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"Haying—Then."

is awaited in certain expectancy. She starts forward with a sort of whining, protesting grunt, that for downright hypocrisy and stage play is seldom equalled. She knows you will lunge forward, hoping for another good whack at the ham and forget your inspection of the fence. When she is finally evicted through the gateway and you have apprised the universe that "you'll be 'dabusted how she got into that field," she grunts about as if she too were much puzzled. When the episode is forgotten by all but herself she goes back into the cornfield—through the hole. She has other diplomatic ruses and often dark subterranean secrets. She is bad, morally. Motherhood does not ennoble her. The criminal tendencies remain to the end and she dies as she lived, unrepentant, base, dishonest, shady, unscrupulous, full of guile.

When the little fellows have graduated from babyhood they are shut up by themselves in a sort of kindergarten and given "way" or skimmed milk. (This "skimmed" milk is not to be confused with the "skim" milk that the farmer uses to wet his porridge. The latter is a sort of yellow scum that accumulates on the surface of the milk over night and is so unsightly that many farmers take it off and use it for their own tables.) If it is summer the piglets are given a run in a clover patch, where they play "pigs in the clover" all day and furnish artistic souls with a picture of contentment, ignorance and bliss, unequalled anywhere. There are occasional spats when two tiny pugilists spar for several minutes, driving the spot on their lower jaw, where tusks will grow if they live a long time, into each other's side meat. Contests of this kind are not without interest owing to the good nature of it. Both belligerents seem to be aware of the humor of the thing and the audience half expect them to finish the bout in a playful scamper.

Sometimes they are given the "run of the place"; that is they are privileged to go where they please, but before that is allowed each piglet is adorned with a coppered, three-sided ring in the remote end of his nose. The object of the ring is to support his immature will when assailed with the temptation to root up lawns, looking for fish worms and other bait. The ring reminds him when the temptation gets too strong. This freedom with a ring to it has drawbacks and there is not the same sunny good nature as prevailed in the clover patch. There is a look of pensive uneasiness and a desire to be all over the farm at one time that discounts the freedom of it. When a piglet is in a clover patch and has a reasonable assurance of the impossibility of getting out of it he is likely to be more contented and productive of bacon.

The production of bacon—Here then is the object of all this culture. To develop a digestive system that will turn the minimum of corn into the maximum of bacon. Bacon is the chief end of, and the only reason for, a pig's existence. High-browed pigs may speculate on a higher destiny, but the fact remains. The existence of millions of pigs everywhere is due to man's hankering for bacon. If the race were converted to the mosaic persuasion pigs would become extinct, with the exception probably of specimens in menageries. They would never be bred for their fur, and, nature, concerned probably lest their hair should take to falling out, drove it clear through the skin clinching it on the inside, said skin being so full of bristle holes as to render it unfit for leather. Their fat could not compete with Standard oil. There remains merely their flavor and interesting appearance. To survive in any respectable numbers the pig must be palatable. He seems to be aware of this and directs his whole attention to the production of juicy, tender streaks of fat and lean.

"Finishing up" the hogs is not, as the term

might seem to imply, the butchering. It refers to that period, when the pig is nearing maturity and is placed in custody for the last time, and is alternately fed and starved in the ratio you want the fat and lean streaks proportioned. During this period of close confinement, he is seldom referred to as a "pig", and the harsh and more brutal term "hog" is used. The interest in him changes from paternal to commercial. If he gets ill your concern is not for his suffering but for your loss. His character changes to fit the new attitude. He becomes harsh, unfeeling, hoggish; and you forget that a few short weeks ago, he was a tiny piglet, doing funny stunts and playing "pigs in the clover." It takes an effort to recall his pudgy babyhood when you marked the cute gait of him and the comical curl in his tail. The shadow of a vast, brutal commercialism has settled over the hog-pen, and yourself, distorting things. It is hard to realize that you are the same being who looked on at that nursery scene only three pens up the gangway. Not the pigs alone have turned hog. There are disgusted moments when something in your remote psychological "innards" shudders. You look down into eyes that have lost all expression except greed, upon forms of bloated, shapeless inaction, with excess of lard as supreme ideal—types of bestiality and hoggery. You seem to be an accomplice in the crime of arresting nature—of substituting ideals. They bark discordantly, in chorus, for a moment; then listen—expectantly—with erect ears. They are listening for the only music that appeals to them—the rattle of corn ears. There is nothing beautiful left in them. Not that they are living solely for self, which they did always. Selfishness has shrunk to mere appetite—or mere craving for appetite more beastly and hoggish still. Lost souls these, in very deed. Action, even the most primitive, is abandoned except that having reference to corn. Absorption has become the one propensity,—their law,—their universe. You take a handful of ears and throw them, disgustedly, one by one, at their snouts, and go down the gangway to the nursery pen, where another family has recently arrived. You call them "tootsies"; stoop over and pull a curly tail till the owner makes his cute protest and mother delivers angry eloquence, refreshing to the soul, sodden by the late bestial picture. Beauty, motherly self sacrifice, romance even, these are not entirely absent from the piggery. Even "Jarge," who lives a sort of bachelor life across the gangway—ferocious Jarge great in the strength of his heavy neck and tusk-armed jaw, does not lack in things to admire. One spot alone repels, nauseates, disgusts,—there degeneracy is king, and to this end does the piggery exist.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

ANGUS McKYE.

FARM.

Making Alfalfa Hay.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

There is no one way of making the best hay. We must be guided, to a large extent, by the conditions that exist on our farms, and the weather. Cutting, tedding and coiling and letting it stand in the field for a number of days, will make excellent hay, provided the weather conditions are right and the supply of labor is adequate. On most Ontario farms there is not sufficient labor to save large quantities of hay by the above-mentioned method.

Our plan for a number of years has been to cut our alfalfa when it is coming into bloom, or more properly speaking, when the buds at the base of the stock have started a new growth. This is important, as the following cutting depends largely on this. If cut too early the following crop will be slow in starting, and if cut too late the young plants will have started from the base of the old stalks, and the young shoots injured by the mower cutting the top off. If the alfalfa has too far advanced there is a greater loss of leaves, which are the most valuable part of the plant, and the stalks contain a greater quantity of woody fibre which is largely indigestible, therefore, it is important to get as much of the crop cut at the proper time as possible. We aim to start when the weather conditions appear favorable. We start to cut in the morning after the dew has pretty well dried off. The reason for waiting for the dew to dry off is that the alfalfa dries more quickly standing than when cut down. We cut with two large-sized mowers, which makes it an easy matter to cut down a twelve-acre field in the forenoon. The most of our fields are of that size. The tedder follows the mowers about a half hour later, so that the field is all cut and tedded before dinner. It is again tedded after dinner and raked into windrows the same evening. It is sometimes difficult to rake, requiring the second sweep to be taken. The twice tedding has kept the hay open and loose, and allowed the wind to pass through it. This operation causes a rapid evaporation of the sap. It is allowed to lay in the windrows over night. They are tedded lengthwise the next forenoon and again in the afternoon, and allowed to lay in the windrow the second night; it is again tedded the third morning, and the hay loader is immediately put to work and the hay stored in the barn. This makes an excellent quality of hay, which comes out of the mow in the winter as green and fresh as when put in the barn. It contains practically all of the nutrients in the best possible form for feeding stock.

Some farmers will object to this method on the ground that it takes so much labor, tedding, and there will be a great loss of leaves. To the first objection I wish to call their attention to the fact that the work is done by a span of horses and a man, and that it does not require a great length of time to do the work, as it is only the windrows that are tedded, and it allows the use of the hay loader, which reduces the manual labor to a minimum. To the second objection that there will be a great loss of leaves from the frequent tedding, I grant that the matured leaves at the base of the stalks will fly off. This will occur under any system, but by the frequent use of the tedder we prevent the leaves on the hay that is exposed to the sun from becoming too dry. They are kept in a wilted condition, and the leaf, which is the natural organ for pumping the sap out of the stems, continues to perform the functions that nature intended it to do.

If the weather continues favorable, a large acreage can be stored in a few days. If the weather conditions are not favorable we have to fall back on the old and more laborious method of coiling. We follow the same method in saving red clover and timothy hay.

I would like to call attention to a couple of points in connection with weather conditions



Haying—Now.