

MONEY FROM WEEDS.

Common Wild Plants That Grow All Over the Country Are Imported from Abroad.

WIDELY USED AS MEDICINE.

Value in Such Roots as Burdock, Dandelion and Pokeweed and in Dog Grass and Catnip.

This country is actually importing for medicinal purposes plants that are growing wild all around us, but which no one seems to think it worth while to gather. This fact is pointed out by the department of agriculture in a bulletin called "Weeds Used as Medicine," which it would be worth while for the boy who reads this to write for if he wants to make a little money out of the vacant ground all around him, a New York Herald Washington letter says. The bulletin will explain how to prepare the weeds for the market and will give some idea of the price that the industrious boy can expect to obtain for the weeds that are marketable.

Belgium and other European countries ship to this part of the world every year about 50,000 pounds of burdock root. The root sells for from 3 to 8 cents a pound and the seeds for from 5 to 10 cents. This will probably be news to most of those diligent workers who have been weeding out the burdock from thousands of farms, and carefully consigning it to the flames, while the more thrifty Europeans have been selling it to us in consignments that come more than 3,000 miles to a country that abounds in it.

Who has not wondered at the sight of Italians digging for dandelions. The country boy knows that dandelion greens are not bad for the table, but what few but the astute alien are wise to it that druggists derive part of their income from the sale of dandelion as a tonic and that from 4 to 6 cents a pound can be obtained from the root that flourishes everywhere ready for the picking?

Instead of gathering the dock root that goes to waste all around us, the American nation pays for the importation of 125,000 pounds of this plant every year. The dried root sells at from 2 to 8 cents a pound, and is considered an excellent blood medicine. The waste lands are alive with it and any boy could make money by gathering and preparing it for the market.

A quarter of a million pounds of dog grass, a remedy for kidney troubles, comes to this country annually from abroad. Is it because we cannot grow dog grass in America? No, but because for some reason this unthrifty nation imports it instead of pulling it up and preparing it from the places where it grows all around us. It brings from 3 to 7 cents a pound. Here's a chance for the boy who finds the long vacation begin to pall upon him to show he is as industrious as his competitor in the old world.

Then there is pokeweed, a skin and blood remedy, the dried roots of which sell for from 2 to 5 cents a pound; mullein, which is a nerve tonic and a cough medicine, and which sells for good prices, but is not thought to be salable by the boys of this country (German boys know better—they sell it for importation to America); lobelia seeds, which sell for 15 cents a pound, and catnip, which can be exchanged for pocket money at the rate of from 2 to 8 cents a pound.

These are only a few of the many weeds that are salable, but which we allow to go to waste in this country, while we buy the identical thing from abroad. It will open the eyes as well as line the pockets of our boys to get the bulletin referred to and make money out of that obnoxious job of weeding.

CURIOUS SPORTING CONTESTS.

Man Against Horse in a Hurdle Race—Many Other Odd Feats.

A match which took place at Prince's a few weeks ago between A. R. Hamilton and Capt. R. K. Price was no mean test of skill and endurance. London Tit-Bits says. The conditions were that a set of tennis, a game of rackets and a game of squash rackets should be played consecutively, going from one court to the other, Capt. Price, who gave his opponent points, just winning by three points.

This, however, is but one of the many curious sporting contests which have taken place of late years. Two years ago a London athlete starting from just above Hammersmith bridge rode a mile, then swam a mile and, landing at Putney, ran a mile on the promenade. Following this he did a mile walk and concluded with a mile cycle ride—all within a hour.

This feat reminds one of that ac-

complished by another London athlete a few years ago. While staying at Hampton Wick, near Kingston on Thames, he walked a quarter of a mile, rode a horse for a quarter of a mile, swam a quarter of a mile, ran a quarter of a mile, rode a bicycle for a quarter of a mile and finished up by rowing a boat for a quarter of a mile—all in the space of 189 minutes 32.25 seconds.

Our grandfathers were rather fond of indulging in those novel tests of endurance and when many years ago a man ran a mile, walked a mile, wheeled a barrow, trundled a hoop and hopped on one leg all the same distance, in two minutes under the hour an epidemic of curious athletic feats sprang up among them, in the same way we have been bitten lately with the craze for marathons and London-to-Prignton walks.

Perhaps one of the most amazing feats was that of a famous pedestrian of the 40's, named Coates, who backed himself to leap a hundred hurdles in a six-mile race against a jockey on a hunter. The horse was beaten and Coates jumped his hundredth hurdle in the forty-second minute, the time limit being set at fifty.

Mention of the Brighton walk recalls an extraordinary pedestrian performance of some Oxford undergraduates four years ago who walked from Oxford to Reading, a distance of twenty-nine miles, at midnight, in evening dress and court slippers, after a day of heavy driving rain. Various "modest flyers" were laid that they would not do the journey within eight hours. But the undergraduates won, with twenty minutes to spare, although they were thoroughly done up and terribly footsore when they reached Reading.

The performance, however, is by no means so remarkable as that of Lord Kennedy, who years ago walked on foot from Inverness to Black Hall, in Kincardineshire, and by striking straight across the Gramplians arrived four hours before Sir Andrew Leith Hay, who took the coach road and who had laid a wager of \$12,500 that he would be first. The journey occupied thirty-three hours.

No one is more fond of novel sporting matches than the London costermonger. Some years ago one backed himself to walk from Covent Garden to Hempstead Heath station and back on stilts, against an opponent carrying a sack of potatoes. And he won.

Some time before this a Chelsea fish hawk, carrying half a hundred-weight of fish on his head, ran seven miles along the Brentford road from Hyde Park corner in forty-five minutes, and an orange porter won a bet of 10 guineas by carrying a hundred-weight of oranges twenty times between Botolph lane and Spitalfields market in one hour and twenty-five minutes less than the ten hours specified in the wager.

Strictly Neutral.

Among the humorous and human stories in Dr. T. L. Pennell's recent book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," is one of a British officer in the Kurram valley who interrogated an Afridi with regard to what was then considered a probable conflict.

"Now tell me," said the officer, "if there were to be war—which God forbid—between Russia and England, what part would you and your people take? Whom would you side with?"

"Do you wish me to tell you what would please you or to tell you the real truth?" was the naive reply.

"I adjure you to tell me what is the 'white word.'"

"Then," said the old graybeard, "we would just sit up here on our mountain tops watching you both fight, until we saw one or the other defeated. Then we would come down and loot the vanquished till the last mule! God is great! What a time that would be for us!"

Home-Made Art.

An American painter, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, once met an art editor who insisted on dragging him up to an exhibition of some "very impressionistic" pictures. The editor evidently admired them greatly. Not so the painter.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," said the editor. "Don't you like them?"

"Like 'em?" replied the other. "Why, man, I've got two maiden aunts who can knit better pictures than those!"

Naught but Abuse.

"They all said I would make a splendid candidate."

"Well!"

"So I became a candidate."

"Again well?"

"And now look what they say about me!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Egotistical Actor.

Theatrical Manager—I'm sorry, but there's no place for you in this drama; every part has been taken.

Egotistical Actor—Never mind that, I'll create my part.—Puck.

As a man grows older, snow loses most of the beauty it formerly possessed, and is merely cold, and slippery, and good for the wheel.

FARM AND GARDEN

Advantages of a Silo.

Silos have become one of the fixed appointments of successful dairy and stock farms where economy in feed is necessary to achieve profitable results. The expense of a silo often prevents its use by farmers who feel that they cannot spare the money for such an equipment. The intelligent feeder who has carefully investigated the advantages of a silo is the man loudest in its praise. It has become recognized that high class results in feeding live stock cannot be consummated without feeding silage.

Deleterious results seldom follow feeding ensilage. If such results do follow it comes from either overfeeding or from spoiled silage. Silage is recognized as of great economic value in feeding dairy cows. Where dairy farming is made a specialty but few dairies are operated without the use of silage. It is equally valuable as a ration for young cattle and has decided merits when fed to steers being fattened for market. Sheep and swine thrive on silage. As a part of the ration of roughage it could be generally utilized for all classes of live stock. The dairy cow could be fed forty pounds of silage daily, while thirty pounds would be a ration for a beef animal.

A silo enables the farmer to economize in space in the storage of feed. It requires double the space to store the same feed nutrients in dry roughage as in silage. The silo can be constructed of re-enforced cement and become a permanent improvement that will cost nothing for maintenance.

A silo enables the farmer to save his feed with the minimum loss of nutrients. Feed cured in the open air suffers a loss of about 25 per cent of nutrients, while ensilage loses about 10 per cent of nutrient.

Silage has been comprehensively tested at nearly all the agricultural experiment stations with uniform favorable results. It insures to the dairyman succulent feed at all times—an important condition in milk production, as succulent feed is best for dairy cows.—Goodall's Farmer.

Farming as a Business.

Science has shown that where there is a farm that does not pay, the fault lies not in the land, but in the man who is in charge. Good or bad farming results from definite reasons. Success results from painstaking, reasonable operations; the application of practical knowledge which has been gained by studying the requirements which are known will bring success.

Lack of ambition results in indifferent work on the farm. Taking full advantage of the resources of any farm, and following intelligent, up-to-date methods of farming will in due time mean steady and often very rapid improvement in yield of crops. In a sense, the resources of a farm vary with locality; but in the main there are many identical conditions on very many farms. The farmer who works to establish a well-set meadow, aims to get the hilly, washable, waste lands set in grass; utilizes the rocky rough lands by setting out fruit trees; ditches the low lands and reclaims the swamps; improves the stony fields by picking off the surface stones so that crops will take the places the stones occupied, uses some of the ways of taking advantage of the resources of a farm.

The farmer who owns a big farm in very many instances does not secure crops that average as well as the farmer whose farm rarely exceeds sixty or seventy acres. The reason is the large farmer cannot, with the force he usually keeps, properly look after everything, seeing that reasonable work is done and that each farming operation is well attended to. Each of these is a great success factor in farming. Hasty work means, invariably, some neglect or work indifferently done.

Corn Breeding.

The Illinois experiment station has just published the results of its efforts to breed corn for high and low protein content and for high and low oil content. Ten generations of corn have been bred for these different purposes by selection of seed having the desired qualities. In the effort to increase the protein content the average has been changed from 10.92 per cent to 14.26 per cent in the effort to decrease it from 10.92 per cent to 8.64 per cent. Individual ears have been found which contain as high as 17.79 per cent of protein and as low as 6.13 per cent, as high as 8.59 per cent of oil and as low as 1.60 per cent. But the high protein corn has been in every case less productive than any of the other three and in some cases

decidedly so. It has also been less productive as a rule than corn grown for no particular purpose—just corn. The conclusion is reached from some plots that, while this continued selection for a single purpose to the neglect of all other considerations has resulted in lower yields, yet this is not a necessary result. In some cases high protein corn has yielded well as compared with standard varieties bred for no particular purpose.

The Profitable Dairy Cow.

Some people seem to keep and milk cows simply because others keep them, without any regard to whether the cows are paying a profit. For a cow to be worth keeping she must pay a profit on the feed and care given her. For her to be really worth while, she should produce 100 per cent more milk than her feed costs, including pasture, of course.

It does not matter so much what breed a cow belong to. Simply because she is of Jersey or Holstein blood, is not positive proof that she is more than paying her way. A common cow may be doing better than she. The only way to find out what she is doing is to weigh and test her milk at regular and frequent intervals. Let her stand on her merits and not on her ancestry.

One reason why some cows do not pay greater profit is that they are not fed all the nutritious feed they will eat. This is especially the case with many farmers in winter, when pastures are dead. Many of them keep their producing cows on half feed when they are not on pasture, and still expect the cows to make up the loss. If a cow is worth keeping at all she is worth feeding all she can be induced to eat. If it is not found profitable to purchase extra feeds so that the cows may have all that they will consume, then it is best to keep only as many cows as feed can be provided for on the farm.

Make the cow produce all the milk she can by good care and feed, and do not let her go dry until the time she is ready to turn dry. Keep the best helpers from the best cows.—Journal of Agriculture.

Breed and Feed.

To cheapen the cost of production is to increase the price of dairy products; and the only way to lower the cost is to feed and breed intelligently. The scrub bull is the bane and curse of the dairy industry in Missouri and the Southwest, as it is everywhere else. And it should also be remembered that the best cow in the world may be ruined as a milk producer by improper feeding. If you do not own a thoroughbred bull with good milk stock in his pedigree, buy one at once. Get out of the old rut, and start right. Go to work now and build up your herd. The chances are that 50 per cent of those who read this paragraph have a lot of cows that are hardly paying for their keep. But, by breeding to the right sort of a sire, and keeping the heifer calves from only the best milkers, and feeding intelligently, any man who reads this can have a herd of 300-pound producing cows in five years.—Missouri Dairyman.

Waste of Feed.

Wherever cattle or hogs are fed there is a great waste in valuable feed resulting from the feeding of too much corn, or feeding corn out of balance and proportion to protein or nitrogenous food. The time has come in the high price of corn to call a halt to this wasteful method of feeding. To fully utilize feed proper digestion must go on, and when corn is fed out of balance with nitrogenous foods it is not all digested and assimilated. These are very important facts, now that corn is high in price and is likely to stay so. What, then, is the food that must take the place of part of the corn fed in making pork? That is the question that should be carefully studied and heeded by farmers. Cheaper production through more economical use of our feeds is an important matter and must be so recognized sooner or later by our farmers.—Kansas Farmer.

Poultry Notes.

Some farmers neglect the 25 to 50 cents that the battening of cracks in the coop would cost, and each month feed a dollar's worth of extra corn in order to supply the animal heat needed.

Fowls love to thrash out a bundle of wheat or oats, and it does one good to step around to the door of the poultry house and listen to the merry chatter while the fowls are digging in the straw.

The answer to the question, Does winter poultry pay? depends in a large measure upon where your hens are roosting. If on the bare branches of a tree, on the northeast corner of the barn, there can be no doubt about it.

Scatter a little grain among litter at noon, and give a full feed at night. What is meant by a full feed of grain is about a good handful for each fowl in the pen. A mixture of corn, wheat, oats and barley, equal parts by measurement, makes an excellent mixture for winter.



Visitor—What have you in arctic literature? Librarian—Cook books and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

"Don't you hate to find a worm when you're eating fruit?" "Well, not so much as finding half a worm!"—Puck.

"I want one of the new spotted face vells, please." "Yes, madam. Specked, spattered, or splotted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife (reminiscing)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)—I know—but who told you?—The Sketch.

"If m'wife's awake, I'll shay: 'M'dear, brought y' some c'sath'mums—chrysthums—chrysthums—hang it! Wish I'd got roses."—Life.

Borrowell—I have no use for that fellow BJones. Wigwag—Yes, BJones is one of those fellows who object to being used.—Philadelphia Record.

"What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."—Springfield Republican.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."—The Jewish Ledger.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"New-mown hay is a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor? I want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."—Life.

Mrs. Newbride—Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too! Mother—The monster! He might have killed you!—The United Presbyterian.

Hoax—Out in Arizona he is known as a bad man. Joax—Is that so? Did he ever kill any one? Hoax—Oh, yes. Joax—What make of car does he drive?—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly. That's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!—Boston Globe.

"Do you want employment?" asked the sympathetic woman. "I dunno wot dat is, ma'am," replied the husky hobo, "but ef it's ennything ter eat, youse may gimme a few."—Chicago Daily News.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorcher—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Remit the fine and you get the job.—Brooklyn Life.

Wahle—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsling, in a tone of reproof. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinah at Emphasis."—Chicago Tribune.

Cynicus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Henpeckke—I don't know about that; my wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.—Philadelphia Record.

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" "Yes. Perhaps if we can get them to think more about votes they will think less about clothes. I have four daughters who are growing up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?" "No." "Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you don't know what life it."—Public Ledger.

Reporter—Mr. Cummin, have you the manuscript of the after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummin (with a gasp)—Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?—Chicago Tribune.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cooking."—Washington Star.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her, she is supposed to have been a cook. For 2,000 years she has remained just where she was found." "Boah!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"—Chicago Daily News.