PROFITS FROM THE ROADSIDE

BY M. E. GEORGE.

As we motor through the country we never fail to notice and admire the well-kept roadsides. One reason why we notice these, is that there are, comparatively speaking, so few of them.

Twelve years ago the road in front of the writer's farm was regraded, being made into a provincial highway. The next spring we dragged the roadside along the farm until it was in a well-pulverized condition, then broadcasted a small amount of oats on it, and seeded it to clover and alfalfa, dragging the oats and seeding it at the same time. When the oats were in the right condition for hay, we cut them, raked them up and hauled to the barn. This we did to allow the seeding a better chance to get a good start.

Each year since then we have cut the hay, which is mostly alfalfa, from two to three times a year. This has yielded along an eighty-rod stretch, from three-fourths of a ton to a ton of hay each year. Not only have we had the satisfaction of securing this hay at almost no expense, but it has been the means of keeping the roadside looking as it should, attractive, and entirely free from weeds.

This alfalfa along the roadside seems to get an earlier start than that in the fields, and affords a somewhat earlier feed for the hogs, and a few times when we were shy of hay for the horses, it filled in as an emergency helper until the hay in the fields was ready for harvesting.

The hog lot is along a part of this roadside, and we mowed some of this alfalfa as much as four and five times a year by hand, for the hogs when there was no other green feed available that we could harvest for them. We even fell back on it for the milk cows during the dry part of the summer season when the pasture in the fields was in poor shape, mowing it with a scythe and carrying in a fork full of the green alfalfa to each cow.

Any farmer can make it a practice to mow his roadside with a two-horse mowing machine two or three times a year, even though nothing but June grass and weeds are growing. This takes but a small amount of time and keeps the weeds from going to seed, as well as affording the satisfaction of having a well-kept roadside along his farm.

Once we get the habit of keeping our roadside in an attractive condition, the pride we get from it will sort of urge us to keep the rest of the farm in the same attractive condition. The idea is similar to that of our ladies buying a new hat to keep in match with the new coat that they have already purchased.

Dubbing Pullets.

Frozen combs in single-comb White Leghorns is one of the most serious objections to the breed in the colder climates—this article is written at the Manitoba Agricultural College. Many poultrymen have resorted to dubbing or cutting off the combs of their male birds early in the fall to avoid setbacks following frozen combs during zero weather.

Single-comb White Leghorn pullets will get their combs touched by frost during zero weather, if they are in heavy laying, unless the house is kept warm. This is almost impossible on the ordinary farm, so the poultryman may run into a piece of hard luck in low egg production when eggs are highest in price.

The dubbing of pullets will very largely eliminate the sudden drop in egg production in a cold spell. Nothing cuts down egg production quicker and harder than frozen combs, and a flock in heavy laying will be a long time in coming back into high production after the weather becomes milder. Not so the dubbed pullets. They may show a decrease in egg yield, but it will be gradual and will not fall nearly so low as with the undubbed birds.

There are three periods of a Leghorn pullet's life at which dubbing can be performed. The first is at hatching time, when the chicks are put in the brooder, the second at two months of age, the third at or near maturity.

The objections to the first are that both males and females would have to be dubbed, which would make double the work. At this age one has to be very careful to cut off every speck of the tiny comb. The least speck left at the back of the comb will show as a large spike when the bird is mature. It is almost impossible to do the job right at this age.

Dubbing at or near maturity gives the pullet more of a setback in bleeding than at any other time, but the operation can be performed neatly and successfully.

The best age, however, is at two months, or just when the birds are old enough to tell the cockerels from the pullets. At this age the comb is still quite small, but yet large enough to permit of making a clean, smooth cut and getting every bit of it. The birds receive no setback whatever and there is only slight bleeding.

Applying caustic to the cut on the baby chick helps to burn off any part of the comb that might be missed, but even then the job will not be so neat as at the older age. Bleeding is generally quite profuse when dubbing is done at or near maturity, which may be stopped by searing or by dropping hot paraffin from a lighted candle on the wound.

As to the humaneness of the operation, we believe that the pain of dubbing at two months of age is nothing compared to that of a frozen comb.

The best instrument is a pair of sharp embroidery scissors. The small curved blades permit of making a clean cut close to the head.—M. C.

Cabbage Spray That Sticks.

Many growers have found cabbage pests hard to control. One reason is that most sprays do not adhere readily to the leaves. The same thing is true of onions and other vegetables with smooth leaves.

Stickers that can be added to spray mixtures largely solve the problem. One of the best is resin fish-oil soap, used at the rate of two ounces to each three gallons of spray. In case this cannot be obtained a resin sticker can be used instead.

The resin adhesive is prepared by mixing eight ounces of pulverized resin, four ounces of sal soda and a quart of water. This should be boiled for about one hour, or until the solution is a clear brown. One ounce of this sticker should be used with each three gallons of spraying solution.

Sprays should be applied immediately after adding the sticker to the solution.

Prosperity of the Poultry Industry Due to Egg Grading.

The last three years have been the best ever experienced by poultry producers in Canada, according to a statement issued by the Honorable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture. Prices have been maintained largely at profitable levels, the industry has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, and in the "back-to-the-land" discussions among the urban population the poultry industry is one of the phases of agriculture most favorably considered. High prices have been maintained in spite of the fact that egg production in Canada has increased by over one hundred million dozens, or seventy per cent., since 1920. This enormous volume of eggs has been consumed almost entirely in Canada as a result of the improved quality and increased consumption brought about by the application of the egg grading regulations. The per capita consumption of eggs has increased from 16.8 dozens in 1920 to 26.8 dozens in 1925. Mr. Motherwell points out that if it had not been for this large increase in the consumption of eggs Canadian markets would have been swamped by the surplus, and the poultry industry would have suffered as a result. It is true that there might have been an increase in exports, but these would have been at a price, on world markets, that would have paid little profit for the Canadian producer, in contrast with the returns that have been obtained for sales made on our own markets.

That increased consumption has brought about, in the larger urban centres, as a result of a graded standardized product, is beyond question. The same opportunity is offered in the smaller town and cities, where the bulk of the eggs used locally are purchased on the market from producers either directly by consumers, or by retailers who in turn sell to consumers. The extent to which this opportunity can be capitalized in these smaller centres and turned to the advantage of the poultry industry rests largely with the producers.

Millet as Forage Crop (Supplementary).

With short hay in prospect in some sections of the province, millet can be used as a supplementary forage crop.

Seed at the rate of 25 pounds per acre, when the land is ready. In favorable seasons late June seedings give very good yields, however, everything considered it is best to sow early in June on a soil that has been well cultivated, is rich and mellow.

The variety known as the Japanese Panicle has given the best yields at the O. A. C., giving a five-year average of 4.32 tons of hay per acre or 11.5 tons of green fodder.

Sugar and Other Sacks.

Few housewives seem to know the simple trick of opening the seam of sugar and salt sacks and similar containers. Clip as close to the sack as possible the cord-like extension of the chain-stitching. Then take hold of the end of the thread on one side of the seam with one hand and the end on the other side with the other hand. Pull both threads at the same time and the seam will ravel out instantly if one has begun at the right end. If not, change to the other end.

Muslin grain sacks and large sugar sacks make excellent kitchen aprons.

When planting potatoes in small areas where the regular planter can not be well used, it is customary to mark out the rows, then with a plow or cultivator to deepen the trenches to the required depth. By attaching a shovel and shank taken from a corn-cultivator, to the rear end of the marker runners, this trenching can be done at the same time as the marking is done. Connecting them with a lever gives adjustment for depth and allows them to be lifted when on the road to and from the patch, and in turning.

A CHARMING VERSION OF THE NEW MODE.

One glance at this chic little frock is sufficient for us to conclude that it had its origin in Paris. It is conceived of flat crepe in a soft bois-de-rose shade, and shows the effectiveness of many rows of shirring in yoke fashion over the shoulders and across each front, also making a finish at the bottom of the full sleeves and top of pockets. A narrow belt girdles the hips, tying in loops at centre back. What more charming frock could be conceived for the miss or slight little woman, than No. 1328, which is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years? Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material. Price 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Why I Paint in the Fall.

We have five good reasons why we paint the farm buildings and implements in the fall. They are:

1. We have more time in the fall.
2. There are fewer flies.
3. The buildings have been dried out by the summer sun; more especially is this true where a new building is erected in the spring, because the wood has had a chance to season.
4. The days are clearer.
5. The winter days are coming. Snow and rain corrode and cost money in repairs later on.

Farm buildings out of repair and needing paint are rated at about one-third of the assessed value for loans and indicate the farmer is slow pay. If our farm buildings are in good shape the rating is one-half. When real estate loans are considered, painted buildings are always taken into consideration in making an estimate. —J. L. B.

Give the cows a practical test to ascertain the amount of butter-fat contained in the milk, and then discard any which do not come up to a profitable standard.

THE DONKEY WAGON

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

We had just moved to a new place. Eagerly enough, Eddie and I set about exploring the various nooks and crannies of the big barn. Many a fine discovery did we make—two high mows to jump in, three tall ladders to climb, half a dozen pigeon's nests, and I couldn't tell you what all. But of everything, nothing pleased us so much as an old, light wagon.

There it stood, pushed away back in the corner of the carriage-house. The curtains were faded and tattered; the wheels stood diagonally; the shafts were reduced to different lengths; the padding was torn from the seats and scattered in all directions. Certainly it was a spectacle of ruin and desolation!

But into it we jumped, making the whole concern tremble through and through. And once in, we continued to shake it, gleefully imitating a "go."

"This is our wagon!" declared Eddie.

"Yes," said I; "let's keep it till we get big!"

"We always wanted a donkey wagon," continued Eddie. 'Now, all we've got to do is get the donkey."

"When we're big, we'll buy one," I said.

"All right. But we'll have to fix the wagon."

"We'll take the curtains off and put new ones on."

"And take the wheels off and put new ones on."

"And take the shafts off and put new ones on."

"And take the old seats out and put new ones in."

"And take the old bows off and put new ones on."

"And take the old floor out and put a new one in."

"And take the old running-gear off and put a new one on."

Thus unconsciously did we demolish the old wagon piecemeal in our minds, and replace it altogether by a new one—somewhat as the school-boy sang the praises of the old jack-knife which had been in his possession so many years, and which had had seven new blades and nine new handles.

In the midst of our castle-building—crack! A piece of the floor gave away, and into the hole thus formed slipped suddenly poor Eddie's feet. Tightly enough was he held, unable to get out or help himself at all—nor could I pull. As soon as the poor fellow realized his situation, he set up an unearthly yell.

"Hush, Eddie!" I entreated, "Don't cry! I'll go after uncle."

"And leave me here all alone? Don't, don't! I'll never get out! I'll starve to death!"

"Hush!" I commanded. A sense of danger had made me strong. "If you don't hush, and wait till I go for uncle, I'll never, never help buy that donkey; and I'll never, never help fix the wagon."

The prospect of so great a loss evidently filled the poor urchin with dismay, for he bravely held his peace.

Off I darted for the house. But uncle wasn't there. Nobody knew exactly whether he was down in the meadow or out in the back field—either one nearly half a mile away. There was no help for it. I must go look for him, in one place or the other or both. In doing so I must consume little less than an hour; and all this time poor Eddie stuck fast in the old wagon, perhaps catching his death of cold in this chilly, early spring weather.

Oh, would he think I had forgotten him? Would he be frightened, and cry himself sick? Would he get cold and hungry? Would the gypsies come along and take him away?

Dear little brother! I then thought him so big and old, but looking back now, I remember that he must have been only about four years of age.

Would I ever reach the meadow? Never did it seem so far—never did I feel so tired! But I neared it at last, only to find that uncle wasn't there.

Irish Mike was digging out the spring-house, but he was alone. So I had to turn round and start for the back field, fully a mile away from where I then was.

Why didn't I take Mike back with me to rescue poor Eddie? Because I had been strictly charged never to interrupt the men at their work. Why didn't I tell some one at the house of the plight my brother was in? For fear of being punished for not taking better care of him. I was two years older, you know, and so felt a corresponding degree of responsibility.

After a time, seeming to me like an eternity, I found uncle. All out of breath, I burst into tears, and flung my arms round his neck.

"Why, what's the matter?" he hurriedly asked.

"Oh," I gasped, "come quick! Eddie's fast!"

"Where?" he asked.

He followed me as I started to run, until my wearied feet tripped, when he picked me up and carried me.

"In the carriage-house," I finally blurted out.

How fast uncle could walk! Admiringly from my perch on his shoulder, I looked down at his big feet and long legs. How quickly he passed over the ground! One of his giant strides carried us both as far as four of my little steps would have done.

We neared the shed, the barn, the carriage-house. How my heart beat! Suppose something had happened to Eddie! But no; there he was. He had fallen over in the bottom of the wagon; and, with his feet still held as in the stocks, he was fast asleep.

What a pretty picture he made, with his flushed cheeks, and his curling chestnut hair flowing over his gay, plaid jacket! How relieved I felt to know he had not grown frightened or cried!

Uncle soon had him out. He awoke with a start, to find himself free. Now that danger was past, our worthy relative put on a bearish disguise over his tender heart, as he sometimes did, and gave us a good scolding.

"What business had you in that rotten old wagon?" he asked.

"Why, uncle," I began, "we were going to make a donkey-wagon—"

"I think you were," he declared, emphatically, "with two little donkeys in it!"

The next day Carthage fell—or, rather, Irish Mike chopped the old wagon up for kindling-wood.

Eddie and I have lived to grow up; but neither of us has ever owned a donkey-wagon. Our dreams are still unrealized.

I LIKE THE HOT-PACK METHOD BEST

BY NELL B. NICHOLS.

Nine-tenths of the spoilage in canned vegetables is due to the failure to use the hot pack.

Everyone used to scald or blanch vegetables before packing them in cans. It was the only method known. Most of us did not consider it satisfactory. In the first place, some of the food value of the garden products was extracted by the hot water. This was discarded. The waste was enormous. Then the scalding frequently did a poor job in shrinking the vegetables. A faulty pack resulted. It always annoyed me to find the cans not full of food when the processing was completed.

BLANCHING NOT EFFECTIVE.

The greatest shortcoming of blanching and the cold pack, however, is that it is not effective, when compared to the hot-pack method, in keeping canned foods from spoiling. I have noticed in many canning tests that greens, corn and sweet potatoes, for example, frequently settle into solid masses within cans. It is difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the heat in the canner to penetrate them. The food at the centre of the can may not become hot enough to kill the injurious bacteria. Thus the vegetable spoils. The hot pack insures high temperatures throughout the cans.

For this new method the vegetables are simply precooked until they have reached the boiling temperature. Then they are packed in clean, hot jars and set in the canner to be processed. Tin cans packed with hot vegetables may be sealed at once without the usual exhaust and put into the canner. This saves time and energy. Of course the vegetables must be boiling hot when put in the tins.

I never have had a sour taste develop in any canned vegetable since the hot-pack method has been used. The sour flavor, which has an affinity for beans and asparagus, is caused by bacteria. The development of these minute organisms is hastened by the warmth and moisture provided by the blanching. Many cans filled with sour beans, for example, are placed in canners if the cold pack is employed. All the processing in the world is to no avail. In the hot-pack method the vegetables are heated at high enough temperatures to prevent the growth of organisms. As soon as a jar is filled with hot food it is set in the canner.

Jam is relished in most households—especially an ideal fruit jam. It is a clear jelly in which morsels of fruit are suspended. Learning how to make this kind of a spread was one task that confronted me a few years ago. After numerous tests the following standard recipe was worked out in our kitchen:

After picking over and washing the berries they are measured into the kettle and cooked slowly twenty minutes. An equal amount of sugar is measured into the kettle; but, since sugar is much more compact than fruit, the measure which was filled with berries should be only two-thirds or three-fourths full of sugar. Cook for fifteen minutes. Test for consistency by cooling quickly a spoonful on a plate. Strawberries, raspberries, very young gooseberries and currants all make excellent jams.

Jelly-making presents many problems. If the ills are diagnosed when they occur they may be avoided in the future. Sometimes the fruity spread is cloudy even though the juice has been strained with great care. I have discovered that over-cooking frequently is at fault. Cooking the juice too long with the fruit or mashing the pulp causes cloudiness.

Occasionally the juice refuses to jell. This practically always is the case with strawberries, cherries, peaches and most very ripe fruits. It took the pectin test about three minutes to convince me of the reason. No juice can jell if it contains inadequate amounts of pectin. These jelly difficulties are solved in our kitchen by the bottle of liquid pectin which has a permanent place in the cupboard.

NEW WAY WITH STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries are a favorite fruit but they are not so easily canned as many other foods. The berries always want to float on top of the juice. I have worked out a recipe for canning berries so they seldom rise to the top. Here it is: Hull the ripe but not oversoft berries and place them in a wire basket. Firm berries are not so likely to float as soft ones. Wash by rinsing in cool water. Use care not to crush. Pour into a shallow pan and add sufficient syrup to cover. This is made by boiling four parts sugar with one part water. Simmer the berries in the syrup eight minutes. Remove from the fire and allow the berries to stand in the syrup overnight. Place in sterilized jars in the morning, adding a little hot water if there is not enough syrup to cover the berries. Process for ten minutes in the water bath or in the pressure cooker with five pounds' pressure; or reheat the berries, fill the jars and sterilize in the water bath five minutes.

Rhubarb is inexpensive and it makes a good marmalade if cooked with three-fourths its own bulk of sugar. Various tests have convinced me that the flavor of the marmalade is improved greatly if the rhubarb is combined with half its bulk of some other early fruit, such as strawberries or pineapple. Take the young, tender stalks of rhubarb and cut them into small pieces, then the berries or shredded pineapple are added. Three-fourths as much sugar as fruit is stirred in. The mixture is cooked slowly until the syrup becomes thick.

Economical jams may be made with the tender pink stalks of rhubarb as a foundation. I use the following proportions: To one part of rhubarb I add three parts strawberries, two parts raspberries, peaches or pears and to two parts rhubarb I use one part shredded pineapple or three parts blackberries. Cut the peeled rhubarb in pieces the same size as the fruit or berries and add three-fourths as much sugar as fruit. Mix thoroughly and let stand overnight. Bring to the boiling point and cook slowly until the jam is thick.

In a country where cherry pie is enjoyed canned cherries are welcome. Place one and one-fourth cups sugar in a saucepan and add two cups water. Boil until the syrup barely begins to form a thread when dropped from the edge of the spoon. Add one quart stoned cherries and bring to the boiling point. Cook from five to seven minutes. Pack the cherries in hot, sterilized jars and pour on the hot syrup. Seal, cool and store in a dark place.

England appreciates the flavor of gooseberry catchup served as an accompaniment to roast beef. This English recipe is easy to follow after the stems and blows have been removed from six cups gooseberries. The berries are washed and mixed with eight cups sugar, two cups vinegar and two ounces each of cinnamon and cloves. The mixture is simmered for three hours.

The Wakeful Child.

Sleep is as essential to the young child as food or water, and the healthy child will help himself to it. Up to the age of six months or so the baby should sleep from eighteen to twenty hours a day. Then the time for sleep gradually shortens. When from one to three years old the child ought to sleep about half the time; from three to six years he should sleep ten or eleven hours a day, and after six years nine or ten hours. If the child does not get this amount of sleep, it is generally because there is something wrong with the child or its surroundings. The bed may be at fault; there may be lumps in the mattress or too much or too little bedclothing. Perhaps the night garment has thick or scratchy seams. The room may be too stuffy, for the child needs plenty of fresh air at night.

The food may be wrong. The child's evening meal should be light, not wholly liquid, and it should contain no stimulating food, no eggs, no meat or meat broths, and no gas-forming foods, such as beans. Whole wheat or graham bread or crackers, with butter, and a little honey or apple sauce or a few stewed prunes, with one glass of water or milk, will suffice for any child up to eight or ten years old.

Do not let a child get into a mood of excitement near bedtime; do not let it hear or read exciting stories, especially ghost stories, and if it plays any games between supper and bedtime, they should be quiet ones. A child who fears the dark should have a faint light in his room or reflected into it. The fear can be overcome by reasoning and argument when the child is older.

During the day a child should live much in the open air, and the noonday nap should be gradually shortened and then given up. If sleeplessness, after reasonable care, still persists, the state of the health must be carefully gone into. Particular attention should be paid to the bowels and digestion, for the cause is very often to be found there. Then the eyes should be examined, for even in a child too young to read, astigmatism may be upsetting the delicate nervous balance. Look at the mouth to see that there is no impediment to the orderly eruption of the teeth and that here are no ulcerations on the gums or the tongue. Chronic ear trouble may cause pain or ear noises that disturb sleep. A beginning spine or hip disease may interrupt sleep with a dart of pain. If there is no disease present, sleep usually follows a warm bath just before going to bed. Never give a sleeping potion, however mild, except by advice of the physician.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Four pounds of raspberries, three pounds of sugar, one and one-half pints of vinegar.

Crush the berries, cover with vinegar and stand twenty-four hours. Put in jelly bags and drip on to the sugar. Put on the fire and let boil ten minutes. Bottle.

Use one-third glass of this vinegar to two-thirds of either plain or charged water and three or four tablespoons of cracked ice. This is a delicious fruit drink for a hot summer day.

Shall I Pay or Live?

"Don't get out of debt too soon" is what a friend told me last week.

That sounded like strange advice but he explained that farmers often live the best end of their lives without really living at all because they try to get out of debt too soon.—E. R.

Cows giving milk rich in butter-fat will yield a larger quantity of butter, and the job of churning will require less exertion.