

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

#### Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

—Hogs are so high that it is almost a compliment to call a man one.

The telephone is thirty-four years old, but the girl operators are all young.

What a happy world this would be if all of our pleasant dreams would come true.

The Boston woman who complains that kissing is overdone probably prefers hers rare.

Coats that button up the back have been suggested for men. Doubtless it is some woman's idea.

Telling a Congressman where to get on and off should be regarded as one of the duties of good citizenship.

"Do women worry more than men?" asks a London paper. They do, but the men are always to blame for it, of course.

"Obligee," of all the words in the English language, is said to be the one most frequently misspelled. And misspelled, too.

Chicago has decided on a safe-and-sound Fourth. If it is accomplished, it will stand out the one white spot in the 365 days.

"Chickens may be kept nine months," says Dr. Wiley. Much depends on the character of the neighborhood one lives in.

John D. Rockefeller drew six million dollars in old dividends in one week recently, considerably more than was necessary to settle with the grocer and the butcher.

Many years have elapsed since old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. But, owing to the high price of meat, history is likely to repeat itself.

A Chicago man says the love germ is located at the center of the nervous system. Recently somebody declared the liver to be the seat of affection. There is no end of opinions.

There is in Flushing, N. Y., a man who has thirty-two children, and his neighbors report that he never makes any complaint about the cost of living. He is probably kept too busy to have time for complaining about anything.

Investigation has shown that the high cost of living is due to the fact that there are not enough farmers in this country. This is the penalty the public is compelled to pay for permitting the boys from the farms to enter the cities and become leaders there.

Professor Wheeler, of Yale, fears the United States is sailing straight toward paternalism. Notwithstanding the fears of Professor Wheeler and others who have for years been warning the people against paternalism this country will probably stick to Uncle Samism for some time to come.

Mr. Wolgast, the new pugilistic champion, is being "flooded" with offers from theatrical managers. It is reported that some of the offers carry salary provisions ranging from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a week. It will be wholly useless for anybody to attempt to convince us, after this, that there is in this country no widespread appreciation of our home brand of art.

The enormous demand for India rubber created by the automobile, and greatly increased by the bicycle, has led to a rapidly advanced price. This, in turn, has not only stimulated the search for new sources of supply, but has encouraged investigations looking for possible substitutes. At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science a special "rubber division" was organized among the chemists, for the purpose of studying the chemical composition of rubber, and of producing it artificially.

It is sometimes mistakenly supposed that primitive races have naturally better eyesight than civilized ones. That is not exactly true. Nature works more slowly than that, and in the records of power or acuteness of eyesight some French artillerymen proved to be as well furnished as the most keen-sighted Arabs. Native races often appear to have keen eyesight simply because they know what to look for and where to look for it. But as soon as reading is introduced to a race short-sightedness begins to appear with progressive frequency, and some striking instances of this relation to cause and effect have appeared among the school children of Egypt.

Upon how small an income can a man afford to marry? This question might be debated indefinitely, but the Rev. Wright Gibson, pastor of the McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, Presbyterian church, has established an empirical minimum. The present cost of commodities, he says, is so high that he does not feel justified in marrying any more couples in his parish unless the bridegroom can prove that his income is at least two thousand dollars a year. "Poverty leads to divorces," declares Mr. Gibson, "and I do not purpose to assist the divorce cause." With the principle involved in this protest against marriage minus a marriageable income there can be no quarrel. But is not two thousand dollars too high a limit? Perhaps the Presbyterians of McKees Rocks are above the average in their possession of this world's goods, but there must be some people in that town who will never have an income of two thousand dollars or even one thousand dollars a year; and shall they be debarred from marrying?

If there is one gift that comes more directly from heaven than any other womanly attribute, it is the instinct for making a home; first in the inner, finer qualities, the sense of peace and fulness and order that should prevail in every household; next in the fram-

ing of these virtues, their harmonious expression in outward and visible signs. For a house may be beautiful, spacious, stately, yet remain but a barren chalice, unfilled by the wine of life. It does not follow that the small house is necessarily invested with this divine quality; here inconvenience may quarrel at every corner with ugliness, redeemed by none of the warming fires of sincerity and good cheer. But of the two problems, it is the easier to solve, because, for some strange and unaccountable reason, it is given to the elected only to blend with large beauty the charm of comfort, of reminiscent homeliness. A house, a home, should have a rested, lived-in look, the sense of toys played with and put by, the lingering sound of little children's voices, the glimpse of happy, human, peaceful joys. What wonderful quality is there about a glowing lamp or the cheerful flap of a red tablecloth on a backyard clothesline that can belittle mere beauty into a thing of far less worth? The much-abused mid-Victorian period, with all its over-sensibility and decorum, had, nevertheless, a surer grasp of the fitness of things. Nowadays most rooms have the air of being planned by people who never expected to live in them, and one has seen their pictured furnishings standing in rectangular alcoves, all so completely alike in spirit, that at last the fastidious observer is tempted to parody Kipling's verses, and demand, "It's art, but is it a home?"

### ATOP THE FREIGHT TRAIN.

Walking the Cars a Hair Raising Experience for a Novice.

There came over me as I sat in the caboose that evening a wild desire to ride with the engineer in the cab. Planning to slip ahead along the half mile or so of train at the first stop, I made known my desire to our conductor over that part of the run.

"They'll be glad to see you," he told me. "You won't have any trouble getting there. It's a mild evening." He swung open the window of the lookout and called to his rear brakeman. "Jimmie, run along with this here party." Jimmie pulled me through the window of the lookout before I clearly realized the entire plan.

It was slippery path over the roofs of sixty cars to the big engine that was pulling us, and the wind that swept in from the shores of the ice-bound lake, along which the tracks ran for many miles, snapped sharply over those car roofs. Jimmie hung on to his lantern with one hand, to his conveyer with the other. Long miles over those slippery car roofs had taught him to regard it as no very serious business.

"This ain't nothin'," was his assurance. "It sometimes gets nasty when we get down to zero an' a blizzard comes a-rippin' from off over the lake. Sometimes you have to get down and crawl on all fours. It wouldn't be much fun to be swept off the tops of these cars."

There was no disputing that, nor that the three lengthwise planks at the gable of the car roofs were not wide promenades. You jump from one to another to cross from car to car, and a man has got to have something of a gymnastic training and some circus as well as railroad blood in his veins to do it many times without dropping into one of the hideous dark abysses between them.

A hand out of the dark slapped me in the face. "Drop," said Jimmie, and, fearing possibly that I might not obey, he pulled me flat down upon the car roof.

"That was a telltale," he explained, and before I could ask further we were in a short reach of a tunnel, and I understood. We were whirled through that tunnel like a package in a tube, and if we had raised our arms we could have touched the flying roof of the bore. The smoke lay heavy in the place. It filled our eyes and nostrils.

"Not real nice," said Jimmie cheerily. "But no danger in the holes, save now and then an icicle gets a crack at your nut. You see, there ain't much use in arguin' the matter after that telltale strikes you."—Edward Hungerford in Harper's.

**Ironing as a Germ Killer.**

To mere man, uncultured and unashamed, the flatiron seems a thing of evil. Its use renders the home uninhabitable one day out of seven; it distracts woman's attention from the all-important matter of preparing food. In shameless conspiracy with starch, it renders clothes uncomfortable, turns napkins into slippery boards and banishes sleep from beds. Civilized man is a slave of the ironing board, and the boiled shirt is the emblem of his degradation.

Now, the scientists tell us that ironing has an important function as an antiseptic; that the hot iron is one of our leading germ killers. This instrument of torture may have a temperature of 266 degrees, and that, they say, is more than enough to satisfy the most fastidious bacilli. In places where sterilizing devices are not handy, surgical dressings may be ironed with great advantage, and in a recent experiment clothing which had been worn by diphtheria patients was completely disinfected by the use of a hot iron.

Long suffering man will note with relief that the scientists have said nothing in defense of starch. There has been no vindication of the boiled shirt.—Success Magazine.

**A Thought Reader.**

"So you are studying telepathy?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorgum; "my object in life has been to find what people are thinking and then say it first. Any reliable system would simplify my labors immensely."—Washington Star.

**A Thought of the Cost.**

"How'll you have your beefsteak tomorrow?" asked the cook.

"In fear and trembling," answered the man who economizes.—Washington Star.

**Intercolligate.**

"Not that I love Smith less, but that I love Bryn Mawr," said the junior as he invited a Philadelphia girl to the prom.—Amherst Four Leaf Clover.

There are so many ways of being no-account.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

### VALUE OF SMALL ECONOMIES.

**T**HE high cost of living nowadays is added to the expense of shaves at barber shop, shines at the bootblack stand and cigars at the tobacco store. Formerly these were listed in the cost of high living, to which few men aspired. Perhaps the housewife is entitled to her part of the blame for today's high cost of living (not now regarded as high living), on account of her poor management of household expenses or bad cookery, but the husband who buys shaves, shines and cigars is hardly qualified to complain or pose as a model.

A man in New York, who for thirty years shaved his own face, shined his own shoes and eschewed cigars, tells the Sun, of that city, that in that time he saved \$2,500 through these economies. With this money he, three years ago, purchased for his adult boy the business of the boy's deceased employer and the son has wholly repaid his father out of the business and is on the road to fortune. This is the way the father figures his thirty years' savings:

Shaving, three times weekly, at 15c, 45c; a year, \$32.50; thirty years, \$975.00
Shoes, three times weekly at 5c, 15c; a year, \$7.50; thirty years, \$225.00
Cigars, three a day (box price), 15c; a year, \$32.50; thirty years, \$975.00
Gross saving, \$2,475.00

Therefore, when figuring the high cost of living, or the cost of high living, do not forget the shaves, the shines and the cigars. A great deal of money goes into these unnecessary luxuries, and they are not less wasteful than automobiles, which many thoughtless persons who buy shaves, shines and cigars foolishly imagine are the acme of extravagance. Also should be included the cost of shampoo, massage and tip at the barber shop. Many men are throwing away fortunes every day, without stopping to figure their waste. And yet they think they are skipping along without enough to live on constantly. A good many of them talk about extravagance of their wives, when their poor things, are buying fewer luxuries than their lords and masters.—Portland Oregonian.

### THE AMERICAN FARMER.

**F**THE American farmer went out of business this year he could clean up \$30,000,000,000; he would have to sell his farm on credit, for there is not enough money in the world to pay him half his price. He earns enough in seventeen days to buy out Standard Oil and in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the Steel Trust off the industrial map. One American harvest would buy Belgium, king and all; two would buy Italy, three Austria-Hungary, and five would take Russia from the czar.

With the setting of every sun the money box of the American farmer bulges with new millions. Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise, agricultural exports) have brought in enough of foreign

### MARK TWAIN'S WATERMELON.

**S**tory of One of the Humorist's "Monkey-shines" in Hannibal.

"Going to Bermuda, is he? Well, I can tell him a plan that'll beat that. Let him come over here and climb up to the top of the old hills, chop holes to fish in Bear Creek and smoke some Old Fisherman cigars and he'll forget he ain't feeling part."

This spoke Joe Tisdale Sunday morning when told that his old friend and playmate Sam Clemens had gone to the southern islands for the benefit of his health, a Hannibal (Mo.) correspondent of the New York Sun says. Mr. Tisdale had been out walking since 7, without gloves, enjoying the keen wintry air, he said. It was then 11, and everybody but Mr. Tisdale seemed to be wearing a heavy outer coat and thick gloves.

He is a small man, a trifle bent, but active and vigorous as a school boy. There is only a few years' difference between his age and Mr. Clemens'. "Are you the man who used to make those long three for a nickel stogies for Sam?" Mr. Tisdale was asked.

"I made cigars, sir, not stogies," replied the old gentleman with some indignation. "Began down there where Tom Foster kept drug store alongside the printing office. That was long before the war—the big war, you know. I guess it was in 1852. Sam came in there now and then and bought smoke; used to say they were the best he could get. He was a bit particular about what he smoked, even when a youngster."

"What did the people think of Sam in those days?"

"They thought he was a darn fool." The response was made with such promptness that no one could doubt the old cigarmaker's sincerity.

"He was a joke, Sam was. I remember one time he got a big watermelon, the Lord knows how, but anyway he took it upstairs and laid it on his stool near the window. I was coming around the corner and as I looked up I noticed Sam spying up and down the street."

Presently John Meredith comes along and when he was directly under the window Sam drops that big melon right square on John's head. Gee, but it smashed him. I think John's first idea was that some building had fallen on him.

"John saw me grinning and came in my direction like he was going to take it out of me, but when he looked around the street and saw everybody was laughing I guess he thought it too big a job to lick us all. Of course Sam wasn't nowhere in sight, but John found who did it and he never spoke to Sam from that day till they met years after at Pike's Peak."

"In talking about it Sam said he studied a long while which would be the most fun, to eat the melon or drop it on somebody's head, and he flipped a nickel to find out which he ought to do. The head won."

"About twenty years after Sam had left us he came back. I met him and told him when he wanted an old-time smoke to come around to my shop. I got up a box of the Old Fisherman, and when he and John Garth came in I made Sam a present of the box."

"There were forty-six big cigars in it. John Garth told me before he and Sam went to bed that night they smoked the entire contents of the box except two, which they saved for morning. I don't guess there are many fellows who could smoke like Sam."

"That's the way he did about every-

### THE CURSE OF NOVELTY.

**F**ALL the fads that humanity adopts, perhaps none is more detrimental to modern life than the unreasonable passion for the new, simply because it is new, and not because it is one whit better in any respect than that which is discarded to make way for the novelty. This restlessness, without any basis of reason, without any sense of conviction, with no real feeling in the matter except a craving for something new and uncommon, is dangerous to the health of the individual and harmful to the community.

The fearsome freaks which fashion annually invents to cater to this spirit among women illustrate in a homely way the tendency of the times. But fashion is not alone in its craving for the unknown. Art, literature, music, the play, law, business, every phase of life is affected. Religion, morals and even the home do not escape. Everything seems to be in a constant state of transition. Everywhere and at all times turmoil and unrest exist. Comfort, quiet, friends, the joy that comes of familiar friends, old books, surroundings that give one the comfortable sensation of acquaintanceship, all these are lacking.

The American nation is losing its sense of location, its feeling of the permanence of conditions, the sense of home, which exists in the brain of the carrier pigeon and the family cat. Those who hope to enjoy life to the full should have a care lest they mistake unrest for progress, and the temporary and superficial things of life for those that are abiding and real.—Chicago Journal.

themselves in enterprise and adaptability to Siberian conditions of existence. The average temperature of the winter in Verkhoyansk is 53 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The rivers freeze to the bottom and the small trees have been known to snap and split from the force of the frost.

Yet, with all this, Verkhoyansk is, it is claimed, not a disagreeable place of residence, and is preferred by the Russian officials to many more southern and warmer posts. Its atmosphere in winter is always clear, and for the little time that the sun is above the horizon its beams are unobstructed. The winter is still, too; no blizzards or drifting snowstorms make life a burden to the inhabitants.

The Siberian dress completes the comfort of the citizens of this arctic city. It consists of two suits of fur, an outer and an inner suit. The inner suit is worn fur side inward, the other fur side outward. With his hood down, and just enough space left to see out of and to breathe through the Verkhoyansk is vastly more comfortable in a temperature of 80 below than many an American, in his cloth overcoat, in a temperature of 5 above zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoyable than the summer, which is hotter than might be expected. The average temperature of July in Verkhoyansk is 59 above zero, and very hot days are not uncommon. The earth becomes green and vegetation thrives, though only the surface of the ground is thawed. At Yakutsk, which is farther south than Verkhoyansk, but not much warmer in winter, the mercury rises in July to 100 degrees.—Harper's Weekly.

### INDIANS TO KILL WOLVES.

**How Colorado Cattle Men Expect to Put an End to the Past.**

Tough times for timber wolves are looming up in the future. The latest scheme for ridding the White River cattle country of these four-legged marauders is to let the Indian do it. And this appears to be the best notion yet.

When it comes to trapping or shooting wolves and locating their dens an Indian knows what a white man would never find out, the Denver Republican says, so now the plan is to invite the Utes up from the reservation in the southern part of the State and their cousins from over in Utah and turn them loose to start the wolf massacre in Rio Blanco and Garfield Counties.

The idea originated with Charles T. Limburg of Leadville, a prominent cattleman and banker. He has taken up the matter with the office of the State game and fish commissioners, where the possibilities of his suggestions were recognized at once. Various schemes have been devised for getting rid of the big gray wolves which slaughter so many yearling steers in the White River country every summer and so many deer in the winter.

The wolves of the White River timber country are exceptionally large and fierce. A head of one of them shows them to have heavy, capacious jaws and long, keen teeth which look as if they could snap a dog's backbone in with a single crunch. It looks as if it were up to the Indians, and it is believed that they will enjoy the outing with great pleasure, particularly since it means getting all the food they want while they are away from home, with the chance of bounteous money thrown in.

### COLDEST CITY ON EARTH.

**How People Live in Winter in Farthest Siberia.**

The coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than 3 degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of 85 below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude 67 degrees, on the great arctic plain, scarcely more than 150 feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to have an administrative center for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-trading "Jews of Siberia," carry on their operations.

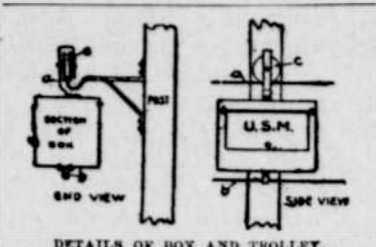
All its inhabitants, save a few officials and other Russians, are Yakuts. This does not prevent its being a place of some importance, for the Yakuts are the most progressive people in northern Siberia, excelling the Russians.

"People think I'm a smart to-day, I never say much," said Sam to-day.

# FARM NOTES

### Trolley Mail Box.

Many patrons of rural delivery routes live a considerable distance from the highway, and a device which would carry the mail between the house and the road would be a great convenience. A Kansas subscriber whose house is 90 rods from the rural route and who has a straight line of telephone poles to the road, asks if an endless wire cable could be arranged in some way to carry a small box.



A No. 10 wire can be attached to brackets fastened to the poles at such a height as not to interfere with teams, etc. A small box and carrier can be run over this between the house and the road. The box can be sent down and brought back from the house by the use of a cord or light twisted wire cable. Attach it to the box and pass it through a pulley on a post at the road and around a drum or through another pulley at the house. The trolley wire should be soldered to the brackets so the carrier may run



over it without trouble. With a little Yankee ingenuity anyone can rig up a device of this kind.—Farm and Home.

### Fowls Require Salt.

Fowls require salt in their ration in order to thrive best, the same as do all other animals. The mineral elements in the salt are desired by the fowls, and their systems crave them. But only a little salt is needed—not more than a handful a week to the average-sized farm flock. Too much may be more harmful than too little. And since fowls often do not know when they have had enough of it, we dare not place the salt before them, and let them eat all they want, as can be done with most other farm animals. So the best way is to mix a handful occasionally with the soft food or mash. This seasons the food and gives it a palatable taste, as well as proving a benefit to the fowls.—Agricultural Epitomist.

### Superior to the Mule.

The greatest hybrid that the world has ever known is the mule. This is a cross between the horse and the ass. The resultant mule was, however, barren, and the possibility of developing a more perfect type through selection did not exist. The mule had to be taken as he was and made the most of. At that he has borne the brunt of cornfield labor at home and tugged the nation's cannon into the ever-advancing frontier. He has surpassed both the horse and the ass that bred him in many ways. The zebra is evidently a creature superior in every way to the mule, and it is believed, with selection and scientific breeding, it will take a place in the world that will tend to retire the latter, and, possibly, the horse, from the field of action.

### Value of Humus in Soil.

The value of humus in the soil is not only that it supplies an element of plant food, but that it absorbs moisture and is an obstacle to evaporation, says the Rural Californian. It also prevents soil erosion and waste. The most successful farmer is the one who takes the most pains to utilize every element of his farm products that contributes humus to the soil. This is especially important in localities where the surface is uneven or broken, and the earth is not firm, or, in other words, is easily eroded by rainfall.

### Points in Pruning.

Do not choose the dormant season to cut back trees that are growing too fast to be fruitful; it will only make them grow the faster in the spring. Wait till they are in full flush of growth in May or June if you want to drive their surplus energies into fruit buds. Be sure to carry a paint pot along with the pruners, and whenever a limb as much as an inch in diameter is cut off, cover the wound with oil and white lead to keep out dampness and the entrance of fungi spores that will produce rot. In the spring this cover is not so necessary, for as soon as growth begins the tree will begin to cover its wounds with new wood that will creep over it from all sides.—Rural World.

### Best to Buy Silo.

Do not undertake to build your own silo. Nine times out of ten you will be the loser. When the lumber, time and the durability of the structure are all taken into consideration, you will find you are coming out at the small end of the horn.

### Farm Schools.

At the twenty-fourth session of the fourth course in agriculture at the Wisconsin College 461 farmers and their boys were in attendance. Nearly every county in the State was represented.

### The Farmer's Automobile.

While automobiles are expensive vehicles, in a sense, they are daily becoming less so. Improvements in methods, materials and knowledge have made a cheaper car possible and the fact that the purchasers of fancy cars are already supplied has caused manufacturers to devote their energies to turning out a car that is medium priced and of high quality. A new field for the marketing of the product of their factories was necessary and this field was found among the farmers. High-priced, fancy cars would not go with them, but quality would, and those manufacturers who were shrewd enough to make a car of high quality at a reasonable price have found ready customers among the farmers.

It is estimated that there are now in use about 100,000 automobiles among the farmers of this country and something like 5,000 of these are in Kansas. They are great favorites among the dairy farmers as time savers in the delivery of milk, but they are no less so among other farmers, who find in them a means of rapid transit without disturbing the farm teams. The new farm automobile is here to stay.—Kansas Farmer.

### Wheat for Laying Hens.

Many farmers grow and sell wheat, but they do not feed any of it to their chickens. Wheat is one of the best egg-producing feeds, and it will pay to feed it to the hens at all seasons, even when it is above a dollar a bushel. Wheat is similar in composition to milk and eggs; it contains nearly all the elements in right proportion for perfect animal growth and maintenance. A little of it will go a long way in feeding.

### A Merciless Parasite.

The flous macrophylia, commonly called the Moreton Bay fig, is a merciless Australian parasitical growth, says a writer in the Wide World magazine. It takes root in the forks of its host tree (which in this case is a Queensland bloodwood) and ultimately smothers the latter and usurps its place as an independent tree. Many valuable trees in the scrubs of Queensland are destroyed in this manner.

### Certified Milk Pays Best.

Certified milk sells in all large cities for about twice the price of other milk. It is absolutely clean, no impurities being allowed to get into the milk. A layer of fine cheesecloth is stretched over the milk pail, a layer of absorbent cotton is placed upon that, then another piece of cheesecloth. There is no sediment in the bottom of the milk vessels of milk treated in this way. It's not expensive, either.

### Ensilage and Alfalfa Feed.

The scientific ration for a cow giving twenty pounds of milk with 4 percent of butter fat—a good average dairy cow—is forty-five pounds of ensilage and ten pounds of alfalfa hay a day. Ensilage costs about \$2 a ton and alfalfa about \$10 a ton. Thus the cow feed cost of 9% cents a day, which is more than a third cheaper than could be sustained on an ordinary corn ration.

### Protect the Grindstone.

A grindstone should never be left exposed to the sun. The weight of the handle will always cause one portion of the stone to remain uppermost, and this from exposure will reach a different degree of hardness from the underside, so that after a while the stone will be ground out of shape. If the stone has to stand in the open a flat box can easily be obtained to serve as a cover.

### Meat Barrel Cover.

This sketch shows a meat barrel cover that can't be beat. Get a barrel that has top and bottom and saw it through in the middle, making two tubs. Use these tubs for covers on meat barrels by turning them over the barrels as shown in the sketch and they will assuredly keep out the dust and moisture.

### Testing Eggs in Incubator.

During incubation, eggs should be tested on the seventh and fourteenth days. At the first test the air cell should measure about a quarter of an inch; on the tenth day, one-half inch; on the fifteenth day, five-eighths of an inch; nineteenth day, three-quarters of an inch. The measurement should be taken from the middle of the large end.

### Care of Horses' Teeth.

Horses seldom suffer from decayed teeth, but because of the upper teeth closing on the lower ones a little on the outside points are sometimes found which lacerate the cheek or penetrate the gums, creating a tenderness that prevents the proper mastication of food, annoying the horse so much that he falls away very rapidly.

### Mixture for Pasture.

Minnesota farmers have found six pounds of timothy, five pounds of white clover, three pounds of Kentucky blue grass, and one pound of red top seed per acre, to be an excellent mixture for pastures. If the ground is inclined to be wet, the red top will take the place of the timothy.

### Air Shaft Costs Little.

An air shaft can be built in the dairy barn at very little cost, that will ventilate the stable perfectly and do away with the dampness and heavy air so noticeable on winter mornings. One man installed two ventilators which ran from near the floor to well above the roof for \$30.

### Producing Profit Makers.

The breeding of a bull whose dam and granddam were great producers to a cow known to be a producer and with a like ancestry is pretty sure to produce a profit maker.