#### BULGING SHIRT FRONT

Celia Agnew paused in the act of applying a feathery pink powder-puff to her already powdery-white neck and turned on the bench before her dressing table to face her twin

"For goodness' sake, Chris, you look like a wreck!"

"I am," agreed Christine, pulling a felt hat from her tawny bobbed hair, "Played eighteen holes this afternoon with Bobby Tate while Leigh sat on the club veranda and sulked. Looked like a thunder cloud every time we came near. When I slid in the creek trying to rescue my last floater," displaying a stained white shoe, "he wouldn't wait until I could dry my foot and we didn't speak all way home."

Celia carefully powdered her slen-der white neck. With long white fingers she expertly rearranged her ex-quisitely marcelled hair in coils on the back of her head. Christine, from the depths of an easy-chair, a brown muscular hand supporting her head, watched her.

am not fussing. Sallie Larkins is having an engineer from Dave's company up for dinner tonight and asked me to help entertain him. Cannot imagine anything I can do-probably

won't speak the same language." 'Sounds interesting to me. I'm just sick of these city society men. If Leigh would put on a pair of overalls and change an automobile tire instead of calling a service wagondo a man's work—all dressed up like a Christmas tree, smoking cigarettes in an amber holder! Why in the world he didn't pick you instead of me on which to lavish his affections and the Chiswell fortune I can't imagine. You were made for each other. He says golf is a deadly bore, but will play bridge a whole afternoon or sit doing nothing! I like a man's man."

Celia slipped into a dress of a seafoam green chiffon with a touch of silver. Her twin looked up at her admiringly.

"You'll make the engineer's eyes stick out in that creation, my dear, although he may be accustomed to beautiful scenery. Can you imagine me-in that?"

"Really, Chris, I do wish you would try to improve your appearance before Leigh's mother returns from abroad. Go down to Madame Geney's and have her take off some of those freckles and tan "

complexion. I know you would like ed to me—and me to be more of a twin, Cele, but fied to death!" I'd die if I led your life. Bridge, teas, boy in this team and he'd be fright- go to sleep during the opera?" fully disappointed if I failed to play the part. What's the new man's

"I don't know, although Sallie mentioned it. All I know is that he her best. Evidently had heard her has been building some kind of a many times before." bridge over a pass in the Rockies the similar job. Sallie mentioned going to the opera this evening. I do hope we won't see the Montgomerys there. the chair beside her bed. Arnold asked me to accompany him

"Cele, be yourself," reproved her sister. "And I suppose you'll be adding his name to your notched stick along with Lansing Loomis and the Evan's brother and poor Dick Mantony—that was scandalous, Cele and Theodore Blaisdell."

"Chris, don't be ridiculous. Please call Thomas and tell him I want the car at once. Promised Sallie I would be there at 6 and it is after 10 now." make a man!" Celia looked up into brown eyes beneath a shock of unruly brown of a big striped unbrella in front of of bulging shirtfront! Every time When he sat down beside her, it pro-truded to an alarming degree. Certainly Mr. Moore did not wear evening clothes very graciously. She compared him with the immaculate Dave Larkins, who leaned against the fireplace; with the elegant Leighton Chiswell, who so openly adored her twin sister; with Lansing Loomis, the Honorable Richard Eaton, poor Dick Manton, the fastidious Arnold Montgomery, the notched stick, and then she came back with a start. The man beside her was speaking in a soft drawl, leaning forward with elbows on his knees, his big brown

in all your life, Miss Agnew." "Never!" she responded promptly. something worth while, Cele.

camper, Mr. Moore. I hate bugs and being uncomfortable.

Dave Larkins laughed. "I'd like to see Cele in a tent. sister, Bart-would make a corking

good camper. A regular sport, Chris "I'd like to meet your sister," who love the out-of-doors, the feel of

the sun and wind."

"Bart was telling us before you wouldn't see a soul but the constructhe night. Sounds corking to me." "It's living!" declared the guest

"I actually pity you emphatically. city people who know nothing but the artificial indoor life.

ery had threatened to kiss her when "Oh, I am quite sure, Mr. Moore,

that we do not need your sympathy. I'm glad, Leigh, for you. I am sure ready, dear, on September 8. And we

We have and appreciate the finer things in life. We have music! Art!

Physical comforts."

He laughed tolerantly, displaying unusually white teeth. "Music?" he queried. "What could be more wonderful than the music of water coming down over mossy rocks in a mountain wilderness or the song of raft. They could hear Christine the birds at dawn? Did you ever ture? Did ever an artist actually colors on a canvas? Did you ever see the real blue of the sea, creaminess of the clouds, the golden and scarlet tints of foliage after a ly produced in their real beauty—by in with him." man? Why, my dear girl, all down through the generations our great Cele. I don't blame Chris for enjoymasters have tried to reproduce the ing his company. He swims well, songs and sounds of Nature on their instruments; have tried to reproduce her pictures on their canvases, and finer things in life!"

He smiled down at her as he ran his brown fingers through his hair. "And as for physical comforts, there was never a softer bed than balsam boughs and blankets; that is, if you "Why all the fussing? New man?" know how to make it up. I grant Celia shrugged her shoulders. "I you it takes practice. And the smell of coffee and bacon on keen morning air, the taste of mountain trout fried over an open fire."

Sallie clapped her hands. "That is splendid, Mr. Moore. Dave, do get an outdoor job and take me along." At dinner the two men talked of mileage, dynamiting processes, rock formation, steel girders and quoted figures. Sallie and Celia discussed the last dinner-dance at the country club, the new method of bridge scoring, the Rigley divorce, the second Mrs. Darlington and Betty Blaine's

departure for Europe. Every time Mr. Moore bent to meet his fork his short front crackled-bulged!

The next morning Christine came into her sister's room and curled herself on the foot of the bed. "Tell me about the engineer, Cele," she demanded.

Celia sat up with her arm about her knees. She had not slept well and was cross.

"Just what I expected. Really, I am surprised at Sallie. The men talked engineering jobs all through dinner—we just didn't exist for them. And, oh, Chris! You should see Mr. Moore's shirtfront. It bulges! He actually reminded me of that old pouter pigeon we had on grandfather's farm when we were small. And that is not all," she added tragically. "We met the Montgomerys in the foyer of the opera house and Arnold "I will-not! Love me-love my just looked Mr. Moore over and turned to me-and smiled! I was morti-

"Huh!" grunted Christine. "And operas, beauty parlors—Ooooh! Be-sides, father says there should be a MONTGOMERY! Did the engineer

Celia was a bit more condescing.

"Sounds interesting to me." said last year and they are sending him Christine reflectively. "I'd like to to South America in the fall on a meet him. Did you invite him up?" over for an orange-colored robe on

and his mother, but I just couldn't Sallie and Dave, you know. They are "I really had to, Chris. I owe it to coming for dinner on Thursday. We'll have Leigh, too. Father will enjoy it. I know. I made it understood it would be strictly informal. Dave Honorable Richard Eaton and that from the office. Sallie and I are go-Major Somebody from Washington, ing to Marion's bridge-tea that afternoon. Besides, to get this man beside Leigh in evening clothes."

"Evening clothes," said Christine derisively. "Who cares for clothes? It's who wears them that counts with me. Clothes-bah! "Stone walls do not a prison make—nor do clothes

the Agnew cottage. Her bathing the wearer moved it bulged a bit well's, who sprawled in the sand bemore and then relaxed into place. side her. Mr. Agnew drowsed over a newspaper on the veranda. Sallie Larkin had gone to the station to meet Dave, and out in the lake, near the diving raft, Christine and Barlett Moore were enjoying their after-

noon swim. "Chris swims splendidly, doesn't she?" remarked Leigh as he watched the scarlet cap disappear and reappear over the blue of the lake. "Chris does everything well, doesn't

Celia nodded abstractedly, burrow- Cele." ing her hand deep into the white

hands dangling awkwardly from his into Wall Street with Uncle Adam?" "Did she tell you that I'm going "No! Really going to work, n all your life. Miss Agreed"

Every one should be busy, doing "I am afraid I would make a poor has ragged me a lot lately about being idle. Doesn't seem to think that taking care of mother's affairs—the estate and all that—is enough. She says she likes people who do some-Christine—that is Miss Agnew's twin thing! I'd like to go to Europe before I knuckle down to a job, though. never once thought." Suggested to Chris last night that we be married in October and have three months in Europe. Haven't drawled Bartlett Moore. "I like folks been over since I was in the army and would like to see it again. Chris wouldn't promise, but—She's a dynamic piece of humanity, and if it came, Cele, how they camped on the job in the Rockies, days when they Don't say anything, Cele, but I'm tion gang. Way up on the mountain- taking up golf. Play every day with side with a trout stream close by, could hear the animals howl through swing of it. She has certainly enon September 8. We sail on September 8. joyed Moore this summer, and he tember 11." says she plays one of the best games he has ever seen played. Mother can be ready, Bart. I don't mind not has given me the place down on Long having a big wedding, as Chris and Island and I'm going to give Chris Leigh will have. I think they are Celia arched her brows and titled a riding horse for her birthday. We'll her pretty head. Arnold Montgom- ride a lot down there. Look at her, ask Chris for all her sports clothes Cele! That dive was as good as any STORY NO 3

you and Chris will be very happy."

and travel a bit." "How about Montgomery?" Celia sat up, her arms about her knees, her eyes fixed on the two already powdery white nose and swimmers, now sitting on the diving turned on the bench before her dress-

night wind? And art! Is there a is so very busy, you know, and his freckles for the occasion. greater artist—anywhere—than Na- mother demands a great deal of his time. He asked me to accompany succeed in portraying Nature's true them on a coast trip on their yacht this month, but father had asked the But, oh, Cele! You should see Bart's Larkins and Mr. Moore up here, and I couldn't leave all the entertaining for Chris to do. Father is terribly frost, the azure colors of the sky at taken with Mr. Moore. Wants him dawn or the tints of a sunset actual- to leave Dave's company and come

> "You can't help but like Moore, too, doesn't he?'

Celia stood up and pulled the her pictures on their canvases, and bright green cap over her golden you say you have art! Music! The hair. She buckled it firmly beneath her chin and turned toward the lake. I'm going out to the raft, Leigh. Won't you come along?"

"Thanks, no. The sun is more friendly to me than the cold water. I'll have a swim when Chris comes in, but now. You might tell her that I'm waiting, if you will."

Celia struck out bravely. She went sit on the raft beside Chris and her companion. So Leigh was going to the company. work, to please Chris. To show her he could do something worth while. electricity from a glass tower atop He was playing golf, and they would ride horseback. He was going to show Chris how much he loved her by doing the things she liked to do. lars will be able to watch the sur-She looked ahead at the raft. It rounding horizon for fifty miles or seemed very far away. She was get-ting tired. She floated on her back Eve for a moment and then started off moved to the depot line where it will again. She was just halfway and she be halted by a red light. When the could not turn back. She must go ship is loaded and ready to leave the on. She wanted to swim like Chris- depot a green light will be flashed. tine did, she wanted to sit in the sun The plane will then taxi to the end on the diving raft. Her arms were of the take-off runway where it will rebelling, and then the muscle in her again face a red light, and it will reright leg began to stiffen. She caught main stationary until the dispatcher the flash of Christine's scarlet cap bobbing above the water. Moore was all is clear. standing on the edge of the raft ready to dive. Celia called frantically once, twice, she waved her arm. She tried to remember all that had been taught her by the swimming instructor years before, she called again and there was an answering call; a silver flash of spray as Moore's arm cut through the water. from the top of the tower and will She relaxed, her head against his chest, as he started to swim on his back toward the raft. She had not spoken.

"I am sorry—I—troubled you. thought I-could make it." "You should—never have tried—

it! Don't-be so foolish again!" And then Christine's eager voice with a sob in it; Christine helping is clear. her to the raft; Christine's brown arms holding her close.

"No, he didn't. He knew the score perfectly. Told me a lot about it I didn't know, and said Jerbori was at her best. Evidently had heard her "Well, I did get here." Cele tried "Cele, my beautiful little sister, to laugh, but her voice trembled.

"Yes, thanks to Bart. I didn't even hear you call. I'm going ashore for a boat to take you in, you old Celia yawned and then reached tenderfoot. Cele, don't you-evertry such—a stunt again. Promise!" She was sitting on the raft in the

sun—alone with Bart Moore. He was beside her, his eyes fixed on Christine, who was swimming rapidly toward the distant beach on which Leighton Chiswell sprawled lazily under a striped umbrella. Celia looked at her companion. "It's nice to be out here, isn't it?"

"Deucedly hot. I'm afraid you will

get sunburned." "I don't care if I do. I'm not afraid of tan—and freckles. They go with summer and the out-of-doors.' He turned toward her. "Why did you ever try to swim out herealone?" he asked abruptly.

"Because—I wanted to come. didn't think it was so far."

"Will you promise you'll never-do it again?" to-you?" her breath caught on the last word.

"It makes a lot of difference, Cele. You are so little and frail, will you United States, the equipment having promise?" "Wouldn't you like me better, if I did the things Chris does?" Celia

could not believe it was her voice saying these words. "I-couldn't like you better than I do, honey, but you are so little, I am afraid, I love you so much, I am going to give up the chance to go to

South America if you want me to, "I don't want you to give up the chance to go to South America. I don't want you to stay here, I want

you to live your life. "Oh, I thought you cared." "I care so much that I want to go to South America with you, Bart. To Chris show you I can live your life, be a sport. I don't care what we

do, so long as I am with you." A big brown hand closed over hers. 'Honey, why, I never thought, Oh, I felt like such a big clodhopper, so awkward, when you were around. I

"And I felt so weak and incompetent, and so colorless. Bart, I thought you cared for Chris-until you put your arms around me-out there in the water."

"And you care enough-She nodded happily. "We'll have

"October," he repeated slowly. "But, honey, if I go to South Ameri-

rather foolish, don't you? And I'll and I will give her my party dresses. She will need them more than I will, professional swimmer's. By George!" staying here in New York. I can be

will watch nature's paintings togeth-"And how about you, Cele?" er, hear the symphonies, and we'll "Oh, father and I will keep house feel sorry for the people up here who

do not know what real living is." Celia Agnew paused in the act of applying a pink powder-puff to her ing table to face her twin sister. the birds at dawn? Did you ever laugh.

hear a breeze whispering up a canyon? Or the rustle of trees in a nold since we came to the lake. He

Christine wore a chiffon frock of coral pink, and Madame Geney had skillfully covered the summer tan and

> "Behold, thy bridesmaid!" she made a low curtsey. "And the bridegroom and the best man—await without! shirtfront! It bulges!"

Celia carefully powdered her slen-der white neck. With deft fingers she rearranged the exquisitely marcelled hair in coils on the back of her head. "Well, what of it, Chris? Clothes! Who cares for clothes? You know, Chris, 'stone walls do not a prison make,' nor do clothes make a man. It's the man—Bart Moore—beneath that shirtfront that counts with me.'

# COLORED LIGHT SIGNALS

TO GUIDE PLANES.

Flashing lights spelling messages to aviators in the air and comprising a system as complete as the block signal systems used by railroad companies, will control all airplanes op-erating from the new Western Air Express Airport on Valley Boulein daily, but did not swim any great vard, near Alhambra, Cal., according distances. But now she wanted to to an announcement made by C. C. Cole, superintendent of operators for

The lights are to be operated by

Every departing plane will be again face a red light, and it will reflashes a green light, showing that

There will also be a direct telephone from the end of the runway to the dispatcher's office so that the pilot may talk to the dispatcher if

there is any unusual delay. Incoming planes will be controlled by a dot and dash system of flashed signals. These signals will be given be flashed steadily until the pilot has signaled his understanding of them. One push of a button will keep the signals going until the reply has been received. If two planes approach the field at the same time, the code signals will designate which ship shall make the first landing and the second plane must remain in the air until it has been signaled that all

The new passenger depot is to be

radio operators and the dispatchers. proved with a hexagon hangar, with 54,000 square feet of floor space, and a second hangar of 35,000 feet of nettes. floor space. For the convenience of passengers, contracts have been let for the erection of two garages, each with 13,500 square feet of floor space. There will also be open air parking space for 300 automobiles.

### GARAGE DOORS NOW OPEN BY RADIO DEVICE IN AUTO

A pull on a knob on the instrument board of your automobile and your garage door opens. Drive Another pull on the little dash board knob and the door swings closed behind you. All done by radio.

While press dispatches from and opening of garage doors was beyond the stage of experiment in the passed the experimental stage and practical use having already been

made of the development. Automatic operation of garage doors by radio is possible by a mechanism within the garage and on the dashboard of the automobile. Coded signals make it private. Those cars which are to control a given door broadcast a particular series of impulses—a radio key which is recognized by that door

Thus one may broadcast signals at his neighbor's garage but the doors will not move. Substitute the neighbor's car, which sends the correct signal and immediately the door will

respond. The operating mechanism holds the door open and does not allow the wind to blow it shut. In like manner, when the door is closed it is securely locked by the mechanism-a locking arrangement which cannot be

The radio control apparatus consists of a small transmitter in the car and a receiver in the garage. The transmitter in the car is inconspicuously mounted that only a small knob on the instrument board shows. There is an antenna on the bottom

The radio control apparatus is ready for operation at all times. Master-code combinations are made possible so that, for instance the executives of a factory may all open the factory and also open their own garage at home but not each others.

The Barber-Colman Co., has been manufacturing textile machinery in Rockville, Ill., Framingham, Mass., and other places and the genius of its engineers has brought another product in the radio garage door.

-Subscribe for the Watchman.

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Daily Thought.

When people get real sin-sick, there is no need of coaxing them to hold up their hands for prayer. -The American woman has won her revolt against French fashion dictation, and the short skirt will remain.

The test of strength resulted in a other cooked. compromise, with the moral victory going to America. As at London, in the limitation of armaments the stations as well as the practical exagainst French insistence on certain methods, so in the skirt limitation debate of Paris a compromise was effected, but just enough of one to and more people are feeding the save the French from utter rout. Legs will continue to be shown with the newest Paris gowns, except in the evening. In the morning and afternoon sun the legs will shine, but not even an inch of stocking must peep from evening

dresses. Enough dressmakers' expositions of summer models have now been shown to figure that the average sports dress will be 15 inches from the floor; afternoon and tea gowns from 13 to 14 inches, while evening gowns must brush the instep.

One prominent dressmaker solved the problem by showing dresses in six lengths for wearing around the clock, gradually lengthening as the shadows lengthen. Buyers have been able, serves no useful purpose. extremely wary, however, recalling that earlier this winter they went too far in dress lengths and the American women refused to buy.

There is no longer any question of who sways the fashions of the world. Paris still is undoubtedly the dressmaker to the world, but Paris cuts mixture. as the American woman dictates. Knees will be covered, but calves remain unhampered—and that rep-

resents a purely American victory. Moreover, dressmakers say they are buying twice as many midlength afternoon gowns as full ment, regularity of milking, careful length evening gowns, and there appeared some doubt, except among the ultra-fashionable, of the extent

Lucien Lelong voiced the revised opinion of French dressmakers when

"The dress length and waist line should depend on the type of gown and the physical characteristics of the wearer. I should say 12 inches from the floor would be conserative for afteroon wear, 14 to 15 for for health. Water also aids digessport and ankle length for evening. The waist line should be as near normal as possible."

A hasty resume of collections so far exhibited showed a general and keep it cool by setting the can in cold water, changed three times The following measurements predominated among leading dressmakers for day wear: Drecollbeer, 13 inches; Germaine Leconte, 13; Marchel Rochas, 13; Lelong, 12.

The powers that direct fashion a four-story structure. The lower trends have decreed the death of floor is to house the waiting-room, the sunburn vogue. The 1930 "elerestaurant, baggage-room and air-mail postoffice. The second floor will damsel will wear a tan, of course, be devoted to offices for operation but the fair girl will protect her officials. The two upper floors will be pearly complexion even if she has an enclosed tower accommodating the to take to veils and sunbonnets as her 1830 predecessors did. It is to The airport has already been im- be a time of much more individuality among women than when all the beaches were crowded with bru-

As fashionable colors are naturally designed to set off fashionable complexions, this change of skin vitally affects the 1930 sartorial

Few, if any, crude colors will be used this year. Rather, colors will often be toned with their own complementaries; for example, blue and orange will be mixed to produce of the good efforts of manure may turquoise and peacock tones with a much more lively effect than the grayed pastels.

Blue always accompanies essensymbol of purity and spirituality— frost resistant than are the tops. Switzerland were telling of an in- and it is coming back strongly into vention to open and close garage the 1930 mode. Navy blue will be doors by radio, discovery was made one of the leading colors for even-"What difference would it make at the plant of the Barber-Colman ing as well as for morning and afcompany here that the radio closing ternoon costumes. Then there are violet blues, and grayed-violet blues, ed before the grass has time to get and green blues; lapis-lazuli, peacock started. turquoise and robin's egg.

> daughter of 1930 were presented at rays of the sun. the convention of the National Hairdressers' and Cosmetologists' Association.

Both had bobbed hair, the mother's rather long on the side and close at the back, making it difficult to ascertain from a front view whether the hair was long or short. Daughter's hair was shoulderlength, soft-waved with ringlets curling here and there and a coil at the nape of the neck caught up in little puffs—one of several styles with which youth can experiment. "Older women are keeping their hair short in the hope of retaining the illusion of youth," observed one

coiffeur, "but youth is daring and can afford to be picturesque, coy, quaint, or any other mood which it chooses to express." clients against dying hair and pre- wishing to plant green feed for dicted wigs will have a real place summer use in their poultry runs, on American feminine heads within will find sudan grass very good. a few years. "No one is fooled any-

way," he added of 1930 may be parted any way— they are wet. diagonally, zig-zag, right or left or

Nut Bread .- One and a half cupfuls of milk, one egg, one cupful of them only at night and hide in granulated sugar, three cupfuls of cracks and crevices during the dayflour, three teaspoonsful of baking time. powder and one cupful of walnut meats (chopped.) Mix these ingredients-the egg need not be beaten in this instance—and place in a loaf ing fountain. A good device to prepan. Allow to stand for half an vent ducklings from forming such a hour before placing in a slow oven to bake for an hour.

the Watchman.

### FARM NOTES.

-In buying and storing apples for winter use it is safe to figure on about 10 apples a day for a family of five. R. J. Barnett, horticulturist of the Kansas station, says that a family supply should amount to about two apples per person each day. One of these could well be eaten fresh and the

Experimental work at several perience of a large number of poultry keepers prove that hens do not need to hunt in the litter for their feed in order to lay well. More whole and cracked grain to the poultry in troughs to keep it cleaner, than it would be if scattered in the litter.

Litter is highly desirable poultry house during the time that the flock is kept confined, but its virtue is in keeping the feed cleaner, the floor drier and more easily cleaned, and the house warmer than when no litter is used, and not to furnish a place to hide the grain feed. Some grain will be dropped in the straw or chaff, or shredded fodder or peat moss, even though troughs are used, and the hens will scratch for it. But deliberately scattering the grain in the litter, unless there is no container avail-

-A full dinner pail for the dairy cow means a full milk pail for the dairyman.

Cows like salt. Feed one pound of salt to every 100 pounds of grain

It takes all winter for a good cow to recover from the effects of a poor pasture and no grain.

-Cows respond to good treat-

-Children and young calves may to which the average American contract bovine tuberculosis by woman will cover her legs com-

The tubercular cow should be

removed from the milk supply. Safety cannot always be guaranteed by pasturization. Cows love water. Next to air, water is the cheapest food known

tion, manufactures blood, and is used to secrete milk. -Cool the cream after skimming daily during summer. Stir the cream

at least twice a day and don't mix warm cream with cold cream. -Silage will be plentiful on most farms although the quality may be poor in many cases, the specialists believe. This is due to the early frosts and the wet weather during the silo-filling season which caused

a low quality of corn and some mold in the silage. The farm tractor cannot be operated economically unless it is kept at its optimum load.

Potassium is a plant food that is very abundant in some fields and others are lacking in this element.

To do a job well and to feel that you are a necessary part of the world's progress—that is success or at least a large share of it.

Farm manure has a considerable amount of potassium and some be due to the amount of the element present.

-It has been found that wet soil tially feminine fashion epochs—as does not freeze as easily as dry soil, great painters have chosen it for and it has also been proven that the mantle of the Madonna as a the roots of plants are much less -On wooded hillsides remove the

erosion. If the trees are all moved at once, gullies will be form-—In hauling eggs to the market, do not expose them to the direct

trees gradually if there is danger of

-Insist that the buyer pay cash for your eggs, and that he them on a quality of grade basis.

-A standard incubator which will successfully hatch chicken eggs should hatch the turkey eggs with equal success. Many have been used successfully.

All parts of the incubator should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. One per cent formalin can be used. Then level the machine and regulate carefully to the desired temperature.

-Poultry raisers not being fortunate to have clover, alfalfa This hairdresser said he advised other green feed ranges, or those

Male birds with large combs are The youthful sleekly bobbed hair most apt to become frosted after

> -A lot of poultrymen confuse lice with mites. Lice stay on the birds all the time, whereas mites attack

Often ducks make a very disagreeable puddle around the drinkpuddle, is a wire covered frame.

Proper housing of the poultry He you want reliable news read flock generally pays dividends in more eggs and healthier chickens.