

FOR REMOVING SILAGE

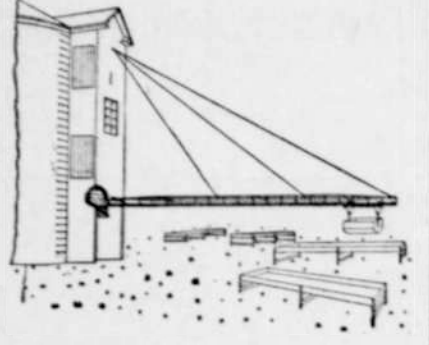
Description of Devices in Use for That Purpose.

Overhead Feed Carrier is Advisable Where Silo is Adjacent to Feed Yard—Much Depends on Number of Stock to Be Fed.

(By L. W. CHASE.)

From two to three inches of silage should be removed from the entire surface of the silo daily during the summer months and at least half of this amount in the winter. In the above-ground silos the silage may be dug loose with a silage fork and allowed to fall down through the chute to the ground, where it may be loaded into the cart or carriers and fed where desired; or it may be dropped directly into a cart, carrier, or wagon, and taken to the stock.

If the silo is adjacent to the barn and there is a smooth way from silo to feed manger, a simple silage cart is the most convenient device for



Illustrating How a Swing Track May Be Attached to a Strong Silo and the Silage Distributed to Several Feed Bunks.

taking the silage to the stock. The cart can be left beneath the silo chute and filled from above without reshoveling the silage. Loose silage weighs about 15.5 pounds per cubic foot, and this should be given consideration when building a cart for a definite capacity.

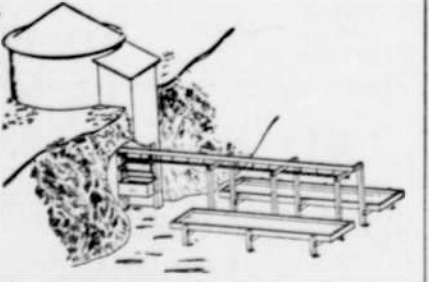
More often than otherwise the silo stands either in or adjacent to the feed yard, in which case there is very seldom a smooth way from silo to bunks. An overhead feed carrier is then generally advisable. This depends upon the number of stock to be fed. Such a carrier may easily be arranged. If the yards are small a swing track may be attached to the silo and the silage distributed to several feed bunks.

When several carloads of stock are being fed silage, the most convenient scheme is to throw the feed into a wagon and distribute it to the feed bunks with a team.

Some sort of hoisting device should be used in pit and semipit silos. Where the pit is more than ten feet deep, hand hoists and power hoists are being used for this purpose. The simplest hoist is that of the bucket raised hand over hand, but this requires one person in the pit and another above ground. A better scheme and one which is practical where the silo is located in the barn between the mangers, is to obtain several baskets and equip them with stiff balls, then use them as follows: Fill the baskets and place them in the silo convenient for raising, climb out of the silo, and by means of a hook on a rope, hook a basket of silage to it and hoist it out. After the basket is emptied, drop it back into the silo, release the hook, and hook another basket.

A homemade hoisting device for semipit silos and which can be adapted to pit silos as well, consists of a three-inch pipe carrying a wooden wheel and two drums. An old milk can filled with scrap iron is used as a counterweight. It should be slightly lighter than the weight of the cart and the silage.

A horse-power hoisting device is easily used for silos entirely below ground. These silos have an opening



An Adaptation of a Feeding Arrangement Which Can Be Used as Well for Above-Ground Silo as for Bank Silos.

In the roof through which silage is hoisted. The carrier is a box about four feet long by two feet wide, having a hinged bottom. The box is hoisted and pulled over to the dump chute by means of one horse. A trip rope allows the operator to dump the silage through the chute and return the carrier. An ordinary hayfork cable and carrier are used. This same arrangement may be used for feeding into several bunks.

Well-Fitting Collar.

See that the collar is large enough, and fits properly to the shoulder of the horse. Sore neck is usually caused by a pinching of the collar. Never carry buckles or snaps on the hames in such a way that they may work under the collar and cause ugly sores.

Beauty in Straight Rows.

Straight rows enhance the appearance of the orchard. It will pay to have a surveyor set the stakes for the trees.

TO PREPARE LAND FOR CORN

Frequent Use of Harrow and Disk Previous to Planting Time Is Recommended by Expert.

(By O. M. OLSON, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

The preparation of land for the coming corn crop should receive special attention. There is an absolute certainty that a large amount of weak seed is going to be used this year, and every possible assistance should be given to promote its germination, principally in the preparation of the seed bed.

If corn is to be expected to grow readily, it must have a small amount of air, some moisture and sufficient warmth. The proper combination of these conditions is best obtained in a well-worked, mellow seed bed. Such preparation of the seed bed not only conserves soil-moisture and destroys weeds, but it also warms the soil to an appreciable extent. A frequent use of the harrow and the disk, previous to planting time, not only prepares the seed bed in the various ways mentioned, but every one of the operations may justly be called a cultivation of the growing crop, even though the seed is still unplanted.

In the case of spring plowing, the repeated use of the harrow may put the surface in excellent condition, and still leave the bottom of the furrow slice in a poorly prepared condition. It is much better to continue the working of spring plowing with the harrow and the disk, as this additional work has a tendency to compact the furrow slice and improves the conditions of growth. By all means, properly prepare the seed bed for this year's corn crop.

WINTER PASTURE OF ALFALFA

Serious Mistake Made by Many Farmers in Allowing Stock to Run Over It at Pleasure.

More farmers are growing alfalfa today than have ever grown it and some of them are making a serious mistake in letting stock run on it during the fall and winter. To a great many of them it is a new crop and they fail to see where letting a few head of milk cows or sheep run on it during the fall and winter is going to do it any harm. It does seem rather unreasonable at first for plants that are grown vigorously all summer, been cut two or three times and are still growing vigorously, that it should carry a few cows through the winter with all ease and without injury.

Alfalfa is a plant that differs very greatly from some other forage growths. All summer long it has been



Alfalfa Leaves.

growing and maturing crops that have been clipped off by the mower. It has been fighting weeds and crab grass and has not had the opportunity to build up its own root structures very much. In the fall, if left to itself, it will make a strong and needed growth that will insure a heavy crop next summer. When alfalfa starts growing in the fall it is storing up energy in its roots system and this energy will be used next season. It will shoot up vigorously next spring and will be all the stronger because of its late fall growth. That is why fall or winter pasturing is bad for it.

RIGHT FEEDING FOR CALVES

Flaxseed Jelly is Excellent Substitute for Fat or Cream—Give Some Bran and Whole Oats.

There is no need of feeding the ordinary calf for a longer period than one week on whole milk. Of course the change to sweet skim milk should not be made suddenly, nor without substitutes for the fat or cream. To replace the fat that has been removed from the milk, as well as to furnish additional protein, there is nothing that can take the place of flaxseed jelly. This jelly should be added in small quantities at first and slowly increased. Begin with a dessertspoonful in each feed and gradually increase until about a cupful is being fed night and morning to the three-months-old calf. To prepare this jelly steep one pound of whole flaxseed in water at almost boiling, until a thick paste results. It should be kept cool and sweet until fed. In addition to the flaxseed jelly a little dry bran and whole oats should be fed. Some clean, sweet hay will be found a valuable addition to the ration at a very early age.

Care of Breeding Stock.

Prospects are indeed bright for good prices for live stock of all kinds for some years to come. If we are going to make the most of our opportunity we should take the best care possible of the breeding stock this winter. Give them comfortable quarters, plenty of bedding and the right kind of feed that they may be in the best of condition for the coming year.

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND

Author of "The Story of Sarah" "The Ship of Dreams" Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tensley Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the few auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Anky in the Old Lady's home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear, this is the first time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-by to the little house. "Feroof of what folks will say," sends them along by paths to the gate of the Old Ladies' home. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, hears of the old couple, and Blossy, who has paid a double fee for the only double bed-chamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is "Old Lady No. 31." The old ladies visit of Blossy's good lover, Capt. Samuel Darby, is due. Abe advises her to marry him. For the first time the captain fails to appear. Blossy consults Abe so often regarding Darby, his old captain in the life-saving service, that gossip begins to buzz. Aunt Nancy takes Abe to task for flirting with Blossy. He is much concerned when he learns that Anky is jealous. Blossy drives away with Darby to be married. Abe loses popularity. The change reacts on him and the doctor orders him to bed. Then he is at the mercy of the old ladies. Darby comes to see him. The old captain suggests a week's hardening up at the old life-saving station, and the two old cronies make plans for the trip. Anky plans to visit Blossy while they are gone.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

She perched herself on her little horsehair trunk, which she had packed to take to Blossy's, looking in her time-worn silk gown like a rusty blackbird, and, like a bird, she bent her head first to one side and then the other, surveying Abe in his "barrel clothes" with a critical but complimentary eye.

"Wonder who made that necktie?" she questioned. "I'll bet yer 'twas Aunt Nancy; she's got a sharp tongue, but a lot of silk pieces an' a tender spot in her heart fer yew, Abe. Ruby Lee says she never thought yew'd bring her around; yew're dretful takin' in yer ways, father, that's no use a-talkin'."

Abraham glanced at himself in the glass, and pulled at his beard, his countenance not altogether free from a self-conscious vanity.

"I hain't such a bad-lookin' feller until he died, and no doubt received worthy obituary, he might never again, "have his name in the paper."

In former days the successive editors of the local sheet had been willing, nay, eager, to chronicle his doings and Anky's, whether Abe's old enemy, rheumatism, won a new victory over him or Anky's second cousin Ruth came from Roverhead to spend the day, or—wonder indeed to relate,—the old man mended his roof or painted the front fence. No matter what happened of consequence to Captain and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Editor had always been zealous to retail the news—before the auction sale of their household effects marked the death of the old couple, and of Abe especially, to the social world of Shoreville. What man would care to read his name between the lines of such a news item as this?

The Old Ladies' Home is making preparations for its annual quilting bee. Donations of worsted, cotton batting, and linings will be gratefully received.

Mr. Editor touched his cap to the two old men. He was a keen-faced, boyish little man with a laugh bigger than himself, but he always wore a worried air the day before his paper, a weekly, went to press, and he wore that worried look now. Touching his hand to his fur cap, he informed Samuel and Abe that news was "as scarce as hen's teeth;" then added: "What's doin'?"

"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'," hastily replied Samuel, who believed that he hated publicity, as he gave Abe's foot a sly kick. "We was jest a-gwine ter take a lectle scooter sail." He adjusted the skirt of his coat in an effort to hide Abe's carpetbag, his own canvas satchel, and a huge market basket of good things which Blossy had cooked for the life-savers. "Seen anythink of that air Eph Seaman?" Samuel added, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out upon the gleaming surface of the bay, over which the white sails of scooters were darting like a flock of huge, single-winged birds.

"Eph's racing with Captain Bill Green," replied the newspaper man. "Captain Bill's got an extra set of new runners at the side of his scooter and wants to test them. Say, boys," looking from one to the other of the old fellows, "so you're going scootering, eh? Lively sport! Cold kind of sport for men of your age. Do you know, I've a good mind to run in tomorrow an article on 'Long Island and Longevity.' Taking headline, eh? Captain Rose," turning to Abe as Samuel would do no more than glower at

much excitement, so many instructions and directions for the two adventurers, that Abraham found himself in the carriage before he had kissed Anky good-by.

He had shaken hands, perhaps not altogether graciously, with every one else, even with the deaf-and-dumb gardener, who came out of his hiding place to witness the setting-out. Being dared to by all the younger sisters, he had waggishly brushed his board against Aunt Nancy Smith's cheek, and then he had taken his place beside Samuel without a touch or word of parting to his wife.

He turned in his seat to wave to the group on the porch, his eyes resting in a sudden hunger upon Angelina's frail, slender figure, as he remembered. She knew that he had forgotten in the flurry of his leaving, and she would have hastened down the steps to stop the carriage; but all the old ladies were there to see, and she simply stood, and gazed after the vehicle as it rolled away slowly behind the jog trot of Samuel's safe old calico horse. She stood and looked, holding her chin very high, and trying to check its unsteadiness.

A sense of loneliness and desolation fell over the Home. Piece by piece the sisters put away all the clothing they had offered in vain to Abe. They said that the house was already dull without his presence. Miss Abigail began to plan what she should have for dinner the day of his return.

No one seemed to notice Anky. She felt that her own departure would create scarcely a stir; for, without Abraham, she was only one of a group of poor old women in a semi-charity home.

Slowly she started up the stairs for her bonnet and the old broche shawl. When she reached the landing, where lay the knitted mat of the three-star pattern, the matron called up to her in tragic tones:

"Anky Rose, I jest thought of it. He never kissed yew good-by!"

Anky turned, her small, slender feet sinking deep into one of the woolly stars, her slim figure encircled by the light from the upper hall window. She saw a dozen faces uplifted to her, and she answered with quiet dignity:

"Abe wouldn't think of kissin' me afore folks."

Then quickly she turned again, and went to her room—their room—where she seated herself at the window, and pressed her hand against her heart, which hurt with a new, strange, unfamiliar pain, a pain that she could not have shown "afore folks."

CHAPTER XIV.

Cutting the Apron Strings.

The usual hardy pleasure-seekers that gather at the foot of Shore Lane whenever the bay becomes a field of ice and a field of sport as well were there to see the old men arrive, and as they stepped out of the carriage there came forward from among the group gathered about the fire on the beach the editor of the Shoreville Herald.

Ever since his entrance into the Old Ladies' home Abe had never stopped chaffing in secret over the fact that until he died, and no doubt received worthy obituary, he might never again, "have his name in the paper."

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him, "to what do you attribute your good health at your time of life?"

Abe grinned all over his face and cleared his throat importantly, but before he could answer, Samuel growled:

"Ter me! His health an' his life both. I dragged him up out of a death-bed only a week ago."

The editor took out his notebook and began scribbling.

"What brought you so low, Captain Rose?" he inquired without glancing up. Again, before Abe could answer, Samuel trotted on his toe.

"Thirty mollycoddling women-folks." Abe found his voice and slammed the fist of one hand against the palm of the other.

"If you go an' put that in the paper, I'll—I'll—"

Words failed him. He could see the sisters fairly fighting for the possession of the Shoreville Herald tomorrow, evening, as they always scrambled, each for the first glance at the only copy taken at the home, and he could hear one reading his name aloud—reading of the black ingratitude of their brother member.

"Just say," he added eagerly, "that the time fer old folks ter stick home under the cellar door has passed, an' nobody in tew old ter go a-gallivantin' nowadays. An' then yew might mention now as he imagined Anky's pleasure—" "That Mrs. Rose is gone down ter Twin Coves ter visit Mis' Samuel Darby fer a week, an' Cap'n Darby an' Cap'n Abraham Rose," his breast swelling out, "is a-goin' ter spend a week at Bleak Hill. Thar, hain't that Cap'n Eph a-scootin' in naow? I guess them air new runners o' Bill Green's didn't work. He hain't nowhere in sight. He—"

"Le's be a-gwine, Abe," interrupted Samuel, and leaving the editor still scribbling, he led the way down the bank with a determined stride, his market basket in one hand, his grip in the other, and his lips muttering that "a feller couldn't dew nuthin' in Shoreville without gettin' his name in the paper." But a moment later, when the two were walking gingerly over the ice to the spot where Eph had drawn his scooter to a standstill, Samuel fell into a self-congratulatory chuckle.

"He didn't find out, though, that I had my reasons fer leavin' home tew. Women-folks, be it only one, hain't good all the time fer nobody. I come ter see Blossy twict a year afore we was married, reg'lar; an' naow, I cak'late ter leave her twict a year fer a spell. A week onct every six months separate an' apart," proceeded the recently made benedict, "is what makes a man an' his wife learn how ter put up with one another in between times."

"Why, me an' Anky," began Abe, "have lived together year in an' year out fer—"

"All aboard!" interrupted Captain Eph with a shout. "It's a fair wind. I bet on making it in five minutes and fifty seconds."

Seven minutes had been the record time for the five-mile sail over the ice to Bleak Hill, but Samuel and Abe both vowing delightedly that the skipper couldn't go too fast for them stepped into the body of the boat and stumped down on the hard boards. They grinned at each other as the scooter started and Eph jumped aboard—grinned and waved to the people on the shore, their proud old thoughts crying:

"I guess folks will see now that we're as young as we ever was!"

They continued to grin as the boat spun into full flight and went whizzing over the ice, whizzing and bumping and bouncing. Both their faces grew red, their two pairs of eyes began to water, their teeth began to chatter; but Samuel shouted at the top of his voice in defiance of the gale:

"Abe, we've cut the apron strings!" "Hy-guy!" Abe shouted in return, his heart flying as fast as the ead, back to youth and manhood again, back to truant days and the vacation time of boyhood. "Hy-guy, Sam! Hain't we a-gwine ter have a reg'lar A No. 1 spree!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BADLY AFFECTED BY WIND

Prodigious Speed of Projectiles in Warfare Has Been Known to Overcome Soldiers.

That the wind of projectiles causes the death of soldiers is a theory advanced by Professor Laurent of Brussels, who read a paper on this subject before the French Academy of Science. During the Balkan war, Professor Laurent said he had noticed soldiers who, seemingly, were troubled from cerebral disturbances, although having escaped a bullet. Sometimes the victims became cataleptic and in less serious cases there were symptoms of fainting, tingling sensations and partial paralysis.

In instances where this mysterious affliction caused death, autopsies were held and these invariably revealed no nervous lesions. Then it occurred to Professor Laurent that the variations of atmospheric pressure caused by the passing of the projectile had an effect upon the nerve cells, causing inhibition.

Dr. Matigon, during the Russia-Japan war, reported similar cases, particularly after a severe bombardment. As projectiles gain not only in size but in speed, as the years go on, just what the toll from wind will be in the next great conflict is hard to forecast.

Once Over.

Some men attract more attention than a thermometer on a pleasant day.—Chicago News.

ADD TO WINTER MENU

APPETIZING PREPARATIONS FOR THE COLD DAYS.

All Are Recipes of Recognized Worth and Are Sure to Be Appreciated by the Family or the Household Guests.

Celery Fritters.—Beat one egg until very light; add one-half cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one saltspoonful of salt and enough flour to make almost a drop batter. Beat it thoroughly and let it stand an hour or more to swell the flour. Beat again before using. Cut the celery into inch pieces and cook in boiling water (salted) until tender. Drain and stir it into a fritter batter. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat.

Honey Gingerbread.—Four cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two heaping teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, half a cupful of Sultana raisins, half a cupful of preserved cherries, a quarter of a cupful of chopped citron peel, half a cupful of butter, three-quarters of a cupful of honey, two eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a cupful of milk. Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and ginger into a basin, add the raisins, the peel and cherries cut in halves. Melt the butter, honey and milk together in a saucepan, then cool and add to the flour with the eggs well beaten. Mix, turn into a buttered and floured cake tin and bake.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Cut and joint a large chicken, cover with water and let it boil gently until tender; season with salt and pepper and thicken the gravy with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed smooth in a piece of butter the size of an egg. Have ready nice light bread dough, cut with a biscuit cutter an inch thick; drop this into the boiling gravy, having previously removed the chicken to a hot platter; cover and let them boil for half to three-quarters of an hour. Ascertain they are done, lay them on platter with the chicken, pour over the gravy and serve.

Clams on Toast.—Chop a dozen clams and boil them five minutes in their liquor; drain and add to them two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste and a gill of milk in which one-half tablespoonful of cornstarch has been dissolved. Stir constantly over the fire until the mixture boils, then add a gill of cream; stir for a moment longer and pour upon the toast.

Candied Potato.—Peel and slice thin two or three medium sized potatoes or one large one. Put in a stewpan with enough water to cover. Cook until potatoes can be pierced with a straw, then pour in one cupful of sugar and cook until a thick sirup is formed and the potatoes have a clear look. Do not stir while cooking.

Tongue Fingers.—Fine to use up cold tongue after it has been served hot braised for dinner and then cold sliced. Grate nearly a cupful (over a half) of the remains of a cold tongue very fine and mix it with the yolk of an egg, a large spoonful of cream and finely chopped parsley, dash of salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly and pour on some prepared narrow strips of buttered toast. Then sprinkle thickly with fine bread crumbs stirred in a little melted butter, with a shake of paprika, and brown quickly in a hot oven.

Apple Grunt.

This is an old Dutch recipe: Six good-sized apples peeled and sliced, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, a little salt and cinnamon. Make a dough of one scant pint of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful salt. Rub one-half teaspoonful of shortening into flour and mix with buttermilk or sour milk to make it right to roll. Put one-half of the apples in a deep agate pan or kettle, season with one-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful sugar, salt and cinnamon. Divide the dough into two parts and roll one-half to size to cover apples. Put in another layer of apples with remainder of molasses, sugar, salt and cinnamon. Cover with other half of dough, with slits cut in top. Put in one cupful of hot water, cover closely and cook on top of stove from thirty to forty-five minutes, taking care not to scorch.

Brown Potato Soup.

Peel and dice about five medium-sized potatoes and cut up a little celery; cook in salted water until tender. Put into a hot iron skillet a teaspoonful each of butter and nice lard, and when melted rub into it two tablespoonfuls of flour; keep rubbing and stirring this about in the hot pan until well browned and quite granular. Now be sure the soup is bubbling rapidly when the browned flour is to be sifted in slowly while stirring rapidly; allow to boil for a few minutes and serve.

Fish Chops.

One can salmon, one-quarter cupful fine bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cupful thick white sauce, one egg well beaten. Pick the fish with a silver fork and mix with sauce and salt. Beat well and form into chops. Dip into egg, then into crumbs and fry.

Golden Buck.

Prepare a nice Welsh rabbit, spread on slices of toast and place a poached egg on each slice. Garnish with water cross.