



Make the Dairy Pay.

There are 21,194,000 milch cows in the United States—an average of one cow to four of the population. The fact that there has been an increase per capita of the consumption of milk and a decrease of cows per capita of the population indicates that there has been an improvement in the quality of the dairy cows of the country.

In the decade of 1890 to 1900 the average production of every dairy cow showed an increase of 1,000 pounds of milk, or a commercial gain of \$211,000,000. Yet with this improvement admitted, there are many dairies that are being operated at a loss. The life of a dairy cow is estimated at seven years and her annual depreciation represents one-seventh of her full value, which is taken into consideration in computing the profits of the herd. If the dairyman would ascertain if his herd is paying a profit he needs to charge for the help to operate it, the cost of the feed, the interest on the investment and the normal depreciation of the value of the cows. All these items enter into fixed operating charges and need to be deducted from the gross receipts of the dairy before profits can be computed. The receipts of the dairy should not only pay the operating expenses and fixed charges, but also leave a liberal balance for profit.

Homemade Cabbage Cutter.

A cheap and easily made cabbage and root cutter is shown in the cut. Take two 12-inch boards and nail them strongly together. With dividers describe a circle, then saw out and mark in quarters. Cut four slots 7 inches long on a slant, as shown by dotted lines, so the cabbage will fall through easily. Next cut two circles 4 inches in diameter. Nail one to the large wheel on the back and leave the other loose on the shaft to act as a bearing. Make a frame to admit the wheel, leaving 2 inches clear, and just wide enough so the knives do not strike the side. Make a top over the wheel, and put a hopper on the opposite side from the crank. The knives are 8 inches long and can be made from an old buck-saw and ground down sharp, with a bevel on one side. Screw these on the



ROOT CUTTER.

wheel at a slant according to the thickness the cabbage is wanted. A square hole should be cut through the center of the wheel for the shaft.—Farm and Home.

Time for Oats Land.

An application of 1,000 pounds of lime per acre was practically as efficient in case of oats as an application of 2,000 pounds in tests made at the New Jersey station. In the case of clover the larger application gave the better results. Lime in the form of carbonate produced more dry matter than nitrogen and ash burned lime. The results of the studies of nitrogen fixation were quite irregular, but agree in general in indicating that the addition of fertilizer materials increased nitrogen fixation and that carbonate of lime favored nitrogen fixation to a greater extent than burned lime.

German Mode of Preserving Milk.

A German patent specification describes a process for preserving milk by removing all dissolved oxygen by means of the addition of a small quantity of ferrous carbonate. The process is based on the fact that freshly-precipitated ferrous carbonate in the presence of oxygen immediately assimilates oxygen and evolves an equivalent quantity of carbon dioxide. One part of ferrous carbonate is sufficient for 50,000 parts of milk, and the properties of the milk are not altered in any way by the addition, which should be made before the milk is boiled.

American Limburger Cheese.

It is now claimed that the United States makes just as good limburger cheese as does the province in Belgium where it originated. The American method is to take a piece of a calf's stomach and set it away in a warm place in a can of whole milk. In about forty minutes the curdling mess

is pounded and then the whey pressed out. Afterward forms are filled and further drainage permitted. Salt is rubbed on the outside until it becomes slippery; then the cheese is set away in the cellar to ripen for a month or two and the germs do the rest.

Around the Dairy.

There must be no guesswork about feeding the calf. The stomach of the young calf is easily ruined by slipshod methods of feeding. Think of this when tempted to feed it milk that is too hot or too cold in a bucket that is not as clean and sweet as it should be.

Milk that sticks to the sides of the pail and becomes sour is a bad proposition, as it may cause an attack of the scours. This trouble means a break in the calf's growth, perhaps a stunted calf, and in the end an animal of little value.

Do not oblige the cows to bunk about the straw pile until the chilly nights are past. Dry spots for them to sleep on are usually very scarce at that season of the year.

Don't turn the cattle to pasture too early. A good plan to follow is to wait until you conclude the grass is sufficiently large to turn them on, then wait a week or ten days longer.

A Self-Feeding Crib.

A combined corn crib and feeding shed is shown in the sketch. The feed bunk is covered by a lean-to shed 16



FEEDING SHED AND CORN CRIB.

feet wide. Small doofs opening into the crib every two feet just over the manger allow the corn to come out without shoveling. This shed should be built on the south side of the crib in a bright, sunny place. This arrangement is a great labor saver and quite an aid in bad weather, especially if the ends are inclosed.—Farm and Home.

Uses of Corn.

The Crop Reporter is endeavoring to tell for what purposes corn is used. In the year 1890, so this authority states, the total crop was 2,666,000,000 bushels. Of this crop 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in the flour and grist mills; 8,000,000 in manufacture of starch, 3,000,000 for malt liquors, 17,000,000 in distilling of liquors, 40,000,000 for glucose, 190,000,000 for export, and 13,000,000 for seed. This accounts for only 19.3 per cent of the entire crop, most of the remainder being used for feeding purposes. The more one studies the corn crop, the more interesting it becomes. Its magnitude as a food-giver and labor-employer grows with every observation one makes of the corn crop.—Springfield Register.

Farm Wells.

Unsanitary dairy wells are a menace to health, and as the country becomes more closely settled more and more care is necessary to provide good water. The director of the Chicago hygienic laboratory reports that of 153 wells on near-by dairy farms, examined by the inspectors, only eleven were found to be safe for domestic purposes. In all cases the safe wells were those lined with cement, with cement covers, with a protecting flange of cement several feet out from the well. In some of the wells used for washing milk utensils, a high percentage of colon bacteria were found, and in some cases manure could be detected microscopically and by the odor.

Millet for Late Crops.

Millet as a late crop to plant in case of the failure of the corn crop or failure to get corn planted at all, is recommended by the Ohio station. The earlier sorts can be seeded through July, and make fair fields. Hay is the most common use made of the crop, and for this it compares favorably with timothy, both in composition and digestibility. It is good feed for cattle, horses and sheep, but when overripe should not be fed to horses exclusively, as it affects the kidneys. Millet is also grown for pasture seed, and even for silage. As a soil cleaner, it is also almost equal to a summer fallow.

Land Poisoning.

No one knows so well as the practical farmer how rapidly a naturally fertile soil may be exhausted by cultivation. In this country the tobacco lands of Virginia afford an example of this rapid decline in fertility. The abandoned New England farms, too, help to illustrate the effects produced by the constant cultivation of the same fields. Land that once yielded crops as if by magic now requires an artificial preparation before it will reward the farmer for his strenuous labor in the field.



"You know Henry, don't you?" said the groceryman, after the pretty cook had checked up the groceries with the bill.

"I know two or three Henrys," replied the pretty cook.

"You're afraid it's some gag, ain't you?" grinned the groceryman. "You think I want you to ask what Henry, an' then I'll say suthin' foolish."

"You'd say that anyway," observed the pretty cook, indifferently. "That wouldn't be nothin' new. What about Henry?"

"His other name was Clay, an' now it's mud," replied the groceryman, chuckling. "Don't get mad, Evelina. That's right—straight goods. You know Henry 'at clerks in the store. His name is Henry Clay, honest."

"I thought you said it was mud," remarked the pretty cook.

"That's right, too," said the groceryman. "He's a goin' to be married. I feel sorry for him, pore guy!"

"I feel sorry for the girl," said the cook. "If I had to marry a feller like him I'd feel sorry for myself. I know that."

"Don't you waste no tears o' sympathy on her," said the groceryman. "She didn't have to marry him if she didn't want to."

"I s'pose he don't have to marry her if he don't want to," said the pretty cook. "I don't know who she is, and I don't care, but I bet she didn't give him chloroform an' tie him up an' keep him tied until he promised to marry her. She prob'ly said she'd marry him to get rid of him."

"Sure thing," said the groceryman, sarcastically. "That's the way you all do, don't you? You want us to stop makin' love to you, ain't that it?"

"You know all about it. Why do you ask me?" said the cook.

"She looked mighty innocent," said the groceryman. "So does the mouse-trap look innocent. It doesn't care whether there's a mouse anywhere within a mile. It can get along first-rate without any mice. Mr. Mouse comes up an' sniffs, but the trap don't take no notice. Then it sorter seems to him that there's suthin' wrong an' he scoots off. That's the way Henry done. He said he didn't want to get tangled up with no skirt. He quit goin' to the door for high two weeks, but that didn't worry the girl. She didn't come into the store to see what had come of him any more'n the mouse-trap 'ud try to squeeze into the hole after the mouse. She jest waited."

"It's one good way to make you stop," said the cook. "I don't know which is the worst. Women have hard luck, anyway. If you'd only let us alone, though, I guess you wouldn't have no trouble. We don't do the chasin'."

"You don't need to," said the groceryman. "You never seen a trap go chasin' around after a mouse, did you? All it does is jest to set around an' look invitin'. That's all this girl done that Henry's goin' to marry."

"I bet she didn't know he was on earth," said the cook.

"I bet she could have thrown a wad o' gum over her shoulder an' hit him in the eye if she wanted to," said the groceryman. "Anyway, it wasn't long afore Henry was out again, an' after a while he got to speakin' to her, an' the nex' thing you know he was pickin' out the best candy in the showcase jest afore quittin' time, three nights a week an' Sunday mornin'. No, I don't s'pose she gave him no encouragement. If she was out on the steps wearin' her lace waist, with a carnation in her hair, an' he was fool enough to come along and set down by her, she wasn't to blame, was she?"

"I sh'd say not," said the cook.

"Sure she wasn't," agreed the groceryman. "But when pore Henry ast her how about a flat—snap!—she had him right around the neck—strangle hold. Henry told me about it, an' honest, it makes me nervous every time I come up these back steps."

"You don't need to be," said the pretty cook.

"Then what have you got your hair done up that swell way for?" asked the groceryman.—Chicago Daily News.

THE OLD-TIME TURKEY EAT.

Gone from the Pennsylvania Mountains Along with the Woodsmen.

"It isn't because there is no more material in the Blue Mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described to a writer in the New York Sun, "for there are still wild turkeys a-plenty."

"The turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people, whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs."

"In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festivity in the

mountain districts between the Schuylkill and the Juniata watersheds the sparse population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their families, many of them descendants of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their food supply.

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chinks between which were filled in with clay. A huge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entire end, while on the inside it opened on a broad fireplace across that end of the room."

"The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and pine boughs were heaped. Sometimes ranks of cordwood were piled up almost to the eaves, the better to keep out the cold, which is always intense during the winter on these windswept hills."

"There was rarely a cabin with more than one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafter or beam hung plentifully strips of jerked venison and chunks of smoked bear meat, along with hams and bacon from the family pigs fattened in the woods and almost as wild as the bear and the deer. But the choicest and best beloved thing of the cabin's larder was the fat and well frozen wild turkey."

"While the woodman's cabin was always prepared for a turkey eat, it never knew when it was coming. A turkey eat began with the making up of a party in a neighboring village or settlement. Taking along a fiddler, they would appear at this, that or the other woodman's cabin of a winter evening and the woodman and his family did the rest."

"Instantly the birchwood pail of cider came forth. While the cabin's guests drank cider the host prepared and spit the turkey over the hickory coals in the fireplace to roast for the feast. When it was ready for the table it was placed before the guests on a big tin platter. Each one carved for himself, the plates being squares of birch bark."

"The turkey eat was not complete, though, without a liberal supply of 'paan haas' and headcheese, and with it went the sweetest of rye bread and butter. Paan haas is a strictly Pennsylvania Dutch creation."

"It is made from the rich juices left after boiling the ingredients for headcheese, these being thickened to a stiff paste with buckwheat flour. This paste is pressed in forms until cold and is served in slices. It is a dull blue in color, very rich and very good."

"After the feast the turkey eat was rounded out by a night of jollity superinduced by the fiddle and maintained by it in its music for the old-fashioned cotillon figures and reels, which were danced until the gray of morning."

"But most of those old-time woodsmen have passed away, and on those who are still dwellers in the mountains the game laws have forced a situation that leaves them with their ancient occupation gone and the hunt being no longer a source of maintenance. Its traditions have departed with it. The newer generation of these people is of other taste and association, so while the wild turkey is yet in proximity in that Blue mountain region to supply the material for the festive turkey eat, the traditions and associations that made it possible are no more and it is gone, like the apple cut, the quilting bee, the pig-killing frolic and others of the old-time rural pastimes that are now but a memory."

An Honest Opinion.

Among the interesting anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Cleveland's refusal to give pledges of any sort is that which describes an incident of the campaign of 1892, and is printed in the New York Evening Post. A literary friend of Mr. Cleveland brought together, as if by chance, the Democratic nominee and a prominent Irish-American contractor who was supposed to have much influence with the coveted Irish vote.

The interview was so managed that the two men were left alone in the literary man's library for an hour. At the end of that time they were discovered swapping stories with each other like old friends.

"Well," asked the host of the contractor, after Mr. Cleveland had left, "what do you think of him?"

"Sure," replied the contractor, beaming all over, "he's the greatest man I ever saw. He's a faine man, a grand man. He wouldn't promise to do wan thing I asked him."

Too Much for Him.

"How true that old saying is about a child asking questions that a man cannot answer," remarked Popleigh.

"What's the trouble now?" queried his friend Singleton.

"This morning," replied Popleigh, "my little boy asked me why men were sent to Congress, and I couldn't tell him."—Chicago News.

When a bad man dies, his neighbors say: "Well, at the funeral the minister will have to talk about the living."

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The last figures obtainable show that the per capita wealth of this country is \$1,310.11.

The building trade has the greatest number of strikes. The coal and coke industry comes next.

New York City hotels are now entertaining 18 per cent more customers than they were one year ago.

The streams of the Himalaya mountains will soon be engaged in the prosaic work of turning wheels.

New York has the greatest number of wage-earners of any State in the Union. Pennsylvania is second.

The public lands vacant and subject to settlement in the United States on the 1st of last July amounted to 774,385,000 acres.

Women as stenographers have been greatly increased in number in New York City during the last year and there are now about 11,200 of them.

A ferry boat in use in the harbor of Glasgow is supplied with a deck which can be raised and lowered seventeen feet. In fact, it is a floating elevator. This feature is necessary because of the difference of the levels of the two landing stages made use of by the craft.

All the women prisoners at the Clerkenwell sessions recently appeared in the dock wearing their hats. The rule of "no hatpins" was strictly enforced, but their absence in no way troubled the women. Indeed, one balanced a hat more than six feet in circumference without the slightest trace of anxiety. How she did it only a woman could tell.—London Chronicle.

Auction sales of thoroughbred cattle and swine are not uncommon in the West, but an auction sale of "thoroughbred" corn, wheat and oats will be a novelty to many of the visitors at the national corn exposition at Omaha. After the show is over prize corn and other grain and grass seeds will be offered for sale to the highest bidder. The prices for corn, it is expected, will range from \$1 an ear up to \$150 to \$300 for ten-ear samples.

Recently electrically welded chain has been made commercially by automatically cutting the blanks from a bar so as to form a socket in one end and a corresponding taper on the other end of the link blank. This is then bent and joined on one side and these joints welded. This obviates the usual amount of upset in such cases. The laps, or area of contact, are much larger than in the square cut ends, and a nice-appearing and good weld is made.

The authorized capital of Japanese electric undertakings in 1903, \$14,193,000, rose to \$68,724,000 in 1907. The electrical works undertaken chiefly represented lighting and railways. The number of lights supplied in 1903, 365,000, increased in 1907 to 839,143. Tokio and Osaka require each 100,000 lights. Electric railways show equal development. In 1903 the mileage was thirty-eight, which rose to 119 in 1907, and will be largely added to by construction during the present year.

According to a table published in the current number of the Federation Review, 6,225 immigrant Jews entered the port of New York in September, 1903. Of these, 2,433 were women, 2,001 men and 1,791 children. Russia contributed 4,607; Austria-Hungary, 1,234; Roumania, 273; England, 56; Germany, 29; Turkey, 19; Sweden and Spain, 2 each, and Holland, 3. The record also shows that 1,596 of the immigrants went to homes outside of the metropolis. In the corresponding month last year the number of Jewish immigrants was 3,033 greater.

The revolutionary party in Persia is circulating on postcards and in larger form a picture descriptive of "Persian justice," which shows three bandits hanging by their feet from the city gate of Tauris. The men, almost naked, are shown suspended from an opening in the wall, the ropes binding their feet being fastened to a pillar, next to which a military guard stands at "attention." "For hours," runs the legend under the picture, "these wretches, the robber Ago and his companions, hung, in their badly wounded condition, before death relieved their agony. Thousands of people of all ages and classes looked mournfully upon these victims of 'Persian justice.'"

Two veteran journalists of Chicago dined together last Thanksgiving, as they have done for a number of Thanksgivings, and recalled their editorial experiences back in the sixties. This year the reunion was of special interest because occurring upon the seventy-fifth anniversary of the initial issue of the first newspaper in what was then known as the "Northwest." "This," says the Boston Transcript, "was the Chicago Democrat, started on Nov. 26, 1833, and both had served in connection with it in its later history. It was at one time owned and conducted by John Wentworth, but in 1861 was merged with the Chicago Tribune. No copies are now supposed to exist, as all the files were destroyed in the big fire."