

FARM CHATS

H. Percy Blanchard, Hants Co., N.S.

How I Was Fooled

THERE'S many a trick between the spark and the kick. I thought I knew something about a gasoline motor. Some of the bulkhead of marine engines in the splashing sea, or tied up at a wharf had tried my patience and finally succumbed to my persistence. We have a four h.p. Gray motor, a "thoroughbred," as the catalogue calls it and a pretty fine engine, too. It has been belted up to the circular saw for a month and more and during that time I have been promising myself and the woodpile to do some sawing, but apparently it was failed of a political promise, as it failed of accomplishment.

Yesterday, after the snow and rain and frost, was a beautiful day, and so we seized it to get a couple of stacks of hay into the barn. There were left about two hours of daylight, and we had an extra man and now was the chance to do a little wood-sawing till evening. So, while the team went for the last "bag" of hay, I decided to get the engine ready.

Fixing Up the Batteries.

The old batteries that had been condemned last spring, had been holding out after a fashion all summer, but a short trial soon showed they were stone dead. There was still the set on the little engine. They were very weak; would not give a buzz except by short circuiting them in the battery box. I concluded, much against my desires, to borrow a couple of batteries from the automobile. Now, two extra batteries are quite a help it wired right. It went to do and then to the weak set, six in a row, instead of four, for the weakest battery in the circuit holds down the others. So I put them in double series; that is, presuming the four old batteries all wired up, they would have their two outside terminals at the end and a carbon. Then, the extra pair of batteries being connected together, a wire went from their unused zinc terminal to the outer zinc of the main set, and in the same way carbon and carbon. Even one extra strong battery can be wired in in this way to help out a weak set.

Now, I had an elegant spark. Apparently a little priming with the gasoline can, and we would have a start. But no; it was no use. Half a dozen times I primed, but not a puff. Possibly the spark plug was dirty. I took it out and apparently it was all right, just a shade wider at the break. When it was back on the engine outside and the circuit closed, there was a beautiful spark. All the same, on the next trial, there was the same, no more.

An Indefinite Postponement.

By this time my priming can was empty and so was I empty of any new plan to start that engine. The team had returned and the hay was in the loft, the men ready to saw, and the engine hung up. I passed out a sort of explanation about the batteries, being weak—something to let me down easy, for my pride is rather touchy when it comes to a gasoline engine—and the wood sawing was postponed indefinitely. Still I hated to be beat. When everyone was again out of sight, I decided to give that engine another try. If it had been a poor engine it would have been different, but usually it went off at the first turn, and kept on the job till I threw out the switch. So I filled up my priming can with more gasoline from the big can and tried again. Imagine my surprise when puff and away the engine went at the first revolution. What had hap-

pened? What had I done to dispel the charm?

The solution was plain as day. That priming can, half full of gasoline, had stood for weeks, and every bit of volatile oil had evaporated, leaving only a dead, heavy oil. It was with this latter stuff I had been priming it and I might as well have used kerosene or even water. Just as soon as the can had been refilled with new gasoline, everything was all right.

Probably many a man has cranked and cranked at his auto or engine, and wondered why the thing would not start and the trouble all the time was that he was using stale gasoline. The "jump" had evaporated from his primer can or even from his cancrouter at the "torkler." Just as soon as the stale stuff was used up, and new gasoline came down, the engine started. I will know better next time.

Took His Cows to College

THERE are "ways and ways" of making one's own expenses through college. It remained, however, for a resourceful Texas boy to hit upon a method of expense-making entirely new in the records of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, where he is enrolled as a student. P. S. Goen, of Harvey, a rural community near College Station, the home of the college, "showed up" at that school last fall with the typical baggage and equipment of a young collegian and, in addition, two good grade Jersey cows.

"We had an extra supply of cows and a shortage of currency at home," Goen explained to President Blizell. "I want a college education, and I am not going to let the lack of money defeat me. I have decided that I can sell enough milk to the residents of the campus to enable me to meet at least my incidental expenses. All I ask is the use of a barn and a small pasture."

Through the influence of the president, Goen was given the use of a barn and small pasture, and thus entered upon the dairy business. From the beginning he experienced no trouble in disposing of the product of the two cows at the satisfactory figure of nine cents a quart for whole milk. The two cows brought him an average return of \$54 per month. Feed cost approximately seven dollars per head per month, leaving the enterprising young Texan a profit of \$47 per month. Expenses at the college are very low and with this income Goen finished the year with a little change in his pockets.

The Texas school of agriculture and mechanics and the military institution, and the cadets put in a full day; but Goen missed no duty on account of his work. About two hours a day were required for milking, distributing the milk and collecting.

"I'll be back next fall with my two 'helpers,' Goen said at the close of school in June. "And I wish you would tell every boy you can reach how I 'got by' because that saying that no one need be deprived of an education because of a lack of funds is no myth. I know; I've demonstrated the truth of that saying this year," like Ashburn in American Magazine.

Mile horses should be turned out for exercise every day in winter except on the few stormy bitter days that occur nearly every winter.

The work horse that has been properly cared for and fed in the summer can be wintered, when not at work, on such roughage as oat straw, prairie hay and corn fodder. In addition to the above it may be necessary to give four to five pounds of grain daily per animal in order to maintain them in good flesh.

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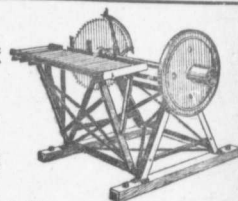
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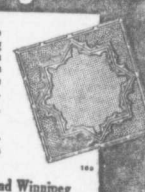
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