

# THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

One of the hundreds of quotations I think I know—and I try to put it down on paper—is the one that somebody will probably see to the Paris-ites' song.

I'm not going to look the quotation up but from memory it runs something like this, "Great fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite 'em; and smaller fleas have lesser fleas, and so proceed ad infinitum."

Which should be enough to introduce some observations from Charles W. Brown, of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry. He says that nearly every farm has had some experience of animal parasites. Some have had hog troubles, or an animal hit with Bang's disease. Or maybe—and I know that he will hit right home with many of his readers—cattle that have been treated to the TB test.

And here is what Dr. Brown has to say about some of the more common disinfectants, and the way they should be used:

**Preparation of Buildings:** Before you use any disinfectant the building should be thoroughly "dry-cleaned." Remove all litter and manure. Spread it on fields where livestock will not come in immediate contact with it.

"In case of wood or concrete floors, it will pay to clean them religiously," Brown explains. "Dilute a protective layer around the disinfectant, protecting them from the disinfectant."

**Application:** Some kind of a pressure sprayer is probably the most satisfactory way to treat a building.

**Physical Agents:** Perhaps there is no better soil disinfectant than heat. You can use a burner or flame thrower on open lots. They are dangerous in buildings. The prompt burning or burying of dead animals, dead chickens and aborted fetuses can not be stressed too much.

Burning is best only if you completely burn the entire carcass. Otherwise, burying and covering with quicklime is good protection.

**Sunlight:** Sunlight is a wonderful disinfectant. It's not only one of the best, it's free. The disinfection properties of sunlight are greatly reduced after it comes through ordinary glass.

**Formaldehyde Solution (Formalin):** A 4 per cent solution of formaldehyde in water is considered a reliable disinfectant. This is made by adding one part of five per cent formaldehyde solution to nine parts of water. It has deep penetrating powers and a penetrating odor. The gas is very irritating to the eyes and nose.

**Carbolic Acid (Phenol):** Both carbolic acid and phenol are extremely poisonous and must be handled with extreme care. Carbolic acid is one of the old-time stand-by farm disinfectants. Both should be kept under lock and key, so there is no possible danger of children coming in contact with them.

Today, other disinfectants which are not so dangerous to the user are preferred. A person using even weak solutions of carbolic acid must take precaution to protect the skin. However, a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid is satisfactory for ordinary bacteria. It will not destroy hog cholera virus or the spores of anthrax and tetanus. It must not be used in dairy barns, since milk absorbs the chemical, takes on an odor and taste.

**Hypochlorite:** This is the name applied to chlorine disinfectants sold under a variety of trade names for use on dairy equipment. You wouldn't use them on a hog house, but on your separator or milking machine. The strength of solution and directions for use are usually printed on the label, and should be followed.

**Sodium Orthophenphenate:** This is very valuable in destroying germs of tuberculosis. It has an advantage over creol in that it is odorless—it can be used in dairy barns.

It should be used as a 1 per cent solution by dissolving in hot water.

**Iodine:** This applies to animals—not to humans. Iodine for livestock is sometimes useful as a skin disinfectant. Tincture of iodine is a common preparation. No advantage should be applied after its use.

Remember: Select a disinfectant for a particular use; there is no general disinfectant that will serve all purposes. And guard against indiscriminate use of disinfectants.

Most hog diseases are easily carried on the feet of humans. A plan of disinfectant at the door of the hog house or the feed-lot gate may prevent a disease outbreak in your hogs.

Clean ground is a preventive for parasites—not against virus diseases like hog cholera.

**A MAN** in Northampton parked his car outside the police station while he went inside to buy a \$5 ticket to the policeman's ball. On returning, he found a parking tag on the car.

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# Where They Alter Unightly Faces

"This face under new management" is a sign that may well be carried by a child who has been accepted for the correction of crooked teeth, "Widener's Jaw" and other physiological defects by a Philadelphia Center for Research in Child Growth. It is the primary purpose of the center to detect and correct, whenever possible, dental and facial irregularities that otherwise would disfigure and result in poor health.

The chief reliance of the physician and other dentists who will take the ducklings and the facially handicapped in hand is a remarkable instrument, known as the "cephalometer," a new type of X-ray apparatus devised for the production of scientifically accurate "pictures" of the exterior and interior of the head and face. The cephalometer will enable those in charge of the project to determine whether or not facial and dental disharmony is the consequence of a generalized growth failure in other parts of the body.

The new device will make possible a more accurate diagnosis of the cause and cure of crooked teeth, says Dr. John W. Ross.

**Slow Stupid, Cowardly**  
There are a few animals which are extinct, in a sense, and do not exist. The elephant is one of the species which is another. Of the two the study is the more difficult to study—perhaps one reason why Dr. Harold C. Reynolds is concentrating on it.

The opossum has changed very little since it roamed the continent with the dinosaurs seventy million years ago. Most animals have become more and more specialized as they evolved. But not the opossum. Dr. Reynolds is the only man who has raised opossums in captivity. He now has a third generation to study.

The only man who has witnessed the unusual phenomenon of the birth of an entire litter of opossums, he reports that, after a gestation period of only thirteen days, the embryonic young, each about one-half inch long and weighing no more than a single paper match, emerge to make their way into the mother's pouch. If they fail, they die; if they succeed, they attach themselves to a teat in the pouch, where they remain for about sixty days.

**2nd Shakespearean Outdoor Festival**  
Canada's second annual Shakespeare Festival opens on June 9th in the quadrangle of Trinity College, Toronto, which is recognized as one of the most authentic and beautiful Tudor settings in England. In the open air, surrounded by just such buildings as people might have stepped from in Shakespeare's day, plays will be given for four weeks by the Earle Grey Players: A Midsummer Night's Dream, June 19-24; The Taming of the Shrew, June 26-31; The Tempest, July 3-8; and Twelfth Night, July 10-15.

The extension of the festival makes it possible to have three Sunday night concerts of old English music. These programs, which are free to ticket holders, will be given in the Great Hall of the college, where candlelight flickering on the tapestry background of the dais, and the fine heraldic decorations by Scott Carter recall the golden age of British culture.

The chance to enjoy Shakespeare from the stars drew crowds from many parts of this country and the United States last year, and the fact that thousands of leaflets of information have been requested indicates an even larger festival for 1950. In case of rain the plays are given in the Great Hall.

The festival has made theatre history because it is the first outdoor Shakespeare project of its kind in America, and because Trinity College, with its stately charm, no peer in Tudor architecture on this side of the water.

**CHARGED WITH DRIVING**  
70 m.p.h. a Little Rock, Ark., man claimed that he was merely trying to frighten his wife out of her hiccups.

**JITTER**  
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**By Arthur Pointer**  
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# Historic Canadian Beauty Spot

Capre Trinity, rising majestically above the Saguenay Canyon

creature could be eaten easily without feigning death. It looks as if the opossum has few natural enemies, so that it has a good chance of survival.

Reynolds has been able to improve some of the tales about the opossum—its cunning, cleverness at deception, ability to swing by its tail, and the young riding on the back of their mother and holding onto her arched tail with their teeth. There's no truth in these, says Reynolds.

Accompanied by her elder son, Joseph, Madame Tussaud landed at Dover in May of 1802, and set up her first waxworks exhibition in the old Lyceum Theatre in the Strand. Her husband remained in Paris to supervise the exhibition there.

Her story—which survives today in the shape of the world-famous exhibition in London's Marylebone Road—is obviously a story of success. Yet that success was not won without long years of endeavor, in the face of adversity and despair.

Twice, the sea all but engulfed her efforts. When sailing to Scotland, 36 of her figures were badly damaged by heavy seas. And again, when within sight of the Irish coast, a sudden storm sank the ship carrying most of her collection. Each time she set to and rebuilt her waxworks, but she was always more and more hardy.

In 1831, when her collection was housed at Bristol during the Reform Bill riots, some of the mob, inflamed by liquor, tried to fire the building. But one of her servants, a large Negro, kept them at bay with a blunderbuss until the welcome arrival of the military.

Madame Tussaud was then in her 71st year and she found the experience too reminiscent of the French Revolution for her liking. She fled to London, and she remained permanently in London, and after exhibiting at Camberwell, Hackney, Grays Inn, the Strand, and the Strand, over the Portman Rooms, Baker Street—one time mess hall for the Brigade of Guards—in 1835.

Six years later, her husband—a destitute old man—wrote, asking her for financial help. But his management of her Paris exhibition had been too great a blow to Marie's pride for reconciliation, although she instructed her sons to send what money he needed.

She spent the remaining nine years of her life quietly at the Baker Street where she died on Tuesday, April 16, 1850. Her last words were: "I implore you, among all things, never quarrel!" She is buried at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Place, Chelsea.

Some time, Tussaud has grown and flourished. In 1882 the collection was moved to its present home where it continued to draw huge crowds. But in 1925 came fresh disaster. Fire broke out, and within two hours the work of 150 years was reduced to a sodden ruin. Many of the original moulds were saved, but damage was estimated at \$800,000.

Three years passed before the exhibition was able to re-open its doors, and then, in 1931, a minor earthquake caused further havoc. Dr. Crippen and Carver, both lost was discovered next morning missing her soot right arm.

So a pair of dummy figures appeared in the galleries to glare de-

# Not As Tough As Most Men Think

to adorn his trim likeness. He also left a note requesting that the suit should always be well pressed.

Many still believe that a reward will be given to anyone brave enough to spend a night among the criminals. The rumor was started by Dickens in his publication, "Household Words," and Tussaud's is still believed by applicants from all over the world anxious to test their nerves. Originally, the supposed sum was five pounds, but in recent years it has shot up to a hundred.

The only recorded case of anyone spending any length of time alone in the chamber is that of a rat-catcher who went down one night, beating on the doors, frantically complaining that "everyone was looking at him." That's not surprising for the figures are so arranged.

Big attractions in the Grand Hall are the Royal Group, V.C.'s, Tablets and an old favorite—the beautiful and restful "Sleeping Beauty." She has shivered her way since 1884. In 1928 her clockwork lungs were electrified, and she stopped screaming for the first time during the "cuts" of 1947. The original—beautiful Mme. St. Amant, of Paris, XVI's, was also a beautiful figure 100 years ago on the guillotine!

Today, Mr. Bernard Tussaud, a great-grandson of the founder, is in charge. He supervises the making of each new mould which entails interviewing, photographing and measuring, before the head can be sculptured out of clay.

The figures are made to the exact height and build of the subject in question, who is usually only too pleased to supply a suit of clothes. Where new suits have to be bought, they're made by the subject's own tailor, and usually broken in by a member of the staff.

Eyes, which originally came from Germany, are in short supply today. Particularly scarce are gray-green and gray-blue shades—that of most nobilities. Hair is another headache. It used to come from the Balkans, where girls grew it specially long and sold it as a commodity. It was worth as much as \$125 a time to pay for their dowries. Occasionally, where fashion dictates, wigs are used to enhance their tresses to the exhibition to be interred into the square.

Souvenir hunters have always been a problem at Tussaud's. Every year, dozens of fingers, suit boxes, medals, jewelry and rings are stolen by the public; while Crippen and other murderers lose buttons so fast that—in the words of one official— "it's as good as gone." It's as good as gone when you see the next-door neighbor...

But next time you visit the exhibition, don't fail to look for a delectable little figure in black, standing alone in the Grand Hall like a pocket edition of Mother Hubbard. It is a beautifully modelled self-portrait of the founder, completed that last day of his life at the age of 82.

She has a far-away look in her eyes, almost as if she is looking into the distance, far away in time to the past, so faithfully portrayed by her and her descendants, and to the unknown future yet to be recorded in her name.—From Tit Bits.

**Toast With A Twist**—Curled up like a couple of pretzels, acrobats Mai, left, and Mati Jonen of Finland drink a toast at the annual banquet of the National Society of Acrobats and Aerialists. George A. Hamid, right, who presided over the convention, admires their contortions. Mai and Mati will make their American debut soon.

**By Arthur Pointer**  
By Arthur Pointer  
By Arthur Pointer  
By Arthur Pointer

**Gwan Back To Sleep!**—Just like any human youngster who's up and ready to play at 11:30 p.m., a London Zoo's bear cub, Gwan, was interrupted in the middle of a fish dinner, is understandably reluctant.