Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: My brother, Joseph E. Wing, was to have been with you. It is your loss that he is not, but I will just give you the best that I can. I can tell that story, but I don’t think anybody could tell it just as my brother Joe could.

As I came from my home, which, as most of you know, is in Central Ohio, crossing Indiana yesterday in the daylight and crossing Illinois up as far as Chicago, where it got dark, I did not see much of your state, but the same thing came to my mind that has come to it a number of times before in crossing the rich agricultural lands of those states, and that was, as to the amount of net revenue apparent to the eye, that the farmer had been able to reap from those lands. It was nearly all cornfields and on a great many of the fields that we passed, I could see stalks indicating fifty bushels to the acre; once in a while stalks that indicated sixty bushels to the acre, but a good deal more that indicated forty, and some that got down to twenty-five and thirty bushels to the acre.

Now, twenty-five or thirty bushels of fifty cent corn represents a lot of wealth, doesn’t it? But did you ever stop to figure, you fellows that do not make all your money by farming, how much remains with the farmer after he has raised twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre? If he did all the work himself, he worked for a low wage; if he hired it done, he had nothing left; that is my opinion.

I hire everything done, I keep books after a fashion on the whole year’s operations, and I know about where I come out; I know that I have to raise about twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre before I have anything left for myself.

I was over at Plain City, which is a matter of twenty miles east of us, (one of the most fertile spots in the State of Ohio) last winter, and I asked the farmers there how much corn they raised to the acre, how much wheat they raised to the acre and how much oats. I took their figures, which I think
were pretty high, judging by what other fellows turned in, and certainly high according to what the taxes seemed to indicate; but we took them down and we found after figuring on the blackboard for them, that they had left, net, about $2.50 to the acre from their oats, about $3.50 to the acre from their wheat and about $4.00 an acre, net, from their corn. I think that saddened that whole crowd that afternoon when they really saw what they were receiving from their farms, but I saddened them hoping that they might make themselves happy and prosperous in the future by raising the maximum amount that might be grown on a given acreage.

If we had a system of slaves, and slaves didn’t have to be fed, then if we had 10,000 bushels of corn, why, it would represent half that many thousand dollars this year, for instance, but if you have to hire most of your work done it makes an enormous difference about the amount of stuff produced on an acre.

I give this little bit of prelude because it will help to indicate the true secret of the story of Woodland Farm and why Woodland Farm stands pre-eminent above some other farms in its history to-day.

In telling the story of Woodland Farm I have to deal somewhat with the emotions, because they were factors, and some things that may seem irrelevant and foreign to the subject to you, but afterwards I think you will see why I tell you all these things, and I am going to tell you the story just as nearly as I can truthfully.

I cordially invite any of you to come down and see the farm at any time in the future, and verify the things that I shall say about it.

To begin with the story of Woodland Farm, I shall have to tell you a little about my father. My grandfather died when my father was still quite young, only about sixteen or seventeen. My grandfather lived down close to Buffalo on a nice big tract of ground within the space where the city of Buffalo now stands. Through the rascalities of a former partner of my grandfather, my father was left at the age of about eighteen with nothing; he was simply swindled out of everything, and had to start as poor as a hired man and there was quite a large family of children to support.
For many years, I do not know the exact number, he worked as few young men have worked, there in the New York hills, teaming in the daytime and making saleratus, burning ashes at night. At the age of thirty, he had, by working as we can hardly conceive of in these days, gotten a little bit of a stony farm. It was hardly worth enough to dignify it by the name of "farm," but it was called one down there in New York State close to the edge of Pennsylvania. When he was about forty-six or seven, he came down to Ohio, where I had an uncle living, where our present farm is, and he went down onto the creek there where there was about ten acres of land under cultivation, that black creek alluvium, which I presume you have plenty of in this state, where he could take and thrust his foot in under the soil and see the fertility and tilth and—no stones. He enjoyed his stay there so much and that fine soil, that during his vacation he hod over that ten acres as a pastime.

After he got back to the New York hills, the picture constantly recurred to him of these natural resources that he saw or thought he saw in that farm back there in Ohio, and when he was about forty-six years old he came down there to Ohio and bought at first just a small block of land, probably thirty-five or forty acres, and went in debt for it largely.

My father was a good farmer, he was a hard working man, a God-fearing man, and being a God-fearing man, a man that believed in God, he observed closely many of God's laws.

At the time that we boys were growing up, why our conditions were easy enough. We didn't have lots of things that boys have now, many of the luxuries I see as I look back now, but my father by that time had bought off and on until he had about 196 acres of land, and had gotten it paid for and to an extent improved. Now, this land that he had bought, they told him when he came down there that that black land, if he could once get it in shape—much of it was in a crawfishy condition, but some of it had been farmed for years and years—it would maintain about eight head of cattle, that is what they told him it would do, and it discouraged him about buying it, at the high price he paid for it. It was just after the war times, and he paid as much for that land almost as land would sell for to-day in that section if it was put up under the sheriff's hammer. Of course it would fetch
more at private sale, but if put up under the sheriff’s hammer, it would only sell for about as much as he paid for it, but he paid for it.

That farm, as I grew up, seemed such a great big place; there was the place where the ground hog lived, and the place where the wild grapes grew, and there were hills where we could go and slide in the winter. Oh, it was a kingdom in itself; there was a fox run, and there were all the different kinds of land, there was black land and clay land—it was a little world in itself.

My father had such faith in the farm, and was so proud of it, I am sure we boys shared his spirit, we felt that, that was a kingdom in itself, and that it never should go out of our hands, never; that it should stay in the family, a heritage, which should be handed down to coming generations.

We boys grew up, Joe and I, and for a little while, just to see what the world was like, we went out West to Utah, to the cattle ranches that almost took our breath away, they were so big, so wide, twenty-two hundred head of cattle kept on the one ranch we were with. My brother Joe was made foreman of the ranch; he was receiving a pretty big salary, so it seemed to us, when I got there, and some way or other the farm back there seemed like a poor place. Oh, it was a spot still loved and revered by us, but our recollections of it grew hazy; the West seemed pretty good.

When my brother had been there about four years, my father wrote for him to come back and take charge of the farm, because he was then growing to be an old man. He had had his struggle before he ever earned that farm during the years while we were growing up and getting our schooling; they had taken the best years of my father’s life and he felt he could no longer compete with the conditions of high priced cattle lands. So Joe just packed up his things, gave up his prospects on the ranch, and came back to the farm and he told me how it seemed to him when he got back, how the farm had shrunked, it was just a little patch of ground, so small compared with the ranch he had been on.

Father took down the account book and showed him the figures, the gross receipts for that farm for the past year, and what do you suppose they were? It was a bad year in the cattle business and the receipts were about $800. Joe was thinking
about marrying a charming girl, and there was the rest of the family to consider. He wanted to start a better home than what we had ever enjoyed in some respects, and my mother and younger brother to be cared for, as well as father, all on that place, and Joe said his heart just sank, and he said, "I simply can't stay." He didn't say it, he just thought it. "I simply can't stay here, to give up all my Western prospects, for this little patch of ground."

But my father was an old man and he felt he never could explain to him what he had seen off on that Western ranch, for this was his home, he had spent his life for this farm right here. He said to Joe, "We will go ahead and do things better than ever before, you can have absolute control, and I know this is a splendid, good farm, if it is developed."

So Joe thought it over for two or three nights, and he made up his mind that maybe some things could be done with that place. So it was not so very long—I don't know why he did this, I suppose because he was lonesome,—he sent for me to come back and help him, and we were both there when my father died.

Now, after my father's death we had the feeling that he had really been wiser, of course, in almost every way, than what we were, and we would not materially change the policy that he had maintained there on that farm, keeping up the fertility, etc., but cattle got to be of such a low price that it didn't seem as though they would pay very well, and we thought we would start, if we could, with just one little line of feeding lambs, just what feeding lambs we could handle. We walked around over the place together, and Joe looked mighty troubled, he says, "Willis, we can produce a lot more stuff here if we will do the very best we can; I don't know how much." I don't think I saw it as clearly as he did, and I don't think he saw all that was to come.

One of the first things we did was to build a little shed with some of the funds that my father had left; the farm was left clear of debt and some small funds, and we built a small shed any put in a single deck-load of lambs. We had those lambs and two horses necessary to work the farm and one driving mare and one cow and a little flock of sheep to run in the woods; but we found we were able to feed a single deck-load of lambs
with what we could raise off the place, and just along about that time we took and put out a little alfalfa patch that we thought might be good feeding. We had seen it growing in Colorado and other Western States and had raised it, so we put this plat of alfalfa on some ground that was perhaps fortunate for us that we put it in just where we did, because there was a strip right through the center of the plot that succeeded, there was wet ground at the lower end and the upper end did not succeed very well. We wondered what was the matter and we figured out that the land up there was too poor, it ran onto some white clay. At the other end, the land was fertile enough, but it was wet.

Now we studied that whole proposition and we concluded that we could produce alfalfa, and it would produce a lot more feed during the year than the pasture we already had produced, and we said, “What we need to do then is to have more manure to put back on the farm and put in more tile,” and so those are some of the things that we did.

Every winter we ourselves got into ditches and with what money we could rake and scrape together, we hired more men and put in more tile and broke up more of those blue grass pastures, raising better stuff and more of it on the old meadows where timothy had grown, raising a little more corn than had formerly been raised, and of course all this time we were spending money a little faster than we were making it and even going in debt a little, which was something that my father had struggled for years to overcome, to get out of, but we were expanding, and I used to lie on my pillow many and many a night through the night, and wonder, I couldn’t just see the end. I could see that we were working on a new line and hoped it was toward prosperity, but where is the drift backward going to end, I thought. “Father was gradually piling up a little bit of money over and above caring for his family. We are gradually going in debt,” and it made me blue. But Joe would say, “The time will come when we will feed on this farm 500 head of lambs,” and so we fed alfalfa to those lambs, and they did pay a little better than cattle, even at that time, and we returned the alfalfa manure back to those fields and we didn’t really realize just how much we were returning, because we were introducing the very best form of inoculation that could be introduced in returning those alfalfa bacteria back in countless millions to our fields.
But the time came when we fed there, with feed we grew ourselves, 500 head of lambs, and we went out and bought some clover from the neighbors on the plains below and hauled it home and built a little more shed room. Almost every winter we built a little more shed room, almost every winter we did a little more tiling, and almost every spring there was a little fresh ground broken.

There had been some trees standing in the pasture, way down against the farm of Mr. Stackey, who is known by every stock man. I have many times seen hawks resting on the dead limbs of those trees, frequently in our country we see those dead limbs, we thought they were blasted by locusts, but they were rotting away, and a few of those trees had to come down to straighten out the field. A little more land was put into alfalfa or into corn, or into some spring grain. Well, we raised our work to feeding five hundred lambs, and Joe wasn’t content then. “Why,” he says, “the time will come when we will raise enough feed on this farm to feed a thousand head of lambs, and we will make a hatful of money.” And the time did come when we raised the feed to feed a thousand head of lambs. The time came when we raised feed to feed 1,200,—to feed 1,400, and last year I could have fed from that acreage 2,000 head of lambs if I had had shed room. I did feed 1,400 head of lambs, carrying one hundred head of stock sheep, a matter of twenty head of horses and twelve or fifteen head of milch cows, and three families and our hired men have all lived there. There are to-day on that place three families of us. I want to tell you the whole truth, and you want to know just exactly about things, and I will have to go into details a little bit.

I will say my brother Joe receives an income from the Breeders’ Gazette Publishing Company, as you all know; but any day he wants to retire from that work he can come home and he needn’t do a trick of work unless he wants to, and I can take care of him and give him a good living.

My brother Charles has been with me right at the farm, and he received, of course, all of his living from the farm, has had no other means of livelihood until right recently. The three families of us might receive to-day more net revenue each than the gross revenue that was received from that farm when my brother took hold of it, and my father had improved that farm vastly in the time that he had been with it.
Now then, have we reached the limit? Is that farm as rich to-day as a farm can be made? Why, no. What is the limit? I don't know. But I know that I believe that it is perfectly practical to increase the production still more.

Now, I have told you this story of brother's, not to boast of our operations. I have told it to be an inspiration to that young man who is going to inherit some acres and who is wondering whether he can make a business of agriculture and may succeed. Now, I want to say to that young man, they say that in all professions that there is room at the top, and I say in agriculture it is easier to get to the top than any business that I know of. I want to say that there is not one farmer in a hundred who has sufficient faith in the land that he owns to properly manage it and maintain it. To that young man who is expecting to take charge of paternal acres in the near future, that young man who is perhaps leaving the Madison College, and who feels that his knowledge is very theoretical and that he would really like to know what he may practically do, what it is expedient to do and do well, I can tell you a few things that it is expedient to do, and one of the things that it is expedient to do is to drain the land and if necessary to borrow money to do so. Another thing that is expedient for him to do is to haul out manure and carefully save the manure that is already on that farm.

Another thing that is expedient for him to do is to cut the weeds, if he had to hire help to cut those weeds. Now, I do not mean literally to say that the farm should not have a single weed on it, I never saw a farm and never expect to see one in my life that won't have a few weeds, but I mean to cut them out reasonably clean. I had this summer two men go through our corn field and cut the weeds out of ninety-four acres of corn. They were good hoers, they came from Kentucky, and down there they use a hoe right smart, you know, because they cannot cultivate with a horse in the rough part of the state. Our field was reasonably clean because we cultivated that corn a number of times, part of it as much as eight times, but we had to cut the weeds out right in the row close to the hill, and we left that land very clean, and so I say, even if you have to hire a man at customary wages, it will pay in your district as in ours to go in and cut the weeds out of your fields. Now, if it won't pay to
do those things, you better put in less crops. If your land will not do better than to raise corn at a net revenue of $2.50, or even $4.00 an acre, it might be far better to put that land into blue grass and only put into corn the acreage that can be carefully cultivated and enriched.

But, above all things, it is expedient that a young man should have an ideal, a system, and work up to that system. The days when a man might succeed farming in a hit-or-miss fashion, I think are gone by. This thing of feeding a bunch of hogs this year and a bunch of cattle next year, and a bunch of sheep the year after, why, you simply cannot get well equipped to do either thing well, either in the matter of building or machinery or stock.

I think one of the reasons why I have been led to attend to some of these simple things there at our farm in the way of always getting the manure out to the fields, having the weeds cut and other such things, has been because there are a great many men just like some of you men who have been coming to visit our farm, and of course I have had a certain pride in showing the place. I found out that I must get rid of the weeds, I must be in good shape to have the farm show up at its best. I have been surprised to find that this work actually paid.

But you ask the question, "How well after all, Wing, have you succeeded?" Yes, we have succeeded. We have made more money than even we had hoped to make. And every year things get better for us, the way clearer and easier.

We are not bragging about dollars, brothers, but we are bragging about that system. We maintain there on that farm six families the year around, that is, outside of us three boys, we have six hired men the year around, and I tell you sometimes it puzzles me to know what to give them to do. I think that is one of the farmers' problems, to find out useful things to employ his hands at in the winter time and the idle times, but we have finally worked out a system by which we keep those men employed. We always have additional hands for the summer season and we think that every day that they work is profitable for us, but some of the stormiest days of the winter are the most profitable days and none is more profitable than the day on which they are testing seed corn which we will always do and which many farmers never think of doing. I cannot see how those men can make me less than $10 a day on such work, and I think
I would rather pay $25.00 a day than to let that work be neglected. Then there is the harness that might be oiled on that winter day and there are plenty of things for the men to do on the farm.

Many of us have been trying to do too much labor ourselves, and letting too many things go undone that should have been done, and we have had to do that sometimes, because we simply could not get the men, but when we hire them throughout the year we could have them every time we needed them, which is another thing we didn't use to have years ago.

Now, you say that this is a very simple story after all, and I know it is, and I feel almost ashamed to tell it; there has been no scientific teaching brought in, the simple application of the same well known principles that you see in any farm papers, just a little popular science and a little faith in our farms. This will make the sixth state that I have been called upon to tell this story in. Doesn't that show what relations exist between the farmer's boy that wants to farm and the investigations that he might apply from his later researches at the best schools such as the school at Madison and doesn't it make us feel that our operations will in the coming years make our present operations look like "thirty cents?"

I think that I have told you the story; if I have left out any important details, or if any of you would care to ask any questions, I would be glad to answer.

A Member: Will you tell us a little more about your experience with alfalfa?

Mr. Wing: Yes, I am right glad to have you ask that question. For pretty near ten years we felt like we were going to fail in growing alfalfa, but the longer you grow alfalfa, the easier you grow it, and I will tell you one of the reasons why. One of the reasons why is that having grown it once on the land, the roots themselves will enrich that land. Another reason would be that those roots when decayed drain off the water and each year your land will be better drained than it ever was before. Another reason is that when you return to that soil manure from alfalfa hay after you have raised a crop, the bacteria that come from the first crop will help bring along the next crop, and the longer you raise alfalfa on your soil the more you help it, the more you put in the elements that are needed there to make the alfalfa itself succeed.
Mr. Jacobs: Do you practice artificial inoculation?
Mr. Wing: No, sir. When we started the growing of alfalfa, there was nothing said about inoculation. That was a matter of sixteen or seventeen years ago, and I doubt if I had heard about artificial inoculation at that time, but we started the growing of alfalfa, we have kept the farm, particularly certain spots in pretty good tilth, and we have hauled a pretty good amount of manure from town, also from our barns, but the growing of alfalfa on our farm to-day is no more difficult than the growing of blue grass, and we have cut a matter of four tons to the acre, we have cut as much as five tons from a forty-five-acre field per annum, but for the whole crop, a matter of four tons is about the average.

I have some little pamphlets here that I brought with me that give some photographs of our place and some of them show how our alfalfa grows.

A Member: What kind of soil have you on your farm?
Mr. Wing: Several kinds, but our best is a limestone clay.
The Member: How many acres have you in alfalfa?
Mr. Wing: Well, we had last fall about a hundred and fifty acres. Last summer we had the worst alfalfa year we ever had in a matter of sixteen or seventeen years. I don't know whether you had it excessively wet up here, but we had it excessively wet last January, and then we had a severe freeze in February and then it was excessively wet in March and then all summer it just kept wet, and as a consequence, though we have on that farm to-day a matter of eighteen miles of tile drain to take care of the water, still with all this tiling the roots simply rotted off at a depth of about six inches over all that alfalfa on low ground. So last fall, we plowed up ninety acres of alfalfa that didn't suit us and we expect to seed down sixty acres this year. We had sixty acres in alfalfa that was not affected so much by the excessively wet summer.

Mr. Linse: How many cuttings had you last summer?
Mr. Wing: Three cuttings.
Mr. Linse: How much seed do you sow to the acre?
Mr. Wing: We now sow about twenty pounds. We used to sow a matter of twelve to fifteen pounds, and there is enough seed in twelve pounds to seed an acre, there's plenty of seed, but that is not the thing; we want the best stand we can get
and you can as a matter of fact get a little better stand at twenty pounds. With us we have a lot of foxtail, and if you sow twenty pounds, it will simply come up so thick that it helps to crowd out that foxtail. If your land is absolutely clear of weeds or foxtail and you sow eight to twelve pounds to the acre, that will be all that is necessary on that land.

Mr. Linse: Don’t you think that Ohio is better adapted to growing alfalfa on account of not having such severe cold weather as Wisconsin?

Mr. Wing: One of the best places for alfalfa that I ever have known was the state of Montana, and I presume that is as cold as Wisconsin. I don’t believe that the cold makes so much difference, if it does not freeze up on you with the ground simply saturated with water. Out in Montana they abuse their alfalfa and still pull it through all right. For instance, they will pasture it. Last winter Mr. I. D. O’Donnell at Billings, told me how he turned cattle and sheep on his alfalfa stubble and pastured throughout the winter, and the alfalfa came right along and the climate is as cold as yours here, I think.

Mr. Linse: Do you think you would have the same results on poor soil?

Mr. Wing: I tell you what I think you need principally—I think you need rich soil.

Mr. Silver: How is rough, rolling land?

Mr. Wing: I have seen alfalfa thrive all right on the hills of Kentucky, better in many instances than on more level land. When I said I thought alfalfa wanted rich soil, I ought to have tacked a clause onto that; you may take for instance, well drained white clay soil—that is poor soil, with us,—and enrich it with plenty of manure and particularly where there are some alfalfa leaves and stems incorporated in the manure, you can take and stimulate your growth with that, until it becomes established, until the roots get deep into the sub-soil and then year after year you can raise alfalfa on that land, but the trouble is to get it started.

Mr. Nordman: That is the trouble in Northern Wisconsin, the great trouble is to get the alfalfa started. I had a patch there for several years, only a small patch, but it is very persistent, it doesn’t kill out like clover does, but the trouble is to get it started to begin with. I believe that what the gentleman says
in regard to Ohio will apply to Northern Wisconsin, at least that once you get the alfalfa growing on that soil, it will grow just as well as red clover and better, and we have the additional benefit of having our ground covered with snow all winter, so that there is no danger of its freezing out as would be the case down here in this part of the state, because here you don’t have deep snow in the winter.

Mr. Linse: I have a neighbor up there who seeded for alfalfa a year ago last spring, on very rich soil. He never sowed it until about the first week in June, and you wouldn’t believe that he would get two cuttings, but he got three cuttings the first year. It grew like wheat; still it froze up in the winter.

Mr. Nordman: Do you have a silo on your place?

Mr. Wing: Yes, sir.

Mr. Nordman: Do you feed that to your lambs?

Mr. Wing: Yes, sir.

Mr. Nordman: Do you use alfalfa?

Mr. Wing: Yes, sir, not in filling the silo; we put nothing but corn in the silo.

Mr. Imrie: In seeding, you use a nurse crop?

Mr. Wing: We use a nurse crop. I don’t know how to talk about nurse crops. In some places, they are as a Southern brother held, a “sucking” crop, and other places they are certainly a benefit. With us they are a benefit. If you have a good deal of foxtail or some growth that comes along a little later than the alfalfa does and takes possession of the alfalfa patch in the fall of the year, in such a case the nurse crop is better. When we cut that off, it generally comes at rather a droughty time. Your nurse crop is there, the foxtail has not started, and the alfalfa will stand that drought, and grow up, and your foxtail won’t start, so when you take your nurse crop off the alfalfa has complete possession. It will stand drought better than clover. I know two years with us at home our farmers failed with their clover, and almost universally succeeded with alfalfa. At home it seemed at first that all of our neighbors had great difficulty in growing alfalfa, and now there is none of them that apparently has any difficulty. We buy that hay in our locality by the hundreds of tons for shipping, and there are a great many more tons than what we buy that are fed out. I think it can be grown in our district now just as easily as red clover.
It seems like the question of alfalfa is the way it is expressed in the Scriptures, "To him that hath, it shall be given; and to him that hath not, it shall be taken away, even that which he hath," and that also applies to clover. They simply can't grow clover any more in some places.

Mr. Imrie: Are you troubled with blue grass running out your alfalfa? In our section the blue grass and white cover take possession of the ground and run out the alfalfa.

Mr. Wing: No, I wouldn't expect it to run it out in ten years. In ten years' time, where there is anything like virgin soil, there is enough blue grass so it would be almost a sod, we have found that so, but the alfalfa came up through and made a goodly cutting anyway.

Capt. Arnold: This is a blue grass country, and it would run anything out I believe.

Mr. Wing: Ours is a blue grass country.

Capt. Arnold: I never saw a patch of alfalfa yet but what there was more blue grass than alfalfa.

Mr. Nordman: Come up and see mine.

Mr. Wing: Gov. Hoard has a successful alfalfa field in your state.

Capt. Arnold: I want to ask you a question. You feed alfalfa and of course know the various elements, the nitrogen and other elements in the alfalfa, as compared to bran. I wish you would tell us in your feeding process how the alfalfa compares with bran?

Mr. Wing: I would rather compare it with red clover. I wouldn't take two tons of your red clover for fattening purposes and give you a ton of my alfalfa. For a maintenance ration, I would take two tons of your red clover and give you a ton of my alfalfa. I think if the alfalfa was quite good, prime, that it would certainly equal bran, especially the bran which is made today and is adulterated.

Mr. Diley: Have you ever had any experience in running lambs and sheep on the same blue grass pasture for several years?

Mr. Wing: Yes, sir, they have been there, I guess, for thirty-five years. Have you had any trouble on blue grass pasture with lambs?

Mr. Diley: Yes, I have.
Mr. Wing: Well, almost everybody else has, I guess. I don’t know how we dropped onto it, but we found out what the fellow was that was bothering us in the old blue grass pasture a long while ago, and we went after him with gasoline and such things. It is probably a stomach worm, but we are now following the plan recommended by H. P. Miller, which is nothing in the world but to use ground tobacco, perhaps the stems or the coarser part of the tobacco that you might get from the factory. Mix them with some salt, as large a proportion as one-fourth salt and three-fourths tobacco, or rather more tobacco, and I understand that you can continue to run them on the blue grass pasture in that way and still keep your lambs healthy. We have been doing this, we have been putting the lambs up during part of the summer in barns and soiling them, because our lambs are valuable enough that we can’t afford to put them through the drenching process or have them infected.

Mr. Diley: It would be a good idea to take them up during the summer season for a while. I have found by experience that where you run sheep on pasture, they are affected in a certain way, and it is hard to overcome it in Wisconsin. There is some land that you can’t plow up and break up and get rid of that. Those are the things that bring about those conditions.

Mr. Wing: If—we are getting away from the alfalfa question and I don’t know what you fellows want to talk about.

The Chairman: Talking about your farm.

Mr. Wing: Well, if you had a large pasture and wanted to stay in the sheep business and didn’t want to stay in it by keeping your sheep or by drugging them with tobacco or any other stuff, I would suggest this, that you could take and fence that pasture off into many smaller pastures and by allowing those sheep and lambs to stay on a given pasture until they eat that clean and then take them off for the period of a month, or five weeks is better, you would still get all the grass in the course of a year. You would get all the grass probably in two months. In that way you could keep your flock up. But there are not many of us who take pains to do that, I guess.

We may avoid it in another way. If you could go out into that pasture and disk in some coarser-growing grass that will grow up high, for instance, orchard grass or red clover or timothy, or if you will take those sheep and turn them into a stubble
field during the month of July or, after you cut your grain turn them into the stubble field, that is one of the best places for all sheep and lambs until after the clover becomes frozen. They will eat the weeds and everything.

Capt. Arnold: I don’t believe you have kept your 2,000 lambs on stubble.

Mr. Wing: Oh, no, sir, for the most part they have been brought in to Chicago.

Capt. Arnold: How many sheep have you kept during the summer?

Mr. Wing: Just about one hundred pure bred.

Capt. Arnold: Did you ever run them out on old pastures?

Mr. Wing: Yes, we run the old sheep on there. If we run them all summer, we have to drench them, but more recently we have gotten around it by putting them on stubble fields, or else put them up and soil them in the barn during August and September.

A Member: Have you ever had any trouble with horses becoming infected with worms on such a pasture?

Mr. Wing: No, sir.

Mr. Ames: What class of help do you employ, married or single, or both?

Mr. Wing: I try to employ the very best help, and I would suggest this, if a man has six men, it is just twice as easy to get six men as to get three. Men like to work in gangs. they like to work where they have good tools and people to work with. I think I pay rather higher wages than what my neighbors pay, and I get the very best help that there is, and I expect to give them easier hours than my neighbors do, but I will tell you when I ask them to hustle a job they are willing to do it. If I should ask them to work all day and all night, I guess they would do it. They like the place and they have a certain farm pride; they think there is no other place like our farm, that is the only place on earth where lambs are always fat, never get the scab, where we raise eighty-five bushels of corn to the acre, and they have a certain pride in all these things, and they like to stay there.

Mr. Ames: I understand you are a specialist on lambs, that is, you advise people going into that as a specialty.

Mr. Wing: No, sir, I don’t advise any one specialty. A man
may succeed just as well with horses or with dairy cattle or any other specialty that he likes and takes up because he likes it. I am simply trying to show you a favorable picture of Woodland Farm.

Mr. Ames: Did you succeed well with lambs the past season from the net gain standpoint?

Mr. Wing: You mean the year previous to this year?

Mr. Ames: You have sold this year?

Mr. Wing: Oh, no, we haven't sold this year.

Mr. Ames: Are you likely to succeed from a net standpoint in your operations with lambs in the past season, buying and feeding and selling?

Mr. Wing: Well, I haven't got through yet.

Mr. Ames: What has been your observation the past season in farm operations, compared with previous seasons in the matter of net gain?

Mr. Wing: The past summer has been the meanest summer I ever went through.

Mr. Ames: We will all be with you on that. Now, a query comes to my mind: I believe I can state for a fact that in this community we have not netted well on hired help this past season. It seemed to me the more help we employed the poorer we have gotten.

Mr. Wing: I am simply speaking of our policy for the entire period. Of course last year we got out all right; that is the year 1907. For the year 1908 I think we will get pay for the feed. Let me tell you just about how generous I have been. We furnished everything last year to our help. We furnished everything and gave that hired help half. We didn't bargain to do that, but that is the way it turned out.

Mr. Imrie: Do you buy any grain?

Mr. Wing: Not for the last six or seven years. Oh, yes, once we did, in getting things started. Hay, too. And I thank you gentlemen.

Adjourned to Thursday, February 6, 1908, 9 A. M.

The convention met at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, President McKerrow in the chair.

The Chairman: The object of this meeting is to bring information to the people in attendance, but possibly more than that to start them to thinking. Sometimes the person who speaks
does not so much interest his hearers but he starts them to thinking.

We want to view all these subjects as they are presented, from both standpoints, the information contained and the mistakes that we may see in our work as pointed out to us which should set us to thinking as to how to correct them. As I stated yesterday, the discussion following each paper is just as important to the reader of this report as is the paper itself, because quite often the discussion makes more plain the "meaty" points that cannot be fully explained in the paper.

We have a very full program this morning and the first topic for the morning's discussion is that of Dairying, and Its Relation to Fortune and Fertility, to be presented by a gentleman who has given several years' work and thought right along this line. I now am very much pleased to present to you Mr. A. J. Glover, Associate Editor of Hoard's Dairyman, who will discuss this subject.

DAIRYING AS IT RELATES TO FERTILITY AND FORTUNE.

A. J. GLOVER, FORT ATKINSON, WIS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The Chairman relieved my feelings somewhat by stating that there are two classes of papers, one that contains facts and the other of such a nature as to set people thinking. I was feeling somewhat depressed over my effort, but now I feel better, because I hope that my paper will set them to thinking. It has been an easy paper to prepare, and it has been one of the most disappointing papers, I think, I have ever undertaken to bring together facts that could be verified with figures.

We know in a general way what dairying is doing for the farmers of the country, but to get specific facts is a problem.

There is nothing of more importance to all humanity than the fertility of the soil, dependent upon it is the life of every living thing. The future strength, power and general welfare