

MODERATE-PRICED PIGGERY ACCOMMODATING BROOD SOWS

Excellent Pens for Shelter of Swine Both in Summer and Winter—Sanitary and Ventilating Conditions Are Superior.

In response to a query for plans for a moderate-priced house to accommodate 25 brooding sows and the usual complement of pigs, the Country Gentleman publishes the following:

For the brood sows it is best to have separate cots like those described by Professor Shaw of the Michigan



Fig. 1—Movable Cot for Brood Sow.

Station, from whose bulletin on the subject the following engravings are made. Sows and pigs should be kept away from the main or winter pen as much as possible. The sow should have plenty of exercise, plenty of green and succulent food, and access to the ground. These cots offer ideal summer conditions both to sow and litter.

Fig. 1 is a good cot for a sow that is about to farrow, since she cannot lie down close to the sides and thus overlie the young pigs. A cot like that shown in Fig. 2, however, gives better ventilation and is preferable in very hot weather. This is built 6x8, with vertical sides 3 feet high, with board roof, half pitch. The center boards on the sides are hung on hinges to open in hot weather. Note also the simple way of ventilating at

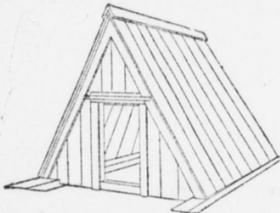


Fig. 2—A Six-by-Eight Cot.

The highest point of the roof. Cover the openings in the sides with woven wire. Such a cot contains 160 feet of stock lumber, 60 feet of matched stuff, 20 feet 4 by 6, 12 feet 4 by 4, 44 feet 2 by 4, and ought to be made by a carpenter in a couple of days. A floor can be made for it if desired for winter quarters, using two-inch stuff cut in lengths to rest on the skids, with the latter wider than the sills. Do not fasten the sills to the skids, as the latter are the first to rot.

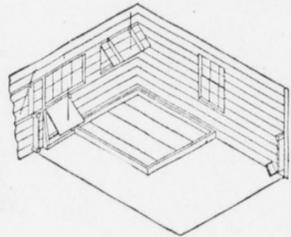
Where the pigs do not come late in the fall or too early in the spring, it is better to use such a cot as the permanent home of the sow, keeping her there during the winter and compelling plenty of exercise by putting her food at a considerable distance from the cot, and not using too much bedding, but enough to keep her warm and comfortable.

Such cots are used also for fattening pigs. A movable hog cot is better in most cases than a permanent pen, as it keeps the pigs away from any central place, which is sure to become permanently contaminated, mucky in wet weather, dusty in dry, and dirty all the time.

If a permanent hog-house is to be built, it should be located on a knoll

rather than in a moist hollow. Next, sufficient yardage, which you say you have, should be available. Large lots, where succulent food can be grown, are to be preferred to small exercise pens, which cannot be kept healthful in a warm climate. The pig should naturally be fattened in the late fall, and none carried over but the breeding stock. Experiments beyond number have shown that it is not profitable to feed either old or heavy hogs. The rule ought to be to have eight-month-old pigs weigh at least 200 pounds and fit for slaughter. Such pigs ought never to see the inside of a costly permanent pen, but ought to go to the slaughter house directly from the lots and the cots.

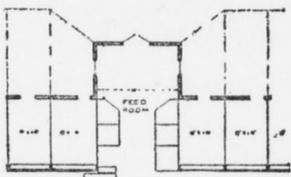
Use cement floors with overlays for the pigs to lie on. The drawing shows this clearly; the overlay being hinged to the side of the pen, so that it may be raised up and the floor beneath properly cleaned. Note also that it is in the corner of the pen and away from the feeding trough. It is bedded with fresh bedding once a week. The



The Arrangement of the Pen.

overlay here described is made from inch lumber, with inch cleats below to hold the boards together. A 2 by 4 surrounds the affair to hold the bedding in place, nailed to the boards and reinforced by a triangular piece of scantling nailed to the 2 by 4 and to the floor.

It is not necessary to go into details in the description of the pens. The cut shows how the 10 by 14 pen is arranged, with swing door at one corner, lifted by a rope leading to the front of the pen; abundant windows and ventilation; the widening out of the door frame to prevent the pigs from getting their noses under the door when closed; the feeding trough, with swinging door over it, to keep back the hogs when feeding, and par-



Plan of Piggery.

titition between the pens high enough to keep the hogs from quarrelling over them, but not high enough to prevent free movement of the air lengthwise of the stable.

One From the Cashier.

The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."
"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump." Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bus' hisself."
"Why did he laugh, Tillie?"
"I dunno."

"What did you tell him?"
"Jus' what you tol' me to."
"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."
"I banded de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.
"Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and white-wash my chicken house tomorrow."
Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.
"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"
"Yes, sah, a powerful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot
And with the optimists agree
That trouble's soon forgot,

You'll be surprised to find, I guess,
Despite misfortune's darts,
What constant springs of happiness
Lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams
The passing years unfold,
How soft and warm the lovelight beams
When you are growing old.

Acted Like the Genuine.

"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."
"Bogus, I'll bet."
"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.

Grouchily—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,190.
Moxley—Is that so?
Grouchily—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.
"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunbysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "Eggs," the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecelle Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

How She Learned.

The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend.
"John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why her learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."
"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, Of'm desavin th' crature. Every toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and, although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want to see the man who was run over.' 'No; hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

A Retraction.

"You shouldn't have called that man a pig," said the conciliatory man.

"That's right," replied the vindictive person. "There is no sense in implying that he's worth 40 cents a pound to anybody."

Blissful Ignorance.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"
"Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"
"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

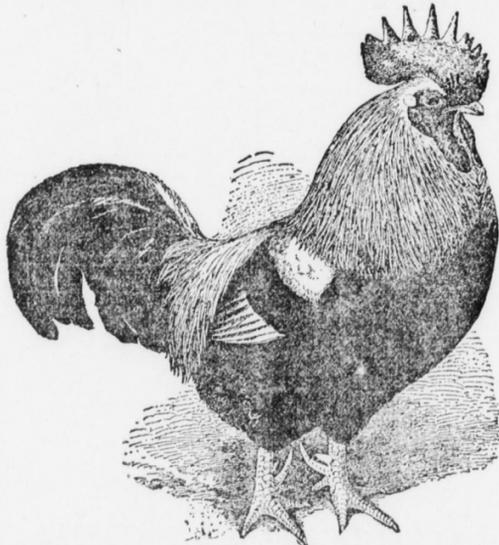
In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

ENGLISH BREED OF DORKING



Of the domesticated breeds of fowl in England the Dorking is among the oldest, ranking in this respect with the Games. There are those among poultry writers, who give it even greater historical significance, claiming to trace its ancestry back to the time of the Roman invasion of Britain. It takes its name from an English town in Surrey, where undoubtedly

it first attained economic importance. From this source it has spread pretty much over England, and occupies the same position to the poultry industry of that country that the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes do to America. Pre-eminently it belongs to the all-purpose breeds, with a slightly preponderating advantage for table uses.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaulin, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, &c., &c., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.