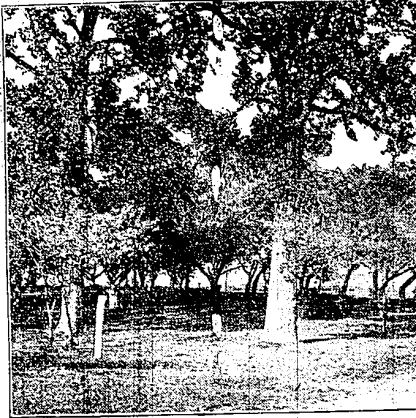


FRUIT TREES AND COWS ARE PROFITABLE



Fine Old Apple Orchard.

There are days, and even weeks when the fruit grower, even with a small orchard, if he be a true orchardist, has his hands full and running over. At such times he finds it difficult to obtain sufficient help to take care of his fruit and must needs depend upon his boys and girls and women and non-contentious men and women to take care of the hedges and by-ways.

The small orchard alone will not permit the employment of competent help. It is the fruit grower's job and so, in poultry raising, although the latter can be conducted and in fact, is now, being conducted in thousands of places by women who find it more profitable and healthful than indoor employment.

Orcharding is, of course, like dairying, a specialized line of endeavor. It is dairying and poultry raising, but it is not enough people in the business to realize this, but the fact is slightly beginning to make its way upon the intelligence of those engaged in it. Dairying is a man's job and so is poultry raising, although the latter can be conducted and in fact, is now, being conducted in thousands of places by women who find it more profitable and healthful than indoor employment.

A large farm is not necessary for dairying. While pastures are needful to a certain extent, it is a fact that dairymen are becoming less dependent upon them every year. A dairymen of my acquaintance near Danbury, Conn., last year plowed up 75 acres of pasture and put it all into corn which was turned into the silo. He has two pastures, each of about 40 acres, and one of the he will go into corn this spring and the other will follow next year. This man says he has discontinued that he can produce more milk with greater regularity of time by the use of silage than on pasture and at less cost.

On an orchard farm, where there is say, 30 acres of fine land, a dairy of 10 cows could be maintained without difficulty. Of course pasture could not be depended upon, but specialized feeds must be used. Good corn land is turned into the silo at 25 to 35 tons of the very best kind of feed per acre, and no pasture on earth has ever yet been able to produce such an amount of milk-giving product.

On 30 acres of land, a total capacity of 75 or 80 tons will feed sufficient silage for six months' winter of 10 cows, and also provide plenty for summer use. Ten cows at least can be maintained on a farm of 40 acres exclusive of the orchard, provided the highest cultivation is followed and the work is specialized. Of course if the cows are to be allowed to run over a large area of pasture this cannot be done. While a little pasture must be used, mainly for exercise and to give that variety necessary to dairy feed, the main support of the dairy must come from the silo and from green crops, especially corn for them.

Of course, on a combination orchard and dairy farm, rotation is absolutely necessary. The silo must have clover, and some for the pigs, because the pigs are necessary to use up the skim-milk and the oats and cow peas should always have a place in the rotation.

Ten or a dozen cows with their calves and the pigs and horses necessary to work the farm, will produce sufficient manure to dress the land fairly well. If this manure is applied to clover sod and it is turned down for the corn it will produce a tremendous amount of sufficient feed to go into the silo.

A farm of this size should also have a field of alfalfa—and let no man believe that alfalfa is to be confined to the arid regions of the west. Some of the finest alfalfa is now grown on the New England hills in places where little else has been raised for many years, while on the rich corn lands of the middle west, alfalfa is now as much a fixture as the corn itself. The orchardist with only 40 acres of free land at his command will have to buy some concentrated feeds. All right, let him buy them, but let him find it will pay well. Dairying is strictly a manufacturing business, and it certain raw materials are necessary to get returns from those grown at home.

WHEN ALL SIGNS FAIL

By CARRIE CLARKE.

Helene Ramsey was extremely superstitious, and had every omen of good or bad luck systematically catalogued in the pigeonholes of her memory, and her days were spent trying to offset any calamity predicted by the ill omen. Struck about her head by a small European aristocrat of good fortune, a four-leafed clover popped in the left shoe; a rabbit's paw occupied the inside pocket of her jacket; on her right hand, the god Billiken grained his approval of her devout worship at the shrine of luck from his throne on her dressing table.

Helene was a fair vision as she stood before the oval mirror drawing a comb through her wavy bronze hair. She was dressing to receive Billy Paxton, who came twice a week to "bring a box of candy and pay his respects to mother," as Helene would tell you should you display curiosity enough to ask her.

The last hairpin was finally placed in position, and Helene glanced at the clock. A few refractory tresses, when it fell from her hand to the floor. "A disappointment," she said almost tearfully, and, going to the door, called: "Betty! Betty, come here, I want you."

"Her younger sister appeared. "Please, dear pick up that comb for me."

"Betty did as she was bid, grumbling at the direction that she was to communicate with him immediately in the event of any of them showing signs of ailment."

One who received a letter stating that a bird of which he had high expectations as a prize winner was unwell, and from the symptoms described the fancier, concluded that it was a case of influenza, and he immediately telegraphed. Accordingly he wired to the girl:

"Isolate bird at once. Important. Home this week but the bird, Mary?" he asked as soon as he arrived. "It's in the coal hole," said she. "You isolated it at once, of course?" he added.

"When I didn't," replied the girl simply. "I got Jim to do it. 'E just got it one week' was the broomstick, and it was all over in a twinkling!"—London Tit-Bits.

Trouble Easily Got Over. Zeuxis, the celebrated artist, of ancient Greece, had painted the cherries so true to life that the birds came and pecked at them. Of course, the high pork packer who had paid \$500.00 for the canvas couldn't stand for that.

"Paint in a success!" he commanded, with an air of one accustomed to meet emergencies.—Puck.

Motors Displace Handcarts. Motors are a nuisance for laborers are almost entirely displaced handcarts on railroads. They are economical because they deliver the men at the place of operation in good condition.

COCA COLA HABIT, A GHOST.

"We have all heard of ghosts, but none of us have ever seen one. It's the same way with Coca-Cola 'habits'; you can hear about them but you might search for them until doom's day and you would never find one. Physicians who have treated hundreds of thousands of drug-habit cases, including opium, morphine, cocaine, alcohol, etc., say that they have never seen a case where the use of Coca-Cola has not fastened itself upon the individual as to constitute a habit in the true sense of the word. Although millions of glasses of Coca-Cola are drunk every year, no Coca-Cola addicts have ever made themselves visible at the doors of the sanitariums for the treatment of drug habits. The Coca-Cola habit is analogous to the bedstead habit and to the strawberry habit and the ice cream habit. People drink Coca-Cola first because they see it advertised and thereafter because it tastes good and refreshes their minds and bodies. They drink it when they can get it and contentedly do without it when they can't get it. If you had ever witnessed the ravages of a real drug fiend when deprived of his drug, if you had ever observed the agony he suffers, you would never again be so unfair as to mention Coca-Cola in the same breath with the 'habit-forming' drugs.—Adv.

BIRD'S TROUBLE AT AN END

Fancier's Pet, Anticipated Winner of Many Prizes, Most Effectually "Isolated."

Here is a poultry story which comes from the country. While away on a holiday a fancier who owns some valuable specimens instructed a servant—a rather new country girl—in the feeding of the birds, and gave strict directions that she was to communicate with him immediately in the event of any of them showing signs of ailment.

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More Latitude. "Say, Pete, why don't you leave your church and join mine?" "What would be the advantage in that?" "I can swear all I darn please, and you can't."

One Definition. "Pop, what's a nure tip?" "It is something, my son, you are sure to lose money on."

COULD POINT TO ONE VIRTUE

Husband's Comparison of Wife's Cigarette With Himself Gave Her Opportunity for "Shot."

President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard said at a dinner in his honor in Chicago:

"Early marriages are the best. It is neither good for the man nor for the community that he should wait until he is twenty-eight years old before marrying."

President Lowell paused a moment and then, smiling, he continued: "Another trouble about late marriages is that the man's habit—his bad habits—are formed, and it's hard to break him of them. You know, perhaps, the story of the cigarette?"

"A man of the old-fashioned 'manly' type—the soft, full-stomached type that drinks too much, belongs to too many lodges, and must be superior to woman in everything—this man took unkindly over his wife's cigarette, the one modest cigarette that she took after dinner, though he, of course, smoked like a chimney all day long. And so he said one evening:

"I believe you think more of that nasty, poisonous cigarette than you do of me, your husband."

"Well, dear," his wife replied, smiling and blowing a cloud, "I can keep my cigarette, you know, from going out."

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

Also, That Poor Egg.

"Water!" From the table by the window the voice of an elderly gentleman rose in accents wrathful. "Water!"

"Yes, sir," replied the much harassed one, hastily forwarding the waiter the voice of an elderly gentleman rose in accents wrathful. "Water!"

"The elder gentleman, overcome by his emotions, made several vain efforts at articulate utterance. Then he said: "Take this egg away!" he roared. "Take it away!"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter obligingly, as he glanced wistfully at the offending article. "And—what shall I do with it, sir?"

"Do with it?" The outraged customer rose menacingly from his chair. "Do with it!" he bellowed fiercely. "Why, wring its neck!"

What They Told Her. A group of old ladies was talking and knitting. Each one was telling how much or how little she weighed at birth.

One said: "Well, I weighed just three and a half pounds."

The others gasped and one of them asked: "And did you live?"

She answered: "They say I did and done well."

More Latitude. "Say, Pete, why don't you leave your church and join mine?" "What would be the advantage in that?" "I can swear all I darn please, and you can't."

One Definition. "Pop, what's a nure tip?" "It is something, my son, you are sure to lose money on."

IT'S HARD TO WORK

It's torture to work with a lame, aching back. Get rid of it. Attack the cause. Probably it's bad kidney. Heavy or poisoning work is hard on the kidneys, anyway, and once the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, the trouble keeps getting worse. The danger of running into gravel, dropsy or bright's disease is serious. The Liver's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for backache or bad kidneys.

As Illinois Case.

James E. Proctor, Knoxville, Ill., says he was laid up with kidney trouble. My back ached so I couldn't move. The kidney secretions were in terrible condition. Kidney Pills cured me. I am now most comfortable for four years. The trouble has never returned.

Dr. Doan's Kidney Pills, 50c a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. JOSEPH L. THOMPSON & CO., Troy, N.Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32-1913.

TOO HASTY IN HIS ACTION

Senator Root Finds Lesson for Statesman in Good Story of the Green Sallor.

Senator Root, at a luncheon in Washington, said, apropos of a new move against the trusts:

"I hope that we shan't go after all our big successful business too hastily, too ignorantly. I hope that business success won't be treated like the old man in the story."

"There's a story about a ship. A sailor fell overboard from his ship and the captain shouted to a green hand: "Throw a buoy over!"

"But the sailor wasn't rescued. He drowned. After all hope of rescue was gone, the captain, reviewing the efforts that had been made, said to the green hand:

"Did you throw that buoy over when I told you?" "No, sir," said the green hand. "I couldn't find a buoy, so I threw an old man over."

Just Like All the Rest. "But, doctor," she said, "I want to raise my baby with all the modern improvements."

"I don't see a single modern improvement about him," the prosaic old man replied.

Its Nature. "Would you put any reliance on an opinion that it is healthy to eat candy?"

"Well, it may not be a true opinion, but it's certainly a candied one."

Going Away. "You seem awfully going away for the summer?"

"No; the cook."

Post Toasties for Lunch

Appetizing and wholesome for summer days.

No cooking—no hot kitchen.

Ready to eat direct from the package—fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar—and sometimes fresh berries.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, Toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal.

POST TOASTIES

Sold by Grocers everywhere.