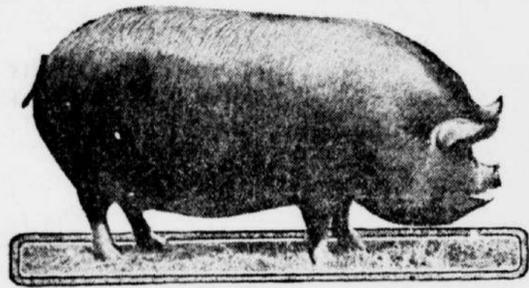


POOR HOGS ARE COSTLY ON AVERAGE FARM



Champion English Berkshire Sow.

I have never clearly understood why most farmers are opposed to getting rid of the mongrel breed of swine and getting hold of a better, bigger, thriffler animal. The hog flesh that is capable of turning corn and slops and good pasture grasses into pork quickly is the variety every man of us needs.

There is a shortage of meats that is world-wide at the present time, says a writer in the Farm Progress. Prices are good, they may or may not be higher. It is time for the farmer to take a greater advantage of his opportunities in the way of meat production.

In this connection, it may as well be understood that the man who buys his hogs and his feed will not make a great deal of the hog raiser's first consideration of the hog raiser is to grow his own feed. Breeding his own animals is the second.

Get rid of the rundown, worn-out breeds if you have hogs of that character. To make money on porkers grow the 200, 300 and 400 pound animals. Stringy, razor-backed, rangy animals will eat as much corn as the more compact hogs that turn corn and slops into money.

The boar is a big consideration. Get a bood one for yourself or if this is impossible buy one in partnership with one or two of your neighbors. Then wait for results before giving up the project and slipping back into the old way. Pick out the best sows you have, buy a few more if necessary, and give some consideration to pasture. Keep the boar and the brood sows and the young pigs out of the horse lot and give them a chance to grow.

Dry lots, wood pastures, close pens and barren fields are not suitable for keeping the hog where a profit is to be expected. Twenty years ago there were men in this community who made a great deal of money from mast-fed hogs. That was before the days of the "stock law" and there was much timber. Now the timber is pretty well gone, but some men still expect to partially fatten their hogs by allowing them to run in woods pastures during the late fall.

A certain part of the farm will have to be set aside for the production of hog feed if their rearing is to be a success. The number of acres required will, of course, depend upon the number of hogs that are to be

put on the market. It will depend, too, upon the kind of feed that is being grown. In my opinion, corn is about the best feed that can be given the hogs on the average farm.

Hog raising ought to be as much a part of the regular farming operations as the growing of crops, the rearing of cattle and the handling of meadows. Unless conditions are unusual a hog farm is hardly likely to pay. But—the hog should be a part of the regular production of any and all farms where crops of a feeding value are grown. We ought to grow all the porkers that can be economically grown and fed.

The hog is a mortgage-lifter and a bankroll fattener in these later years. The profits in his carcass may be reached by any man having a few or many acres. The slow spread of the breeding of better hogs is bound to make the business more profitable in the future.

The principal argument advanced against the better breeds of hogs is that they are not altogether suited to the conditions on the average farm. It is urged that the better-class hog has grown under more favorable arrangements and that he is inferior to the nondescript in not being able to take care of himself. That is a mistake. In the first place any hog that is profitable must be given proper sheltering, pasturing and rations. If the change is gradual the objection will not be true in any case.

By getting a good boar, say a pure-bred Berkshire, putting him at the head of the herd, this can be proven. It is possible to get a good boar without sending 800 or 1,000 miles for him. Usually he can be secured pretty close to home, and he is already acclimated. A pure-bred boar, used with a herd of ordinary brood sows, will boost the meat production of the farm by about one-third and the fattening will not require an ear more of corn or a pound more of slops in his feed.

We ought to get rid of the razor-back type that eat more corn without results than do the animals that have been bred for generations with the idea of turning out an animal that can turn every grain of profit. While blue-ribbon types are not adapted to ordinary farm conditions, the hog with the breeding back of him will pay in the end.

AMERICA'S STRANGEST CITIZENS



GOVERNOR OF PUEBLO

WE of this vast America are fortunate in that by ordinary travel, without changing the flag and even without changing cars, we may fit our scenery and our people almost to our passing desires. We may substitute coast for prairie, mountains for plains, wilderness for city, desert for valley, palms for pines, summer for winter, cloud land for sea level, virtually at the whim of the moment. And lo! what a range of type from the ghettos of New York and Chicago to the French of Louisiana, the Mexicans of the southwest, the mountaineers of Tennessee, the negroes of Georgia, the Dutch of Pennsylvania, the Chinese of the coast, the Indians of the reservation!

Half-reclining along the ruined wall surrounding the ancient pueblo of Taos, N. M., I thought upon these things, while before me weaved the busy daily life of this strange people—a life, unaltered like their mystical speech, through the centuries. Independent, careless of the recently-acquired staidness in which as citizens they were entitled to take pride, they pursued their even, picturesque ways, writes E. L. Labin in the Los Angeles Times.

For this pueblo of Taos is the rival, in its clannishness, of the far-famed Zuni, and in its type is more perfect than Zuni. Its twin casas grandes, or great houses, the domiciles of the 500 people, rise in six and five terraces or stories, respectively, and are the best examples intact of the curious pyramidal construction. Virtually as described by the Spanish of Colorado's expedition in 1540; the "Braba" of the natives, the "Valladolid" of Captain Alvarado, the "Taos" of modern date, stand these two casas grandes; and their dark-skinned fold tread the same routine. The pueblo was old in Captain Alvarado's time, and is built beside the ruins of still a previous pueblo. What place in Europe can show a life of longer duration, and unchanged?

Decidedly Moorish.
In common with other pueblos—and there are many of them throughout New Mexico and Arizona—the Taos buildings are entered from the ground by means of ladders, which lead to the first terraces. Formerly the ground floor of the pyramids presented only blank walls, windowless and doorless, and the ladders and entrance through the ceilings constituted the sole means of incoming and forthgoing. But in these peaceful days there are doors and windows, and the ladders, instead of being drawn up for the night, remain in place night and day. The tiniest tots, and even the dogs, are expert in ascending and descending their rounds.
From terrace to terrace are other ladders, and in places are merely crooked boughs—and the adobe threshold worn smooth and deep by generations of moccasined feet.

There is something decidedly Moorish in these terraced, castellated walls, joined by ladders; the windows paneless and narrow and thick of casement; the figures "passing up and down, squatting in the sun, or carrying buckets of water upon their heads, and shrouded in many hued shawls, and white-booted.
For this is the pueblo garb: Shawls, black, red, gray, for the women; and blankets, shawl-like, for the men; so that one must look to the feet to designate the sexes. The men wear the moccasin and the leggings; but the women wear a soft bootee, extending above the knee, of the whitest, finest doeklin.

QUAINT REMEDIES FOR ILLS
Devoutly Believed In in the Past, They Are Merely Matter for Laughter Now.
Tiger's flesh and new-born puppies were among old remedies, said Dr. F. M. Sandwith, during the course of a lecture which he delivered at the City of London school recently.
One book, he said, recommended a live spider to be rolled in butter and formed into a pill and then swallowed as an antidote to jaundice. Vipers were held in high esteem, and a broth made from them was said to strengthen the eyesight. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries powdered mummies were prescribed, and so great was the demand that fraud led to more mummies being supplied than ever came out of Egypt.
It must be remembered that the rational view of disease was quite modern. In some of the older herbal works a striking fact was the constant recommendation of various remedies for bruises which gave one some

WOMAN SURVIVOR OF BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG



That woman played a prominent part in the greatest battle of the Civil war that was fought just fifty years ago, is apt to be forgotten until a mute reminder such as is seen in the photograph is brought to our attention. Fifty years back is a long time to remember, yet here one of those who fought under the stars and bars, five decades ago, is greeting one of the women nurses and one of the few remaining ones whose husband was the comrade in arms of the grizzled old veteran.

SIDELIGHTS OF GETTYSBURG REUNION

The great reunion of the blue and the gray on the battlefield of Gettysburg has passed into history. It was in all respects the most unique gathering of the soldiers of the 60's ever held. Men who fought each other fifty years ago this year fraternized as long-separated brothers. Naturally such a gathering would be productive of many incidents, both pathetic and humorous. As many stories were floating about as there were veterans at the reunion.

The camp is full of unexpected meetings. Every day brings forth numerous meetings between men who have not seen one another for many years. Many are commonplace, but some are extraordinary. For instance, here is one:
I. D. Munsee of Erie county, Pennsylvania, a soldier in the 111th Pennsylvania, was captured by the confederates at Peachtree Creek, Ga., when he was one of Sherman's army on the celebrated march to the sea. He was being conveyed to the rear by a confederate soldier when the union batteries opened fire upon the party among whom he was a prisoner. The man who was guarding Munsee was hit and fell, knocking Munsee down and lying on top of him.

Seeing his chance of escape, Munsee lay very still under the unconscious confederate while the battle raged around them. That night he slipped from under the body and escaped to the union lines.
"I thought that fellow was dead," said Munsee, "but I saw him today. Poor fellow, his mind's bad, and he didn't recognize me, but I was sure of him. I couldn't even get his name, but I'm going over later to the Georgia camp and try to find out who he is."

Here is a story which was told by A. T. Dice, vice-president of the Reading railway:
Once upon a time there were a veteran in gray and a veteran in blue. They came to Gettysburg and in the course of events and visits to hotels they happened to meet. They looked over the sights of Gettysburg and the monuments of the field. But they found they must part.
The one in blue lived in Oregon; the one in gray in New Orleans. They went weeping together to their station and passed by train after train, deferring the parting that must come. Just what they said, just how they reached the final grand idea of the meeting, Mr. Dice did not know.
But, however, yesterday they finally decided that the time for parting had come. The one from Oregon could not figure how to reach home via New Orleans and his gray comrade, while willing to see the west, didn't have the money for a ticket.
They lined up on the platform as their trains stood waiting and then before the crowd, they slowly stripped off their uniforms and exchanged them there while the curious flocked to see them.
The Oregonian who came proudly to town with a coat of blue, went as proudly away with one of gray and the veteran from Louisiana who boasted the gray of the south sat with swelling chest in his new uniform of blue.

Wearing a tattered uniform of gray, Alexander Hunt of Virginia was the central point of interest on the streets of the town. Mr. Hunter was wearing the identical suit and hat which he wore at Gettysburg fifty years ago.
The suit was in rags and has a bullet hole through one of the sleeves. He carried all his accoutrements used at Gettysburg and wore a union belt taken from a foe here. Mr. Hunter was a member of the Black Horse cavalry.

Gen. "Tom" Stewart of Pennsylvania is telling an amusing story of a "runaway vet" he came across in the big camp. The veteran is eighty-five years old, and his son at home announced that under no circumstances should his aged parent go to Gettysburg. The desire to be here and meet his former comrades was so strong in the heart of the old gentleman that he climbed out of a window of his home and ran away, turning up here in good shape. He is now happy and well cared for.

One of the oldest veterans in the big camp is Captain W. H. Fleig of Houston, Texas, who was ninety years of age on his last birthday, February 23. During the war he served with distinction in the marine department of the confederate navy. Captain Fleig is one of the best preserved men in camp and is more active than many of the other veterans a score of years less advanced.
There were at least 100 crutches piled up in the bureau, dozen or so applicants having called for them. Those who come to redeem their lost crutches seldom can recognize them and most of them go away with somebody else's.

There was one wooden leg also lying unclaimed. It was brought in by a Boy Scout, who had found it under a tree.
Several sets of false teeth were found.
One of the big events was the "charge" of the survivors of Pickett's division on the "bloody angle."
Under the hot sun the men in gray marched across the field that had not seen anything more warlike than a hickensack in 50 years, up to the walls that form the angle. The "enemy" in blue was waiting with weapons ready, and when they met across the wall they shook hands. Afterward they looked over the ground for the site of a \$250,000 monument they hope to have congress erect there.

Fifty years to the hour from the time when the first shot preceding the battle was fired a reunion meeting of the blue and the gray was held in the big tent. The gray cavalry men who fought the skirmishes that led up to the three days' fight pledged themselves in the shadows of the stars and stripes to "forget" and their brothers in blue swore by the stars and bars that the fight was over for all time.

There were several women from the village in the tent and six one-time schoolgirls, gray-haired and aged now, sang "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," while the veterans wept like boys, but with pride. The six women who sang the battle song were among those who thronged the streets of Gettysburg after the advance guard of the southern army left it 50 years ago. On the night when Buford's men came riding into the village on the heels of Wheeler's men in gray, maidens strewed flowers along the streets and bells in the churches pealed out the news of the coming of the blue and the town went wild.

Of all the scores of girls who welcomed the vanguard of Meade, only a half dozen could be found, and they stood, white-haired with tears in their eyes on a platform in the big tent and sang to the weeping soldiers in the seats below.

"I'm afraid I can't sing like you sang 50 years ago," said the matronly woman who acted as leader as she led the way up the steps to the platform.

"We don't care; just sing again," shouted the veterans. As the first notes of the war-time melody came from them in quavering tones, the veterans both of the north and of the south sat quiet with eyes fixed upon the singers. The hum of the chorus came from every side, and the old men wept openly.

Aside from the old soldiers themselves, an interesting figure is Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the commander at the front of the Confederate line in the third day's battle. Mrs. Longstreet walked a mile through the hollering sun out to the old Rogers' house to interview General Sickles.

Some time ago Mrs. Longstreet sent a long telegram as representing the southern veterans in protest against the old Union veteran being thrown in jail in New York because of some financial affairs. It was said that Sickles misunderstood the spirit and his pride was so hurt that their meeting today would not be cordial.

"General, I have written an article about you for publication," said Mrs. Longstreet at the meeting, and she read several pages of the highest tribute to the old corps leader, whom she characterized as having come back and being once again in the saddle. Half a hundred old Sickles' men gathered on the lawn and the reading became dramatic. General Sickles leaned back in his big chair, closed his eyes, and looked back to meeting with Longstreet.

Here his widow was praising to the world the valor which she claimed had gone unrecognized by the government. Tears flowed down the Sickles cheeks now tanned by his ninety-third summer, and his old followers doffed their hats and mingled their tears with those of their old leader, wetting the ground upon which long ago had been soaked by their blood.

James H. Lansberry of St. Louis, Mo., who enlisted in the Third Indiana cavalry from Madison, Ind., related to his comrades the details of his capture in the town of Gettysburg by Confederates 50 years ago. Following the skirmish just outside of town which marked the opening of what was to be a world-famed engagement, he had been detailed to assist in carrying a wounded officer to the old seminary in Gettysburg. While in town frantic women flocked about him and begged that he tell of the battle. He remained to tell the story, with the result that he had to spend several days in following the Confederate army as a prisoner. After tramping 50 miles over rough country without shoes he succeeded in escaping and finally made his way back to Gettysburg, where he remained till August in assisting in the care of the wounded, which were housed in the seminary, churches, barns and public buildings.

One of the unadvertised reunions of the celebration occurred in the confederate section of the camp. A rifle and drum corps of men in blue tramped up and down the streets of the confederate part of the city of tents.
They stopped before the tents, played such a fanfare as only drums and fifes can make, summoned forth the occupants and shook hands, threw their arms about the gray shoulders and in a dozen other ways showed their feelings of friendship.
They kept it up for hours and visited practically every "reb" tent. Their reception was as warm as their greeting.

One of the most interesting places in camp was the lost and found bureau, located under the benches in the big tent. Everything found on the grounds was brought there and thousands applied every day for missing articles.
There were at least 100 crutches piled up in the bureau, dozen or so applicants having called for them. Those who come to redeem their lost crutches seldom can recognize them and most of them go away with somebody else's.

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MULE IS OF MORE VALUE THAN HORSE

If Properly Broken, Animals Excel Horses for General Farm Work—Eats Less.

Mules can be worked when three years old, though they do not reach their maturity until seven years of age. Their temper, health and usefulness depend very much on the manner of breaking them, says a writer in the Baltimore American. The so-called stubbornness or obstinacy of the mule arises chiefly from the abuse he is wont to receive when young. He seldom, if ever, bites or kicks those who treat him kindly.

The mule can do more work and needs less grain than the horse, he is less liable to disease and recovers from sickness and injury quicker than a horse. He works better when old and holds out longer. He seldom takes fright or runs away. For heavy hauling and in making up spans select those of 15 to 15½ hands high. Those of similar dispositions should be chosen and put together, so they will work together with a will. For working small crops in the garden, for any kind of farm work, the mule will be found much the most economical work animal to own. One pair of medium sized mules can be kept on less grain than a pair of the same sized horses; they do not need so much grain. Nearly all our truckers use mules. We have for a number of years used mules exclusively on our farms. For teaming the mule is the animal to have.

For cultivating vegetables in narrow rows the small mule weighing under 1,000 pounds should be chosen. Mules are high in price this season, a pair of medium sized young broken mules is worth \$350 to \$400. Small truck mules may be had for \$250 per year.

Planting Mulberries for Birds.

Since mulberries have begun to ripen the trees have been visited by all sorts of birds, which select this fruit in preference to cherries. Orchardists ought to plant mulberry trees to encourage the visits of birds which thus serve as a protection to cherries, raspberries, peas, etc. The trees are easily propagated, the fruit ripens early and in huge quantities.

Care of Fruit Trees.

Look well to the little fruit trees set out this spring. See that they do not suffer from the lack of water. When trees need water pull the soil away from around the roots, give each tree a pallful, and after it soaks in, replace the earth.

New Variety of Wheat.

From South Australia, comes reports of splendid results from a new variety of wheat called Silver Bar. In 1910 it yielded 36 bushels to the acre, and the following year 24.

SPRAY TO PREVENT BLIGHT OF POTATO

Disease is Most Destructive in July and August—Amount Required Per Acre.

Early potato blight is liable to attack the potato crop at any time from June until the crop is ripe, but is most seriously destructive in July and August. It attacks the foliage. Professor Kohler of the Minnesota experiment station doubts if it will be profitable to spray early plantings of early varieties.

If, however, others desire to do so he advises spraying when plants are small, and a continuance of the treatment every ten days until at least ten per cent of the leaf surface is dying, when it will be useless to spray longer. In rainy weather spraying should be more frequent. Twenty-five to 35 gallons of Bordeaux per acre will be required for the treatment when the plants are small, and as they advance in growth the amount will need increasing to 50, 60 or 75 gallons per acre.

Spraying for early blight on late varieties of the Rural New Yorker type of potatoes has proved profitable at the Minnesota station. Spraying late varieties of the Rural New Yorker type may be delayed until the earliest planting of early varieties in the locality shows signs of the presence of the disease, when spraying should be immediately applied at the rate of 60 to 75 gallons of Bordeaux per acre followed with spraying of an equal amount every ten days in good weather. In rainy weather spray more frequently.

Cost of Feeding Cows.

The cost of feeding the average dairy cow in the United States for 12 months is \$24, according to statistics gathered by one of the big dairy cattle societies. There may be cows in the herd that do not earn their keep. The Babcock tester will detect them.

Big Idaho Yields.

At the state experiment station at Wooster, the crops have averaged, for a term of years, about twice as much to the acre as the usual yield of all grain fields in Ohio.

Retaining Moisture in Field.

In cultivating corn it is important, that you do not plow too deeply, as this is sure to result in the loss of a considerable amount of moisture and at the same time results in the cutting off of a large number of shoots and the consequent reduction of the feeding area of the roots.

Big Oil-Driven Harvester.

A mammoth oil-driven harvester that is being tried out on Australian wheat fields strips about 60 acres a day.