

The Great Outdoors

Livestock, Dairy Products, Berries, Fruit, Grains.
"The Farmer Feedeth All."

PALATABILITY OF VARIOUS PLANTS

Some Interesting Information Revealed in Series of Feeding Tests at Beltsville.

SILAGE FERMENTATION STUDIES

Wild and Tame Sunflowers Devoured Readily When Removed From Silo—Cabbages Were Untouched by Cattle When Siloed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A series of experimental feeding tests conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture at its Beltsville (Md.) live-stock farm, revealed some interesting information as to the effect of silaging upon the palatability of various plants found on a farm or range.

During the last summer and fall about 150 different plants and combinations of plants were packed in barrels in a silo. The purpose was to study the effect of the silo fermentation upon the fiber, and other features of the plants. It was thought possible that silage would overcome objectionable qualities of certain plants, in addition to breaking down the fiber of some which were too woody for stock feed.

Test Palatability.

The various lots of silages were taken to Beltsville to test their palatability as cattle feed. The tests were not protracted enough to give final conclusions, but a number of interesting results were obtained. Both wild and tame sunflowers were eaten readily when they came out of the silo, although the peculiar flavor and woody stalk of the former make it distasteful in its natural state. Russian thistle was eaten in the course of about 12 hours, and the same was true of ragweed, which cattle seldom touch in the field. Canada thistles and castor bean plants without seed were eaten quite readily. Jack bean vines and pods were eaten rather reluctantly. The cows ate siloed Australian salt bush, but not the native plant. Siloed onion tops were fed to four cows; two ate them and two refused them. Buckwheat also provided a choice morsel. Cabbages, which in their natural state are eaten avidly by cattle, were absolutely untouched when siloed, the product being in many respects similar to sauer kraut but without the salt. Giant rye grass went untouched.

Cattle Fed Regular Rations.

The cattle were not compelled to eat any of the siloed products to satisfy hunger, as hay was fed them



A Silo Filling Crew at Labor Gathering. Sled Type of Cutter Is in Use and Corn is Carried Directly to Wagon.

between siloed rations and they had the regular portions of grain. The tests were not entirely conclusive, especially as the quantities were so small that the animals did not have an opportunity to get accustomed to unfamiliar flavors.

The department may make more extensive tests another season on some of the materials, as there was no opportunity with barrel lots to gain any knowledge as to the beef and milk producing value of the feeds.

BEETLES ARE MOST HARMFUL

Covering of Cheesecloth Will Afford Necessary Protection for Vines and Plants.

The striped cucumber beetle and the 12-spotted cucumber beetle attack cucumber, squash, and melon vines through the East. The best protection is to cover young plants with cheesecloth-covered frames, which may be made on barrel-hoop arches. When the insects actually get access to the

leaves, a solution of arsenate of lead and bordeaux mixture is effective.

BUSINESS BASIS IN SELECTION OF FARM

Many Serious Errors Made by Young Men in Moving.

Know Only One Set of Conditions and Are Not Able to Weigh Accurately All New Factors That Must Be Considered.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many farmers, especially the younger men, in moving from one region to another, make serious errors in selecting farms, not because their judgment is naturally poor, but largely because they know only one set of conditions and are not able to weigh accurately all the new factors that must be taken into account, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Here the science of farm management is helpful, in that from the farm-management viewpoint the farm is put on a business basis.

In doing this, however, the home side of the question must always be kept in mind. The farm home and the farm business are inseparable. A desirable farm, from a business standpoint, is nevertheless undesirable if it has no social or community advantages. On the other hand, desirable living conditions are of little or no advantage unless accompanied by a successful farm business.

A farm may have fine buildings, good water supply, excellent roads, and other such assets, yet if the soil is rocky, shallow, or naturally infertile, so that its productive possibilities are distinctly limited, there will be no adequate income for enjoying the other advantages. Moreover, these physical limitations are enduring, while the needed improvements, such as buildings and roads, can be added as means are provided.

IDEA WOULD PLEASE DICKENS

First Free Children's Library in England to Be Opened in Old Home of Novelist.

There is to be opened soon the first free library for children in England in a building in which that lover of children, Charles Dickens, spent several eventful years of his own childhood. It is an idea so appropriate and fitting that all supporters of the scheme must wish for its success, remarks the Christian Science Monitor. The house in question is 33 Johnson street, Somers town, and the Dickens family lived here after they left Chatham, being tenants of the house for five years. From this house Dickens, the father, was taken to the Debtors' prison, the Marshalsea, an incident which afterward supplied his son with "copy" for two of his most famous books, "The Pickwick Papers" and "Little Dorrit."

Dickens is a striking example of how much can be accomplished by a case of real genius under adverse conditions, and it is he himself in "David Copperfield," who tells us what help and enlightenment he got in his wretched surroundings from the few books which made up his father's tiny library. Though small, that library was a rich treasure trove to a clever child. Don Quixote and Gil Blas—each of these masterpieces—is composed of many stories—and from Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith and Defoe, Dickens must have learned the music of words, and the grace and dignity of a tale of life well told.

If his old house now becomes the home of a free library for children who, like him, may have a chance to forget the hard facts of their lives in the works of great authors, everyone who has the welfare of children at heart, must rejoice.

GAS TO FOIL BANK ROBBERS

Contrivance Threatens to Make Trouble for That Particular Class of Society's Enemies.

Bank robbers who make a specialty of attacking vaults with explosives will do well to beware of a contrivance newly patented by Richard C. Roeschel of Harrisburg, Pa.

He proposes to provide a chemical defense for banks in the shape of an arrangement of glass tubes forming a sort of poison-gas battery. It may be made part of the gate inside a vault, or may have any other structural relation to the vaults that is deemed desirable. It may even be portable, so as to be placed in position at night, and removable in the daytime.

The tubes are designed to contain benzyl iodide, tear-gas stuff, or any other suitable chemical which, when it expands, is calculated to asphyxiate the robber or at least put him to flight. Bulbous expansions of the tubes furnish containers for the deadly ma-

terial. The robber has only to start something by setting off a charge of explosives. The concussion breaks the tubes; out flows the lethal chemical, and the business of burglary interests the nocturnal bandit no more for that occasion.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Beat Them to It.

An Irvington man planted several hills of bantam sweet corn in an isolated part of his garden to grow seed for next year. He remarked to a neighbor woman about the time that "the blackbirds and sparrows had no success in finding his seed corn this year." The second morning after making this remark he found about forty blackbirds, near sunup, busily devouring his corn. He "shooed" them away and that evening pulled all the ears and put them away for safe keeping. The next morning he looked out to see whether any blackbirds were on hand. Sure enough an immense flock was sitting on the ground at the base of the now barren stalks looking at each other and around. The puzzled look on their "countenances," he says, was sufficient in the extreme.—Indianapolis News.

Elevated to Bishopric.

Seldom has there been discovered a more clever and effective device for spreading the gospel than that arranged by wise old Bishop Amator of Armoria. He evolved a scheme which promised the linking of the church with the powerful state.

Catching Governor Germanus in church one day, the bishop slipped up behind that official. A pass with one hand and he had snipped off the gubernatorial locks; a pass with the other hand, and a bishop's robe was slipped over the tonsured dome. Before the governor could say the Amorian equivalent for "Jack Robinson," he was informed that the Bishop Amator had resigned and that he was ordained in his stead.

Trees Furnish Cloth.

In the West Indies dresses are often worn made from the natural lacelike cloth which grows upon trees. The tree from which the lace is gathered has a curiously light hollow trunk something like bamboo. A long, smooth section is cut and soaked in water until the bark is softened. The lacelike cloth is closely packed together, forming the shell of the tree. When carefully pulled apart a lacelike fiber is found which is surpris-

ingly tough and durable. By placing several thicknesses together a comparatively thick cloth is formed. These pieces are sewn together like any ordinary cloth and made into dresses. The lace is light yellow in color naturally, but often dyed with the bright colors so popular in the tropics.—Boys' Life.

BONES OF HISTORIC RACE

Anthropologists Intensely Interested in Discovery of Indian Skeletons in California.

New indications that California was once inhabited by a race of gigantic Indians was furnished when sewer diggers on Ferry and Howard streets, in the heart of the business district of Martinez, Cal., uncovered an Indian burial ground, with skeletons measuring more than seven feet.

Several skulls and one well-preserved skeleton are to be given over to the investigators of the anthropology department of the University of California. The skulls and skeletons are declared to be of highly important and scientific value.

Discovery of the burial ground revived an old Indian legend that an immense treasure of gold nuggets was interred with a body of a chief of the ancient tribe of the giant Indians. So convinced are the residents in the truth of this legend that great crowds have thronged around the sewer diggers, largely hampering their activities, and more than a score of persons have applied to the municipal authorities for positions on the city's sewer-digging crew.

According to the ancient Indian legend, the vast gold treasure was buried in close proximity to where the bones were recovered.

Eight years ago William Alfman, curator of the museum in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, declared that skeletons unearthed near Concord were the most valuable contributions to the scientific investigations of the state's prehistoric Indians.

Grain Sown From Airplane.

Through an invention to sow grain by airplane, aircraft may be listed as agricultural implements. The new "flying grain sower," says the New York Sun, will plant a strip of 36 feet wide traveling at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The seeds are expelled by air pressure from a perforated metal tube with sufficient velocity to drive them deep into the ground. At the end of each wing a thin stream of

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white lime or fertilizer is released to outline the planted area. The plane is constructed to make a landing on a plowed field without damage.

Under normal conditions the "flying sower" has a capacity of 640 acres in about six hours. The same area planted with an eight-foot drill traveling at the rate of three miles an hour would take a man twenty-two and a half days of ten hours. It is estimated that 1,000 acres could be covered in one day by the air-sower.

PAINT

By VIRGINIA BAKER.

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They were just at that stage in the affair when other people were saying: "When do you suppose they'll announce it?" and they were saying to each other all sorts of sweet unrepeatable things.

But, between you and me, what he said was really quite conservative, for he was Scotch. Added to this native circumspectness was an undemonstrativeness fostered by a mother who came from old New England stock. So, because he inherited a conscience and old-fashioned ideas, one of the things he had to whisper to his girl was:

"Phibbie, dear, I wish you wouldn't put so much of that red stuff in your lips and cheeks. You really don't need it, you know."

This was just a mild protest. But, as Phibbie had no Scotch or Puritan blood in her veins, rather quite a spirited mixture of Irish and French, she replied with a mischievous toss of her bobbed brown curls: "How do you know? Do you know if you've ever seen me without it?"

"Well, really now, as you put it that way, I couldn't exactly say." Angus sidled down, rather embarrassed, because he had only seen Phibbie 12 and a half times. The half was when he had first met her—in the paint and varnish department of the Armstrong Hardware company, where Angus was clerk. Phibbie had given him quite a large order for white and green and black and red paint. She and her mother were fixing up the little house they had bought with part of dear papa's insurance money. They had never had a real home before because they had traveled around with papa

who had been an animal trainer with Buys Stako circus.

It was this environment which was responsible for Phibbie's pernicious practice of rouging.

Then, as lovers always do at least once, they quarreled. He even went so far as to say that he didn't want to kiss her any more if she smeared that stuff on, because his lips never touched hers—they just tasted that paint.

At first Phibbie was furious. "I guess you'll never get the chance again, after that," she flung at him.

Angus took his cue and his hat. But the animal training instinct, which she had inherited from her father, made Phibbie stop him when his hand was on the knob of the screen door.

"Angus," she said, "I won't put it on any more." And she meant it, because she saw the truth in his brutal speech. She wanted him to kiss her now, quick!

He turned and saw her there rubbing furiously at her lips with a bit of a handkerchief. But because he was Scotch he did not gather her in his arms and cover the red on the handkerchief as well as her lips with penitent kisses, as a movie lover would have done. Oh, no. Because he was Scotch, he said: "You will promise me, Phibbert, never to use or have in your possession again this disgusting red ointment."

Phibbie meekly promised, "Yes," because just then he kissed her.

Phibbie was very busy finishing the dressing up of the little house, because, on the afternoon of a certain red letter day, ten of her best girl friends were coming to a tea party.

And then one day, a week before the date set for the party, Angus called in the morning when Phibbie was not expecting him. His call was very informal.

He almost had her in his arms, and bent down—but he did not kiss her. He had seen her face. There was a red blotch on each cheek.

He stared at her so long that Phibbie asked in a troubled voice: "So early in the morning! What do you want?"

"Nothing, now," Angus cut off the words with cold finality. Then, as an after-regret, and with deep reproach in his voice: "You said you wouldn't put it on again!"

"What?" asked Phibbert. And because she looked at the can in front of her, she put both hands to her cheeks. Thereupon she began to laugh an ever increasing crescendo of gurgles and trills. Finally, she struck her already slightly discolored finger into the can before her, and with it she touched each of Angus' cheeks.

That outraged gentleman had stood in motionless amazement at her mirth, but now he cautiously put up one of his own fingers to his cheek. It felt wet and rather sticky. He looked at his finger, smelled of the red smooch, and then he, too, began to laugh. When a Scotchman finally does see a joke on himself, he can appreciate it.

"What the deuce were you doing, anyway?" Angus asked.

"Oh, just trying to paint up those two old card tables to look oriental, like some incured ones I saw in town. Won't the girls think they're sporty when they see them on the veranda next Thursday?"

"George! What a capable little wife you're going to make!" and Angus laughed some more.

The laugh did not last as long as it might have; it was very soon smothered against a daub of red on an otherwise smooth, pink cheek. Yes, Angus not only kissed the paint on Phibbert's cheek, but he himself transferred some of it to the place where he had said it was most especially tabooed.

FIND SHELLS CENTURIES OLD

Belief That Relics Unearthed by Workers in Oregon Were Used as Ornaments by Indians.

Sea shells about six inches across were uncovered by workers recently at Big Eddy, near The Dalles, Ore., lying at the heads of Indian skeletons. They were decayed and crumbled when touched. These shells showed indications of having been used as ear ornaments. They are of the species of shellfish commonly called "cochogs" on the Atlantic coast, according to persons who have observed them, and do not grow to the size of those found on the Pacific coast.

Wonderfully perfect spear and arrow-heads, made of obsidian, a rock found no nearer than California, also were unearthed. All of the chipping on the arrow-points found appeared to be much finer than later Indian work, local amateur collectors declared.

The relics found by highway workers at Big Eddy are an accumulation of centuries, in the opinion of D. L. Cates, city recorder, who has lived in and around The Dalles for more than 60 years. He points out that in the hills back of Big Eddy trails worn in the rock may be seen, evidence of the activities of Indians who used these trails for hundreds of years. Mr. Cates says that at Big Eddy the Indians find finer salmon fishing than at any other place along the river and have been making the trip to that place annually probably ever since salmon began running up the Columbia.

8 per cent Investment Opportunities Will not Always be Available

EVERYONE who has studied economic history knows that the days of high investment returns, as well as the days of high commodity prices, will not last forever. High interest rates will gradually decrease as conditions come to normal.

This is why saving and investing are especially valuable to the individual today. A 50-cent dollar saved now will be worth 100 cents or more to you, in all probability, when you most need financial independence.

Sound investment securities are bargains today. The securities purchased now will pay their generous income yields into the future. The 8-per-cent gold notes will pay you a full return until their maturity in 1930, when the principal will be returned to the investor.

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