

WHY AKEN BOUGHT A SPREADER

And How the Old Club Got a Little Jolt.

BY J. D. C.

I dropped in at the store to look in on the weekly meeting of, what Doc Tanner jokingly called, the "Spit and Whistle Club," last Saturday afternoon, just as the boys were discussing Jud Aken and his new manure spreader.

"Who'd a'thought," Bill Briggs was saying, when I came in, "that old Jud, after all these years of spreading manure from a farm wagon with a fork, would ever spend \$160 for such a thing as a spreader?"

"Does he beat the band?" remarked light-haired Peter Wagener, and two or three others nodded their heads in knowing assent.

"I see, Jud has a reputation of just a little close. The boys at the store used to pull a lot of good jokes out of Jud's expense. Almost every story they told on Jud had something to do with his Scotch ancestry. I recall one of Doc Tanner's. Doc said that he had it on good authority that old Jud went out behind the house one Christmas eve with his shotgun, fired it off in the air, then came in and told the kinds that Santa Claus had just committed suicide.

Another man one that someone told on Jud was about Jud's inspiration of seeing his wife carrying a bucket of water up to the house from the spring in the orchard. They said that Jud hustled to town and bought a yoke for the wife so that she could carry two buckets at a trip instead of only one.

But this particular day, while the boys were discussing Jud's latest lapse of regular form, Jud's second oldest boy, Tom, came into the store for a breast-strap for a harness.

Asa Brown saw him first and, giving the rest of the boys the wink, called young Tom over. Now Asa himself was never accused of being what you might style a spendthrift, but then, it's usually these real tight old wads who like to tell how close other people are. I guess they think that, in that way, they draw attention away from themselves.

Well, anyway, Asa called Tom over and said, "They tell me you've got a nice new green and yellow spreader out to your place now, and that you boys all put on your Sunday suits when you spread manure."

"We've got a new spreader, that's right," answered Tom, good naturedly, "but you're all wrong about those Sunday clothes."

"What the heck ever induced your father to invest in a spreader at this stage of the game, anyhow?" asked Asa. "I never knew that you young skates over there on your farm ever broke so many fork handles working that the old man would figure he'd save money by buying a spreader."

"Oh, we haven't broken any fork handles lately," replied Tom. "In fact, the only fork handle that's been broken on our place in the last year was the one you broke when we threshed last fall, and Dad always insists that you were leaning on that one when it broke."

That sort of turned the laugh on Asa, for that's exactly what did happen over at Aken's last fall. The joke was that young Tom himself had switched forks with Asa at noon and had given him an old fork with a rotten handle, and when Asa used it to help himself down off the wagon, it snapped.

"No, I'd tell you about that spreader, if you care to hear the truth of the matter," Tom went on after the laugh on Asa had died down. "No one told Dad that machine. It sold itself to him."

That sounded like a queer sort of statement. Nobody said anything, and Tom went on:

"You all know the McPherson farm over in Hoyt township. You all know, too, that it is considered about the finest farm in the county and, whether you know it or not, that farm is held up as one of the high producing farms of this province. When I was at the college taking a short course last year, the teachers kept talking about soil fertility and the methods of building up worn-out land, and they often spoke of the McPherson farm in this county and explained how Mr. McPherson had built up his land from practically nothing, to one of the finest farms in the province, simply through a systematic fertility program and a herd of dairy cows.

"I came back home this spring and told my father about this McPherson farm, and how they did things up there. Dad listened at first, but after a while he got tired and told me that he didn't believe all that these teachers told about the place, and so on. Finally, I persuaded him to go over and visit the place with me. I wanted to learn more about it, and I believe that he was just a little bit curious himself. To make a long story short, we drove over.

"We had quite a talk with Mr. McPherson. The old fellow seemed glad to tell us about his place, and how he had built it up. He took us over his system of fertility, and showed us the barnyard, and the manure spreader he had bought. The

it up and know just exactly how much manure I'm putting on my fields, and I can be sure that I'm getting it spread evenly and well. I wear out one of those machines every two years and I buy a new one that often."

"I noticed Dad look a little wild-eyed when he heard that, and when the old gentleman told Dad that he paid \$160 for his last spreader, Dad asked him if he didn't think that was a lot of money to be spending for a spreader every two years.

"Mr. McPherson said, 'I used to think so at first, but I've come to believe that it's the best investment I made on my farm. That machine pays for itself in less than two years, operating for the last six months on my farm, you might say.' That last statement did stump my father.

"About two weeks after that visit to the McPherson farm, Dad came home one evening towing a new manure spreader behind the wagon. He'd been in town all day dickering with Harve Jameson. He finally worked a deal with Harve by trading him a buggy and an old feed cutter, but he came home with the spreader. The first thing he said when I went out to help him unhook it, was, 'I don't expect to buy one every two years, Tom, but I reckon if old man McPherson can make one pay for itself in that short time, we can sort of make this thing pay out if we can nurse it along for eight years or maybe ten.'

"Now, that's the story. I expect that some of you duffers got quite a jolt when you heard that my father had bought a spreader, but I know of at least three of you who don't have one and who never have had one, and it might not be a bad piece of business if you'd go over and have a talk with Harve Jameson. He's got a new carload in and he's pretty anxious to get rid of them."

With that, young Tom left the store. There followed a prolonged silence among the members of the "Spit and Whistle Club," which was finally broken by Peter, one of the spreaderless farmers. Peter rose quickly to his feet, and remarked that he had better be going home. With one accord some unseen spirit moved the other members of the club, and they, too, left, without so much as suggesting that at future sessions the matter of Jud Aken and his manure spreader be further discussed.

Silage Taint in Milk.

Now and then off flavors have been found in milk from silage-fed dairy cows. To determine the cause and the cure, the Dept. of Agriculture initiated experimental work. Thirty pounds of corn silage fed within an hour of milking gives the milk fed an odor objectionable to most consumers. With a ten-pound feeding there is but very slight ill effect.

Silage made from sweet clover, fed in small quantities as five pounds before milking, has a disagreeable effect.

Not over fifteen to twenty pounds of corn silage, or fifteen pounds of legume silage can be fed twice daily, even after milking, without imparting a plainly discernible flavor and odor to the milk.

The slight taints may be overcome by aeration of the milk. In this case, even with sweet-clover silage, it was found that fifteen pounds fed twice daily did not permanently injure the commercial value of the milk if aerated when still warm. Spoiled silage, even in small quantities, will injuriously affect the milk.

Green alfalfa fed at the rate of thirty pounds one hour before milking produced very pronounced effects upon the milk; in fact, objectionable flavors and odors were present when this preliminary feeding was reduced to fifteen pounds.

When the alfalfa was fed three hours before milking, the taint was still appreciable. Feeding five hours before milking failed to show any effect upon the milk.

The light feed consumed immediately after milking caused no noticeable reaction to the ensuing milking. Strange to state, a heavy feeding, thirty pounds, immediately after milking seemed to bring about some improvement in the flavor and odor of the milk.

The conclusion reached, therefore, is that green alfalfa is a more satisfactory silage crop if fed after milking.

With green corn, the case is different. Twenty-five pounds was taken as the usual feeding and milk from cows receiving this quantity just before milking was sampled by numerous persons, and but slightly off flavors, if any, could be detected. Corn fed after milking had no effect upon the milk.



OUR THANKFUL DAY

There's lots and lots of gratefulness around,
There's still a nut or two upon the ground;
We gather colored leaves and woody things
To brighten up the parlor; Grandma sings
Her old, old hymns out of a happy heart;
We have a play at school and I take part;
Mother makes cakes and crocks of mincemeat too
And gives me all the fussy things to do
Like seeding raisins, slicing citron up
And smoothing butter level in a cup.
We're all right there at church, Thanksgiving Day,
And Father shuts his eyes, I s'pose to pray;
The preacher doesn't hurry as he would
If only he could smell our turkey good.
But we get home at last, the gravy's made,
And Grandpa slowly his long grace has said,
The plates are heaped and we begin to taste
And not a single goody goes to waste.
This being Thankful once a year is nice
But I'd be Thank-fuller to do it twice!

Harvest Festival.

Said Bridget's door stood open wide,
A fine smell there was inside
From fruits piled up for what they call
The Harvest Feast.

—When I was small
I smelled that first. Eh! How I sat
And sniffed it up then, till the fat
Old bread gave my head a clout!
And said, "Stop that, or ye'll go out!"
I love that smell. 'Tis one grand
blend
Of all things that we do tend.
'Tis apples, ev'ry sort and kind;
And wheat and oats, which they do
bind
In cunning little sheaves, to go
On Parson's desk there, in a row
And 'tis great purple grapes, and
green

Ones too, and piles of clean
Potatoes, and tomatoes red,
And giant leaves of new-baked bread,
And marrows, onions, carrots, plums—
The scent of all these creatures comes
In one strong breath, that fills your
heart
With joy and peace.

—There is a part,
So I've heard tell, where they use
smoke
In church each Lord's Day; they be-
spoke
His blessing that way, so they say.
But I do think Thanksgiving Day
With all its fruits is best. And why?
Because Lord made them all, says I.
—B. M. Powell.

A Thanksgiving.

I offer thanks for home and dear ones
in it,
For friends long cherished that the
years have tried,
For village streets where peaceful
homes stand dreaming,
For hills' blue splendor, and for
meadows wide.

I'm thankful for deep woods so calm
and silent,
For giant pines upon some steep
slope,
For sunsets' glory, and the hush of
twilight,
For shaded cloisters and deep organ
tone.

I'm glad that little children know and
love me,
That I can welcome shade as well
as shine,
And humbly do I thank the great al-
Giver
For priceless heritage, this land of
mine.
—By Alix Thorn.

The Farmer's Thanksgiving.

The earth is brown, the skies are gray
And the windy woods are bare,
The first white flakes of the coming
snow

Are softest in the frosty air;
But the sparks fly up from the hick-
ory log
On the homestead's broad stone
hearth,
And the windows shake and the rafters
ring
To the lads' and lassies' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and
worn
And his locks are thin and white;
But his hand is steady, his voice is
clear

And his eye is blue and bright
As he turns to look at his sweet old
wife,
Who sits in her gown of gray,
With the cobweb kerchief and creamy
frills
She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board
And his guests are silent all:
"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and
rain,
And the fruit on the orchard wall;
For the silver wheat and the golden
corn
And the crown of a peaceful life—
The greatest blessing that Thou canst
give,
A true and loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to
kiss
Her hand in its frill of lace
And the faded rose on her wrinkled
cheek

With a proud and courtly grace;
And the snowflakes click on the win-
dow-pane
And the rafters ring above
And the angels sing, at the gates of
God,
The words of the farmer's love.

—Mimma Irving.

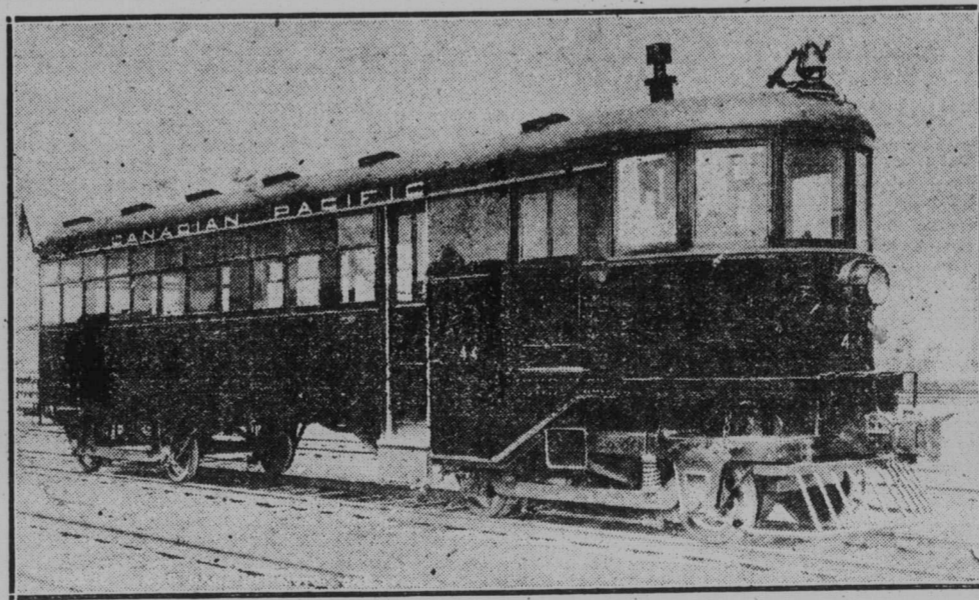
It's come to thankful time again—
The yellow corn is shining,
And every purple autumn grape
Can show a silver lining.

Peppermint to Test Boilers.

Oil of peppermint is used to test
steam boilers. If the pungent odor of
the mint escapes it indicates a leak.
A boiler which can hold the smell of
the oil is said to be capable of stand-
ing any ordinary pressure.

SO, LET POPPIES GROW FOREVER IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR DEAD

Oh! those poppies there in Flanders, with their startling scarlet gleam,
How they stand as mystic symbols of the mighty, glorious dead,
Every blood-red fluttering petal is an emblem of each dream
Which each boy had dreamed in boyhood, but, came sacrifice, instead;
So, let poppies grow forever—in remembrance of our dead
By the memory of their valor may our hearts, to-day, be led,
To the living, valiant, heroes who, for us, have fought and bled,
Let us prove that we remember those long years so filled with dread,
And that memory reaches weary marches, solemn tread,
As we buy (with grateful memories) poppies, poppies, growing red.
—LILLIAN McMURTRY.



GASOLINE COACH CUTS DOWN TIME.

What was first tried out as an experiment has proven in the light of actual facts a great success when the gasoline coach C.P.R. service between Woodstock and St. Thomas was inaugurated early this month. Under the schedule operating this car the running time between these towns was reduced by thirty minutes and members of the bus communities affected are loud in their praise.

FIXIN'S FOR THANKSGIVING

BY IRENE HUME TAYLOR.

Even though the housewife may follow a hobby of searching for the new dish or novel menu every other day in the year, when it comes to Thanksgiving there is only one menu, and the traditional dishes appear on the table of every real home.

The menu is as set as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the only difference the country over in the food served lies in the cleverness of the cook in seasoning and dressing up the various viands.

If you haven't lost the appetite that honors the plainest dish, you're surely going to enjoy this Thanksgiving dinner, with all its fixin's and trimmings. Everybody, of course, knows how to roast it to perfection, all crispy and brown and juicy; and each one of you no doubt has your own pet idea about how to stuff it too.

But do you all know about sausage stuffing for the king bird? If you will take one and a half quarts of stale bread crumbs and mix with them one and a half cupsful of fresh pork sausage meat, a small chopped onion, one teaspoonful of poultry seasoning, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, the juice of a lemon, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, you will have something pretty nice. You may find it necessary to moisten the dressing a bit to make it hold together. It will make sufficient stuffing for any medium sized bird.

PUMPKIN PIE DE LUXE.

When the sauce has been poured over the potatoes dot them generously with butter and place the dish in a moderate oven—350 degrees—and cook till the sauce begins to caramelize.

Though you may have turkey and mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, and all the rest of the fixin's from soup to nuts, your dinner won't be a real Thanksgiving one without a plump homemade pumpkin pie.

You will be sure to have your own favorite recipe for this one kind of pie, so it won't do me any good to give you mine, for you wouldn't try it for Thanksgiving anyhow.

But have you ever tried making the crust a bit higher than usual, to hold a circle of tiny cream cheese balls? These are placed about the pie at the crust edge at intervals to allow the serving of one ball with each cut of pie.

A Home-Grown Thanksgiving Dinner

It is rather difficult to suggest a menu which will suit all sections of the country, but the one given below is elastic and calls for very few supplies which are not home-grown.

For the centerpiece, hollow out a pumpkin and fill it with fruit, evergreens, pine cones, branches of bitter-sweet, bayberries, roschips, or other available berries. Place on the table and surround the base with ferns, autumn leaves or sprays of hemlock.

MENU.

Tomato Soup Whipped Cream
CROUTONS
Celery Home-Made Pickles
Salted Nuts or Buttered Pop Corn
Roast Rabbit and Savory Croquettes
or
Baked Fowl and Potatoes
Coleslaw String Beans
Cranberry Jelly
Pear Salad Ro's
Saltine Crackers and Cheese
Steamed Carrot Pudding, Hard Sauce
Coffee Candy

Many of the dishes could be prepared the day before and reheated just before serving. The soup is made of canned tomatoes and meat stock, a spoonful of whipped cream being added to each plateful just before serving. For the croquettes, butter very lightly slices of stale bread, then cut to form small blocks. Dust lightly

HOW TO CARVE THE TURKEY

1. Place on platter, neck to left. Cut off leg on side nearest you, separate the thigh from drumstick, and cut each into two servings.
2. Cut off wing on side nearest you.
3. Starting at top of breastbone, carve vertical slices of white meat.
4. Serve one piece of dark and one piece of white meat, unless a preference is expressed. Serve a spoonful of stuffing also. Gravy is passed.
5. Carve enough pieces to serve all the guests before starting to serve, so that all may be served at nearly the same time.
6. When one side is carved, turn the platter around and carve the other in the same way.

Good pumpkin pie has to have its fresh pumpkin and eggs and good country milk and all the rest of it; but have you ever intrigued the family by serving each portion with a whipped-cream rose adorning it? To make them, sweeten the cream and squeeze it through a pastry bag.

There must be cranberries in some form or other, that's sure; but they don't always have to be just cranberry sauce. They may be made into jelly or sherbet to lend a delightfully refreshing note to the general color scheme of pumpkin shade.

Instead of a large dish of jelly or sauce, try moulding tiny portions of either in wine glasses or other small containers. These may be grouped together on a platter and one of them slipped onto each individual plate. Or tiny jelly molds may be used around a molded gelatin salad, which may be served from the table. A gelatin salad made from finely sliced cabbage and celery makes a very good Thanksgiving salad.

And after dinner, while the nuts and raisins are slowly disappearing, those most concerned—if they can express themselves by that time—are surely going to vote that the cooking and eating of a Thanksgiving dinner is anything but a lost art—in their particular home anyhow!

ROAST RABBIT.

Wash the rabbit well in soda water, lay it in salted water for an hour, then stuff with onion, celery, or chestnut dressing and sew up. In a baking dish place one sliced onion, a few cloves and whole peppercorns, one sliced carrot, and one bay leaf. Rub the rabbit with salt and pepper and place it in a pan, putting fat here and there over the rabbit. Sift a little flour over the top and pour a cupful of stock or hot water in the pan. Cover tightly and roast, basting frequently. When ready to serve, place on a hot platter and garnish with currant jelly.

Savory croquettes are made thus: To one quart of hot, freshly-mashed white potato add a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of poultry seasoning, the yolks of two eggs and one-half cupful of chopped nut meats. When the mixture is cool, form into round balls or long croquettes, roll in fine dried bread crumbs, then in the whites of the eggs, which have been mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and again in the bread crumbs. When ready to serve, fry in deep hot fat. These can be prepared rédy for frying the day before.

BAKED FOWL.

An elderly fowl can be used for this dish. Joint in the usual way and pack closely in a stone jar or casserole that has a close-fitting lid. Add a level tablespoonful of salt for one fowl and cover the meat entirely with scalding hot milk. If the fowl is fat skinned milk will do nicely. Place in a hot oven and after it begins to cook let it simmer gently for from three to four hours. When ready to serve thicken the gravy with flour and cold milk mixed smooth. This is good served on hot baking-powder biscuits, split open and placed crust side down on a platter.

For the pear salad, lay half a canned pear (cut lengthwise) upon lettuce leaves, arrange nuts on the pears to form eyes, nose and mouth. Add stiff salad dressing around the round end of the pear to form a cap and under the narrow end (the chin) add "cap strings" made of sliced sweet peppers or pimientos.

Steamed carrot pudding requires one cupful of carrots, place in a hot half cupful of melted butter, three-quarters of a cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of flour, a few gratings of nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt and baking-soda, and two cupfuls of raisins. Put the carrots and potatoes through a fine grinder, twice. Add the other ingredients, mix well, pour into a buttered mold and steam for two and one-half hours.

Hard sauce is delicious with this pudding. It is made by creaming one-third of a cupful of butter. Then add one cupful of powdered sugar, one-third of a teaspoonful of lemon extract and two-thirds of a teaspoonful of vanilla.