

Difficult Haymaking.

Anyone can make hay when the sun shines. All that is necessary in the most favorable weather is to cut the grass and let sun and wind do the curing, except where the crop is heavy, and it may need turning over to let the sun have a show on the under side. But it is in showery weather, such as has prevailed in many districts in the last week or two, that careful management is needed. There has been very little chance this season for green curing, or cutting and carrying in the same day, and we fear there is not a little damaged hay being stored. Those who commenced the clover harvest early enough to utilize the bright days of the last week in June did wisely, securing the best quality of hay in prime condition, and what a second crop they will have for pasture, for seed, or for another crop of hay! But with close, muggy weather, and the probability, generally realized, of a shower every other day, it is not so easy to decide what is best to do. One thing certain, under such circumstances, is that it is unsafe to cut down many acres at a time, but wiser to mow only as much as can be cared for in a day or a half a day, and get it put up in well-made, medium-sized coils as soon as all outside moisture is dried off and before evening dew falls on it, even if it be necessary to turn the coils over once or twice before carrying it to the barn. And, for safety, a great deal depends on how the coils are put up. The too-common practice of rolling the hay together with the fork and building on top of a roll is a grave mistake, as it will not secure the crop from damage by the rain. The proper plan is to build from the bottom, laying down one forkful upon another carefully, always keeping the center of the coil full and high until the cap forkful is laid on. Hay so put up will stand a good deal of rain without being seriously damaged, the bulk of it being at least fairly well preserved, while that carelessly rolled together will be saturated from top to bottom in the stress of a storm. We have knowledge of a piece of heavy clover cut in June this year, exposed to only one day's sun, and, owing to appearance of coming rain, put up in small, neat coils, and, though a heavy shower fell, the following days being bright and airy, the hay was taken in a few days later in prime condition, having in the meantime sweated and cured in the coils. But when the ground is damp and the air heavy, the only hope for quick curing is in keeping the hay tossed up by means of the tedder or fork, exposing it as much as possible to sun and air, and getting it into coils before the dew falls. When the grass gets matured, and brighter days come, hay may be cut and made in a day, but it will have neither the palatable nor the nutritive qualities of the early-cut and cured article.

Milk for Paint-making.

In reply to the enquiry in the "Farmer's Advocate" about milk paint, I recommend the following: Take one gallon of new milk, three pounds of cement; add coloring to please the taste. It will set in six hours. Apply with a brush; keep well stirred to avoid the cement setting. Do not mix more than you will use in one day. F. E. PETTIT.

Oxford Co., Ont.

In reply to your question, page 993, last issue of "Farmer's Advocate," re milk paint: Made as follows, and no more should be mixed than is to be used that day: Stir into one gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement, and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may be as well used. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement being very heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle. Apply with an ordinary whitewash brush.

Mohawh Institution, Brantford, Ont.

How Do You Kill Weeds?

In another column an esteemed correspondent requests other readers to describe briefly in these columns exactly how they have succeeded in eradicating ox-eye daisy and keeping it off their farms subsequently. We would be pleased to receive such letters, and also descriptions of how to eradicate wild mustard, Canada thistles, couch grass, ragweed and other pests with which they have had actual experience.

Short-turning Rack.

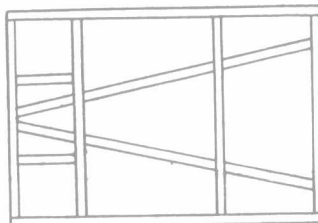
As regards question in this paper re short-turning rack, would say: Draw forward ends of bed pieces of rack together, so that the wheels when cramped will not touch them. Then bolt strong pieces 3x6 inches to bottom of bed pieces to lay on bolster to keep rack from swinging off. T. W. HUNTLEY.

York Co., Ont.

Short-turning Hay Racks.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Enclosed you will find plan of hay rack. Dimensions: Two bed-pieces 2x8; length 13 feet. Two bed-pieces 2x8; length, 2 feet 10 inches. Four cross-pieces 2x6; length, 7 feet 6 inches.

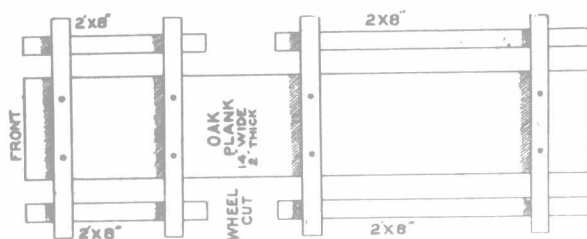


Six pieces covering 1x6; length, 13 feet. Long bed-pieces are bolted together at front end and spread out to stakes behind. Two front cross-pieces are clipped to short bed-pieces and bolted through long ones; covering to be bolted on cross-pieces. This cut does not show covering. The front wheels of wagon turn around the ends of short bed-pieces. We find this a very satisfactory rack. A SUBSCRIBER.

Dundas Co., Ont.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

In your issue of June 29th I noticed a question regarding a short-turning rack. I would offer a pattern of my rack, which I made myself, and which proved to be satisfactory. The sides are



2 in. by 8 in., 16 feet long; 4 cross-pieces 2 in. by 6 in., 3 feet 4 in. long, mortised through the 2 by 8 in. The rack sides have a piece about 14 inches taken out to allow the wheel to pass through. I then have a plank, 14 inches wide, bolted on the under side of the cross-pieces level with the under sides so as to keep from rocking. The person can use any rack if the cross-pieces are 2 in. or 2 1/2 in. from the bottom of sides. The sides are pine, the cross-pieces and the plank are oak, bolted together, and the rack is bolted, instead of pinned, on the sides, 1/2 in. bolts 8 in. long in sides, and 1/2 in. by 4 1/2 in. in bottom. Essex Co., Ont. C. A. PULFORD.

Nurse's Charges Repudiated.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Sir,—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper for a reply to that article in your June 29th issue, entitled, "Open Letter to the Men Folk."

The heart of every true farmer's wife and daughter must burn with righteous indignation at the erroneous idea left in the mind of many readers who know not otherwise, of the home-life on the farm. We would like to know the motive which prompted the writing of that article; then we might give credit for the motive, which alone makes any act moral. We cannot see any beneficial results in those for whose benefit it was likely written, for to those who have been reared on the farm and know that such a picture as has been presented is untrue of the average rural home, it has aroused only contempt and withering sarcasm.

Let us look at the subject in a logical way. The conclusion which one cannot fail to draw from the remarks of "Nurse" is that the majority of farmers are filthy in word and in deed, and utterly unfit for the companionship of their wives and daughters. On behalf of the farmer's wife and daughter, mother and sister, and the farmer himself, we repudiate the charge. To reach any correct logical conclusion three things are necessary, namely: All the data must be before the mind; there must be no bias of feeling; the reasoning faculties must be trained. Think you, did the writer have all the facts before her when she wrote that article? We appeal to the intelligence of your readers, whom we ask to take a few notes of what they have seen and heard. Can the majority of "hubbies"—more properly called husbands—be placed among these undesirable classes? Are not these the few extreme exceptions? We hope we are as refined and sensitive in our tastes as our fair (?) writer, yet we have never been so overcome by the odor of "barnyard muck" as to cause us to faint, nor has our dessert or coffee ever been delicately flavored with the essence of horse and cow hairs. We also wonder if that idea of the annual bath and change

of underclothing is not a product of a too-vivid imagination. From our knowledge of modern hygiene, we would not be surprised if the presence of a nurse were required at the anniversary of the bath. But if all farmers were of this class, we are afraid that the demand for nurses would be greater than the supply. On behalf of the poor, misrepresented farmers, we can truthfully say that they do appreciate any artistic decorations of table or home as much as the one who put them there.

Perhaps indiscretion on the part of some home-maker may have wearied an already wearied man, and, as stated by the writer, may have increased his vocabulary. We never knew of such a case, however. "Swearing," she says, "seems to be an accomplishment of these so-called men." This is contradictory to her opening remark, that those she condemned were "not unlettered nor ignorant men." We all know it is the man of limited vocabulary who tries to emphasize his speech by unseemly language. Thus we might deal with each case; but, while admitting that such may be found under careful, well-directed observation, yet we do say that these cases are the exceptions, not the rule. Therefore, a generalization has been made from insufficient data.

The writer informed us that she had no bias of feeling against farmers, but, from the attitude taken, how could we but think otherwise? Why did she hold before our mental gaze all that was repulsive, and hide from us the many pictures of bright homes, happy and loving wives, devoted, manly husbands. A principle of life is that one gets generally what he expects. We have read of the horticulturist who could not walk through a flower-garden and see a rose bush covered with blossoms without searching until he found at least one blighted leaf. Newell Dwight Hillis has said that men make their own world. "There are men who cannot look upon a great picture without scrutinizing every inch of the canvas for some light or shade to criticise, and afterwards recall only the blemish. Yet, there never was a tree so beautiful that it did not have one broken bough. There never was a book so wise but that it had one untruth or overstatement. Even Helen's brow held one little blemish. Alas for those who pass through life selecting the one unfortunate event of the day, and lifting it up so that gloom may overspread all the hours." If so inclined, we, too, in looking behind the screen, might see the exceptional cases mentioned.

Looking at this from a psychological standpoint, we cannot harmonize the man whom we are told is not unlettered nor ignorant with the described conditions. Unsteady, untidy, vacillating physical habits correspond with similar habits of mind. No one can deny that farming has become a science as well as an art, and as such has no place for unlettered men. The farmer of to-day can take his place wherever circumstances may place him, be it in the Legislature or humbly behind the plow—dignified in either place, and worthy of our pride. The free life on the farm from the beginning trains to responsibility, self-reliance and self-control—the elements of a strong character. What is the result? We could quote many instances of responsible positions in church, in state, in educational institutions, being filled by the bright boys of the farm. No longer are our fathers and brothers, husbands and sons satisfied with the meagre knowledge necessary to obtain a living on the farm, but their leisure hours are spent in satisfying their intellectual aspirations. From the books of our libraries they drink deep of the well of knowledge; in our literary societies they gain eloquence and mastery of language. Among such men would it not be impossible to find the unseemly language, the unmanly conduct and coarse habits which are but a remnant of the age of savagery?

As those who also have "seen and heard," we do not appreciate the sympathy so kindly extended, nor feel the degradation which we should feel in being an associate of such unwholesome surroundings. We are by no means enslaved; we are proud of the noble sons of toil, and under any circumstances will endeavor to correct false impressions conveyed to those who, knowing not the truth, might be prejudiced against us. With Nature's poet, Burns, we say:

"Long may the hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crown and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

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