, says Homestead. The cost to make this stump burner was \$1.25 and it was made as follows: The steel jacket from an old abandoned food cooker was used for the lower part, and the square part for the top was bought from a local tinner, it and the joint of pipe costing \$1.25. They are both a little heavier than ordinary sheet iron. In operation, the device is placed over the stump and a fire built around same with anything that may be handy for fuel. In some cases chips were used; in others, old rails, and in still others, pieces were split from the stumps themselves. Not only did the burner consume the entire stump in a short time, but in many cases the roots were burned out far down in the ground. A similar burner might be constructed from many things that are every year thrown in the scrap heap, and if the necessary material could not be found in the scrap heap, any tinner would build one for a small sum and your stumps would be burning while you were doing something else. The boys would simply love to operate one of these burners at least until the novelty wore off, and possibly the promise of a small sum of money when the last stump was burned out would prolong the novelty for a sufficient time to do the business.

MAKING COMPACTOR OF SOIL

Excellent Method of Constructing Implement to Be Used in Place of Ordinary Roller.

To construct a good compactor of the soil to use in place of a roller, use



A Soil Compactor.

three two-inch planks about three feet long and one foot wide. Nail or bolt the edges together like the side of a house and hitch the chain to each end. Load it with as many large stones as a team can draw and go over the surface. It often does better work than a regular roller.



NOTES

Sweep down the cobwebs—they are neither ornamental or useful.

Why not use the space between trees in the orchard for fall vegetables for home use?

Don't get overheated and then drink a lot of cold water. Sip a little and wait until cooled off.

Bonemeal is excellent for vines and fruit trees, and three or four ounces may be applied to the square yard.

We have no sympathy for the man or boy who has to cut stove wood on blistering days. Winter was the time for that job.

Corn is a good crop. In spite of large crops, it has been very high for the past two years. It is likely to be as high, or higher, next year.

For pitching bundles of grain up high in the barn or on the stack, nothing beats a long-poled fork with short tines. You can have one made that way for this express purpose.

Plow ground for late summer seeding of alfalfa as soon as the corn is in and there is time. Let the ground lie for a few weeks and then work it down frequently to kill young weeds.

Now is the best time of the year to see to it that no pools of water are allowed to form and stagnate around the premises. Fight the flies and the mosquitoes and thus keep down typhoid and malaria.

The day of the old grain cradle as a farm tool has almost gone by, and yet a good cradle is a handy thing to have. Take it in cradling around a piece of grain it works first rate, even today. Some of the modern cradles are very easy to swing, too.

HER RUINED CHANCE

By RUTH MERWYN

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"Wait, a jiffy, girls, till I get my war paint on," called out Marian Van Horn as she hurried across the veranda and through the low French window of the drawing room, nearly knocking over a young man standing inside.

"Marian Van Horn!"

At her mother's horrified tones Marian quickly took in the situation. The Ladies' Research club was holding a meeting in the Van Horn drawing room. Her mother, as president, sat bolt upright, her face a brilliant scarlet as she glared at her offending daughter.

"Why, mamsie, I didn't know there was a soul here," Marian's voice sounded contrite, but her dark eyes danced as she saw the reproving faces.

"Professor Craig, let me introduce to you my daughter, Marian Van Horn." The president's voice showed she was making an effort at self-control.

Marian gave a start at the youthful appearance of the professor whose coming had been so long heralded by the Research club. She had imagined him as a gray-haired, middle-aged man.

"Beg your pardon, Prof. Craig, for nearly bowling you over, but it's one of my unbreakable rules never to enter the house by a door if there's a window handler."

"Prof. Craig was about to begin his talk on ethnology," ejaculated Mrs. Van Horn impatiently. "Sit down, Marian."

"But, mamsie, I can't. The girls are waiting for a game of tennis."

"Have them come in, too, Marian," artfully suggested the youngest member of the Research club, Aleda Gregg, whose straw-colored hair was tightly drawn back from her high forehead and whose pale blue eyes were regarding the young professor admiringly.



'Are You a Tennis Fiend, Professor?'

"Surely they will be only too glad to give up a paltry game of tennis to hear Prof. Craig lecture."

"Oh, no," replied Marian hastily, "they wouldn't care to."

"Just think of a girl choosing a game of tennis to Professor Craig's lecture," murmured Aleda.

"Lucky for me that I'm not a Research lady," giggled Marian as she went upstairs.

A few hours later when Marian went into the house she was unpleasantly surprised to find the young man still there.

"We are to have the great pleasure, Marian," explained Mrs. Van Horn, "of Prof. Craig's company during his lectures here."

"Oh," exclaimed the nonplussed girl, "how—how delightful!"

Prof. Craig gazed admiringly at Marian, whose scarlet "tam" was perched sideways on a mass of dark, rippling hair.

"Are you a tennis fiend, professor?" asked Marian, a little disconcerted at the prolonged gaze.

"I've never played tennis, Miss Van Horn. Somehow I haven't found time."

"Oh, I never stop to find time for the things I really want to do," exclaimed Marian. "I just take any old time I happen to have on hand; then, if my supply runs out, it's the things I don't want to do that are left undone."

"Marian," remonstrated Mrs. Van Horn.

"Honestly, Mamsie, it's a splendid rule. Better try it a while and see if you don't have a heap more fun."

"I'm sorry, professor," Mrs. Van Horn turned appealingly to the young man, "that I am not able to persuade Marian to join our club and probe deep into the mysteries of life!"

"You see, professor," explained Marian, "Mamsie goes in for the heavy intellectual, so I have to do the athletic to keep things properly balanced. Otherwise the Van Horn family would grow lop-sided!"

"Come, Marian," said Mrs. Van Horn, meeting her daughter a few hours later in the hall. "It's time to get ready for Prof. Craig's lecture."

"But, Mamsie, I'm not going."

"Not going? Don't you know it's the chance of a lifetime? Marian, your in-

difference toward rare intellectual opportunities grieves me beyond measure."

"Poor Mamsie!" Marian patted her mother's hand. "You ought to have a daughter like Aleda Gregg. But I will go to Prof. Craig's lecture tonight to please you and I'll stay clear through, no matter how tiresome it is, though it does seem a shame to waste this glorious evening in a stuffy lecture room listening to a spiel on a subject I don't care a playunc for!"

Marian glanced down the hall. The door of Prof. Craig's room was open. Clutching her mother's arm she hurried her away. "Jiminy," she gasped, "you don't suppose that the professor heard, do you?"

"Doubtless he did," answered Mrs. Van Horn, "but it doesn't make any difference. You ruined your last chance this afternoon."

"My chance? What chance?"

"To marry Prof. Craig."

"But, mother, who under heavens wants to marry him?"

"You ought to. You, Marian, the professor is the most intellectual man the Research club has ever had here. Mrs. Gregg tried her best to get him at her house, but for your sake I got him here."

Marian flung out both hands. "Don't, Mamsie, for heaven's sake, don't fling me at the head of every young man you see."

"I won't," promised Mrs. Van Horn, wearily. "Prof. Craig is the only man I ever wanted you to marry, and I am positive that he will never look at you after your refusing to stay to his lecture."

As the evening lecture began, Marian settled back with a martyrlike air. Soon, however, she grew interested, in spite of herself. The professor certainly was making the dry facts of ethnology sound entertaining by his terse, clear style and by unexpected bits of humor.

Conscience stricken at her ungracious remark about his "spiel," she started to tell him how interested she had been when Aleda Gregg rushed up.

"Oh, Prof. Craig," she began, clasping her thin hands ecstatically, "your lecture was wonderful."

Marian turned abruptly away. "I'll never tell him that I liked his lecture after Aleda's gush," she declared to herself.

As Prof. Craig, Mrs. Van Horn and Marian started for home, Mrs. Gregg and her daughter joined them.

"Come with me, Mrs. Van Horn," called out Mrs. Gregg. "Aleda wants to ask the professor some questions."

"Yes, Prof. Craig," began Aleda breathlessly, "there are certain points on ethnology that have puzzled me for a long time."

"Yes?" answered the professor.

Aleda began to fire questions at him, using such polysyllabic words that Marian gasped at the very sound. When they reached Aleda's home, she was not finished, but called back as she went toward the house, "I've some other questions to ask you next week, professor, on our way home from your lecture."

Each time the professor came Marian went, ostensibly to please her mother. Each time Prof. Craig walked home with her, but Aleda always accompanied them, talking on topics of which Marian knew nothing.

Then came the last lecture of the series. Marian listened with breathless attention, a strange, lonesome feeling possessing her.

"Aleda and Prof. Craig have grown to be such friends," she overheard Mrs. Gregg say to her mother. "It's too bad you insisted on his going to your house, for if he had stayed with me they would have had more time to enjoy each other's company."

"Horrid old cat!" thought Marian. "I'm really sorry for Mamsie."

"Miss Marian!" Prof. Craig hurried up to her. "Don't wait for the others tonight. The Research club is to hold a business meeting now and we're not members, you know."

"But Aleda will want to ask you some more questions."

The professor muttered something beneath his breath. "Never mind Miss Gregg," he begged taking hold of Marian's arm. "Please hurry!"

Once outside, they walked along in silence. Marian bewildered at the unexpected situation. If only she knew a little about ethnology—just enough to ask an intelligent question or two!

At last, to her relief, the professor broke the silence. "Marian!" She started at the word as well as the strange note in his voice. "I had to see you alone tonight to tell you that I love you. I must know before I go away whether I stand a ghost of a chance to win you."

"Why, Prof. Craig!" stammered Marian, "do—do you really mean it? I—I—don't know a blooming thing about ethnology, you know!"

"I'm glad of it," laughed the professor. "I've gone in for the heavy intellectual all my life and I want you to do the 'athletic' so the Craig family won't get lop-sided. I promise I'll never even ask you to listen to one of my 'spels' that you don't care a playunc about."

Marian blushed furiously in the darkness. A little later she asked: "When did you begin, John, to—to care for me?"

"The first time I saw you," answered the professor, promptly.

Marian gave a delightful little laugh. "Please tell mamsie that and do it when I'm there. It'll be worth millions to see her face!"

Bobby's Luck.

Bookkeeper—The fact that your grandfather has married again seems to please you, Bobby.

Office Boy—I guess yes. Ain't I got another grandmother ter die now when I want ter go to the ball game?

Hints For Hostess



TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

Games for Children.

A young mother said to me the other day: "Your department is fine and I often find just what I want, but can you help me out with new games for the children?"

During vacation it seems that the what-to-do question frequently comes up for mother to solve. I hope the following pastimes will prove interesting, and make loads of fun for the youngsters. The first is called Human Nine Pins. The boys are set up just like nine pins at the end of the room or on the lawn; they stand on one foot (left one), with the right one placed behind the left knee, arms folded. The girls roll the ball, taking turns. When the ball is rolled they may hop aside to escape being touched; but if the ball touches them or they put down the other foot, they are supposed to be knocked down and out. This continues just like the real game, a score being kept and prizes awarded.

Young children love this game: Take barrel hoops and wind them with gay ribbons or crepe paper, suspend a small bell in the center. Hang the hoop up and give each guest a small bean bag the same color as the hoop. The aim is to ring the bell when thrown through the hoop. Five trials are allowed, the one who rings the most out of the five is given a reward.

A little game called "Royalty" needs an equal number of girls and boys. One boy is chosen "king" and a girl as "queen." Then they sit in two rows facing each other. Each follower is numbered. At the same moment the king and queen calls a number, the two players bearing the numbers get up and run around the circle, the queen after the king's follower. If she catches him before he completes the circle he pays forfeit; if she does not the king's subject collects a tribute from her. When all the numbers have been called the game is finished.

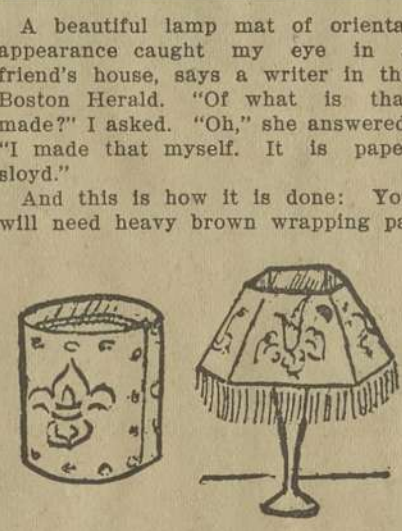
Bridal Functions and Favors.

A bride who had belonged to a needle club for years, gave a dinner to her maids, asking the men to an informal dance afterward. She had chosen baby blue for the wedding color or scheme, so the table centerpiece was a gilded basket filled with bride's roses; a huge bow of blue ribbon was tied to the handle, falling in graceful folds around the basket. At each place was a pale blue velvet jeweler's box which, on being opened, disclosed gold

WORK FOR THE HOME

A beautiful lamp mat of oriental appearance caught my eye in a friend's house, says a writer in the Boston Herald. "Of what is that made?" I asked. "Oh," she answered, "I made that myself. It is paper sloyd."

And this is how it is done: You will need heavy brown wrapping pa-

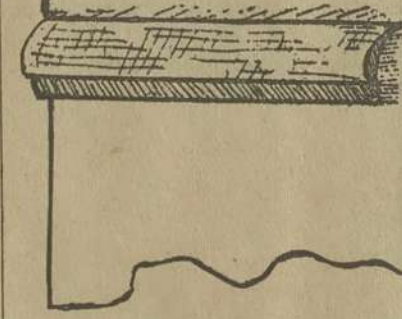


per, old dimity or lawn from worn-out curtains (or some like soft material) and two kinds of wall paper, one with a plain, striped or chained background and one with large conventional or flower design in a contrasting color.

Cut out the background paper in the shape and form desired, applique on it the figures cut from the other paper in regular pattern, line with the dimity and paste a double layer of the wrapping paper over the back. It is all very simple, but a little taste and ingenuity will devise all sorts of quaint and unusual articles.

The lamp mat is perhaps the easiest to make; the one shown in the drawing was in wistaria design over silver paper. The edges may be bound with narrow passepartout tape of the required shade, but careful pasting is really all that is necessary.

The cottage jardiniere is made to



cover flower-pots of plebeian earthenware. It is a simple strip of the right size, rolled into a tube and fastened with large size paper fasteners. Here it is of black over red.

Or it may be laced with tape or

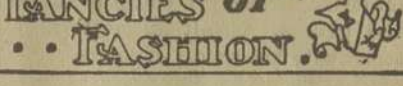
Games for Children.

thimbles engraved with the initials of each girl. The place cards were tiny picture frames made of blue satin ribbon forget-me-nots, inclosing snap shots of the bride and groom. Another bride, who had planned a green wedding, gave her maids favors set with jade, each one different; there were hat pins, sleeve links, stickpins, etc. The table centerpiece was of maidenhair ferns in a low glass bowl. At each place there were individual glass candlesticks twined with asparagus vine. Every one wore white and the effect was cool and lovely.

The Practical Shower.

A young woman much beloved in her neighborhood, was to be married, and this delightful shower was arranged: She had grown up from babyhood on the same street, and one of her mother's friends suggested that the neighbors contribute the price of a dozen napkins and tablecloth. Then they had a thimble party and the linen was hemmed and monogrammed. The bride was perfectly delighted. Try this when planning a "linen" shower. It was no more costly than for each guest to give a separate bit of linen. The same idea has been carried out in sheets and pillow cases, also towels. By the way, at afternoon affairs ginger lemonade is quite the thing with tiny fancy crackers or biscuit, as our English cousins call them.

MADAME MERRIL.



Sashes are with us again in glorious array.

Tulle and Irish lace are frequently combined.

Fewer turbans are seen as the season advances.

Skirts for evening dresses are somewhat fuller.

The latest hostelry shows more elaborate patterns.

Of suede and stamped leather bags there is no end.

Jabots of net and lace are often stenciled in color.

Some of the new linen frocks are embroidered in Japanese colors and designs.

Linen suits are in old blue, mustard, raisin, brown, green, catawba and lavender.

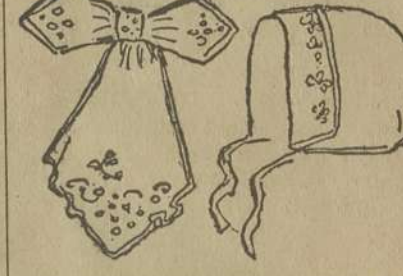
For evening wear there is a return of colored Irish lace, dyed to match the gown.

ribbon, as is the square wastebasket of pink on green and gold. This should be of very heavy paper throughout; even an extra lining of thin art pasteboard would not come amiss. It is made in four pieces, with a heavy cardboard bottom, and is then laced together.

Those articles where the inside shows should have a lining more artistic than brown paper. Plain colored wallpaper, perhaps, the same as the background, is good; and then there are tar paper and old shading.

Both the candle and lamp shades should be mounted over wire frames. The dimity lining may be sewed over, stretched tight, and the others pasted on it. The fringing can be bought by the yard at any upholsterer's. The candleshade is blue on gold; the lampshade, two shades of green and white.

The picture frame may be of any shape, and has a cardboard back, pasted on so that the glass and picture can slide in easily. Or a plain cardboard frame may be purchased



and covered and lined. The frame shown here is red on white.

Any number of other ornaments and conveniences may be made by this charming work. Tubes for rolling embroideries, glove rolls, pen racks, letter cases, book covers; the list is almost endless. It makes easy and delightful work for the shut-in who can use her hands.

The paste used should be library paste for the lighter articles and glue for the heavier. Sharp shears should be employed for cutting, though a knife is better for the cardboard. Be very careful that the figures are carefully cut out, and that they are accurately placed; better measure with pencil and rule.

The work is so simple that it is made by the children in the elementary schools; it is so pretty that it may grace any living room. With an occasional border of brocade or a touch of watercolor, it becomes an art that is worthy of attention from our lovers of novelty.