FARM AND GARDEN

FOR THE POULTRY RAISER.

There is less profit in half-starved hens than in those too fat.

The qualifications for a successful poultryman, are patience, perserverance, pluck, enterprise and capital.

If there is any tendency to looseness of the bowels among poultry, give them coal ashes to pick over. This will correct it.

A good way to clean ducks, after picking, is to rub them well with a cloth that has been dampened and dipped in cornmeal.

It is not too late to get in a few bushels of fine gravel for the hens to work at. They will show their appreciation of your kindness by laying a good many extra eggs.

A contented hen is always a good egg producer, and anything that worries or frightens the inhabitants of the poultry yard robs the egg basket. For this reason there should be shade trees in the yard where fowls are kept.

Those who are tired of the old method of whitewashing the inside of the chicken coops to exterminate vermin, can find a cheap paint and insectitude in crude petroleum, colored with Venetian red. It also has a preservative value for the wood.

The lice are still about; get rid of them. If you have an old iron pot handy try burning a lot of cedar shavings in the henhouse. After having chased out the chickens, close up the building tightly and fill it with smoke. Those who have tried it say it beats any other method known.

The crocodile, the chicken and the ostrich take pebbles with their food to aid in grinding it.

If you do not love your poultry well enough to give them the proper care, you had better go out of business.

Milk may soil the old hen's feathers, but there is nothing better for her in the way of food and drink at this season.

When bumblefoot appears lance the bottom of the foot and poultice it with bread crumbs, soaked in milk, or a scraped, raw potato.

To cure feather pulling, wash the feathers of the victim birds with a mixture made by dissolving powdered aloes in alcohol.

To save the annoyance of foul-smelling chicken boxes, in which you have live poultry, slip two or three sheets of thick paper in the bottom; when empty throw these away.

The roosts in the poultry-house should be low, so that the fowls need not jump from any great height, which often causes bumblefoot—a swelling of the bottom and side of the foot.

Nest eggs are useful to guide pullets or strange hens to locate the nest boxes, but that is about the extent of it. The old theory that the presence of nest eggs induces egg production, has long since been exploded.

One of the worst things the neat poultry keeper can do with the eggs is to wash them. The warm water opens the pores of the protecting shell, and the egg decays in a very short time. Better dirty eggs than spoiled ones.

WINTER PROTECTION OF STRAWBERRIES.

Mulching consists in the covering of the soil with leaves, straw, sawdust, or in fact anything that serves as a cover and protection to it. Mulching is practised for two purposes: to prevent a too excessive evaporation of the moisture of the soil during the summer and also to avoid the effects of freezing and thawing in winter. So, while mulching is practised in the summer to retain moisture and assist in the development of the fruit, protecting so far as may be from drought, it is also practised in winter, but for a different purpose; the strawberry is not a deep-rooted plant, its roots are of the fibrous order, spreading in all directions in search of fertility; these of necessity are closely embraced by the soil when it freezes. The mere freezing of the soil effects no injury to the plant; it is the frequent freezing and thawing that work mischief to it by severing or tearing the roots, and after a time lifting them from the soil, in which situation they are left to perish or simply engage in a prolonged struggle for bare existence. The same effect is produced in a field of clover when, as it is termed, it is "frozen out." With freezing and thawing strawberry plants are "frozen out," the prevention of which calls for winter protection. It is not necessary that the protection should be given to prevent the freezing of the soil, for this is hardly possible, but it is to retain the frost in the soil after it becomes frozen, which is more easily accomplished than the first condition, therefore the application of the material may be omitted until the soil is effectually frozen. The use of leaves is somewhat objectionable for the reason that unless they are held down by some weight they are liable to blow away, and also for the further reason that they are liable to pack down so closely as to kill the plants. Strange as it may appear, plants seem to require breathing room, or breathing facilities during the winter season, although they are supposed to be dormant. Old hay or straw may be used instead of leaves, but for efficiency and great convenience, there is nothing better than the branches of evergreens, such as hemlock, spruce, arbor vitae or anything of a similar character that has a close foliage. Spreading these over the plants sufficiently to cover them securely an excellent protection is afforded, and one that is in no way liable to result disastrously to the plants themselves. These suggestions are made for the benefit of those who grow the berry only in moderate quantities although the principle applies with equal force, however extensive the plantation. In the spring, when all danger from frost has passed, the covering can be removed and the plants will be found looking fresh and green, ready to commence a vigorous growth.

KEEPING EGGS IN SUMMER.

Even if eggs are held only for a comparatively short time before being used or disposed of it will be found advantageous to keep them in the best manner possible. Where they may be on hand some little time this is much more important. Egg racks are good things to have for this purpose. A simple one can be made from a large box fitted with shelves in which are holes to place the eggs in, end down.

Eggs do not keep so well when put in baskets, etc., where they come in contact with one another. The next best thing for an egg rack is shallow boxes filled with sawdust, cork or bran, in which the eggs can be stood on end until wanted. Sawdust and cork are best for this purpose, for if bran is used it will have to be watched, for there is a chance of its becoming musty. If kept in this manner and the boxes or shelves marked with the dates it is easy to tell when the eggs were gathered, and so they can be used or disposed of to better advantage.

Eggs kept on end and free from contact with one another in a cool cellar can be held some time. If it is desired to do this care should be taken to see that all the eggs are clean before being placed in the racks or boxes.—H. E. Haydock, in the Tribune Farmer.

CLEAN THE GRAIN FIELDS.

With all our pains in selecting seed grain many weeds and other obnoxious plants persist in showing up along about harvest time. The only way to get rid of these pests is to go through the fields now and pluck out the individual plants. The plan is perfectly practicable if one has been careful in cleaning his seed grain. Watch out for mustard and wild oats. The mustard plant, if allowed to mature, will make no end of trouble; but if the fields are gone over just as the mustard blossoms show it will not be a very big job to clean them out. With wild oats the situation is different. It resembles the cultivated oat in some respects, but it has large, drooping spikelets. Some claim they do not fear wild oats in the Central Western states, as a short rotation of crops will rid the fields of it. But it is a big mistake to allow it to get a foothold anywhere. Keep it out. The very first question I would ask were I buying seed oats would be whether it contained wild oats.—L. C. Brown

CHANGING CROPS.

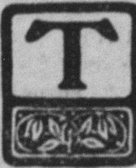
I have never seen so much changing about of farm operations as there has been this spring. Many good business farmers who have precise methods in carrying on their affairs have been adrift this spring and are breaking up their systems. Many got badly hurt in feeding hogs and sheep and have turned grain raisers, with not a pig on the farm. I appreciate that it take nerve to stick by a losing game, but it looks very foolish to me to turn from any special line of work because prices are against it for one season. The hog raiser and feeder cannot lose money very long on account of low prices. The market usually swings back before another pig crop is ready to go. Stick to your livestock. If feed is high, stand by your stock and use closer methods in feeding. The man who lost his nerve and has not a nice bunch of spring pigs out in the clover pasture now will be the first one to take up the faithful old brood sow next fall.—L. C. Brown.

FEEDING OATS IN SHEAF.

There will be an uncommonly large amount of oats cut this season to be fed out in the sheaf. The object is twofold—getting both grain and roughage from the one crop. If oats are cut at the proper stage it makes first rate feed. It should be cut just after the berry reaches the dough stage and before the straw colors up very much. At this stage horses will eat the straw up clean. If one is as careful as to the time of harvesting and method of handling oats as of clover hay the bundles will remain nice and fresh until away along the next winter. Many put up a few acres of their oats in this way and for winter feeding run the bundles through a cutter. The main thing is to harvest the crop before the straw becomes woody. If it is left until the straw is well colored, then I should rather trash out the grain and use the straw for coarse feed and bedding.—L. C. Brown, in the Tribune Farmer.

The True Sportsman.

By Dr. Henry Van Dyke.



HE true sportsman is a man who finds his recreation in a fair and exciting effort to get something that is made for human use, in a way that involves some hardship, a little risk, a good deal of skill and patience and plenty of out-of-door life. He is a survival, of course, of primitive man and of uncivilized ages. He represents what is left of man's ancient necessity to use the bow and the spear and the book and the line to obtain the food which nature had put within his reach, but not into his possession. Nature said to him: "A bird in the bush is worth more to you than one in your hand; a fish in the sea is worth more to you than one in your basket. Go out and get them. Learn to help yourself." The courage, the skill, the perseverance which were demanded by this effort counted for much in the development of the human race. And the same qualities which were brought out under the spur of necessity in the primitive hunter or fisherman would be developed in the civilized sportsman by the influence of the true sporting spirit. He should not be a coward or a shirk; he should not be a bungler; he should not be a quitter or a luxurious idler. He should love a hard day's work, and do his best to learn the mastery of his craft, and take steep trails, rough water and rude weather as they come, and be glad of the hours that he spends in the chase and grateful for the spoil.

The Handicaps *of* Authors.

By Rudyard Kipling.

N other callings of life there exists a convention that what a man has made shall be his own and his children's after him. With regard to letters the world decides that after a very short time all that a writer may have created shall be taken from him and shall become the property of anybody and everybody except the original maker. This may be right. It may be more important that men should be helped to think than they should be helped to live. But those on whom this righteousness is executed find it difficult to establish a family on letters. Sometimes they find it difficult to feed one. That letters should be exempted from the law of continuous ownership seems to constitute another handicap on the calling. Most men are bound by oath or organization or their natural instinct not to work for nothing. When his demon urges a man of letters to work, he may do so without any regard to wages or the sentiments of his fellow workers. This may be incontinence or inspiration. Whichever it is, we must face the fact and its consequences, that at any moment a man of letters may choose to pay not only with his skin, but in cash and credit, for leave to do his work—to say the thing he desires to say. This is perhaps not fair to himself or his fellows, but it is a law of his being, and as such constitutes yet another handicap.

Parents-in-Law.

How Shall An Affectionate Son-in-Law Address Them?

By a Prospective Son-in-Law.

'M going to get married next June, and what's bothering me now is to know what I am to call my father-in-law and my mother-in-law. Am I to call them father and mother, or am I to address them as Mr. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so?

If I followed my own inclination I should say Mr. and Mrs. However much I might admire and respect them, I don't see how I could, out of my heart, address my wife's father and mother by those titles. Such seems to be the custom, but I don't see how I could do it.

The Bible says that a man must leave all and cleave to his wife, and that appears to be what men commonly do; but while thus men become separated from their old homes, setting up new homes of their own, and living with new interests amid new surroundings, yet they never can forget their father and mother, and they can have none other; for while they may now see more of their wife's father and mother these can never seem as their own, and I don't think that I could ever so address them. And there must be plenty of other people who really feel just the same way.

My own father—and he's a man of more or less sense—says that he always did; he called my mother's father and mother father and mother, but while he liked them both very much and they were both just as kind and good to him as they could be, yet it never seemed as natural to him to call them so; but he did, because it was expected. He says he did get used to calling his mother-in-law mother so she was so kind and gentle, but never used to calling his father-in-law father, kind as his father-in-law always was to him. He says that his father-in-law always seemed just as another man to him; not as a father, but as a man who was good to him and with whom he was on very friendly relations.

My own mother says that she always called my father's father and mother not simply father and mother, but Father So-and-so, and Mother So-and-so. Her father and mother were standing for my father's parents' last name. She didn't want to call them father and mother, much affection as she had for them, but she conformed to custom and added to those titles their name. I think there was sense and a good idea in that. I'll have to put that away for reference and perhaps for use. I've heard my mother, loving heart that she is, say that she wouldn't want any but her own children to call her mother. Perhaps she doesn't exactly mean this, but, you see, there's the instinct that prompts me, working in the other direction.

I think for myself that if I had sons and daughters grown up and married I wouldn't want my daughters-in-law and sons-in-law to call me father. Sure, I'd let 'em do as they wanted to; and if I had a charming and affectionate daughter-in-law who really wanted to call me father, why she should have her way, of course, and I'd be pleased with the honor; but I think I'd be as well pleased if she called me Mr. So-and-so. That's the way it seems to me now. And I'm quite certain that if I had a son-in-law I would prefer that he should address me by my proper name and title.

That's the way I feel about it. My wife will be all in all to me, and for her parents I have the most profound respect and admiration and affection; but still I have but one father and mother; and I don't want to call anybody else by those titles.

Of course I want to do whatever is right and proper; but what am I going to do about it? This worries me just a little.

Useless Playthings.

Elaborate Toys of Almost No Account to Little Children

By Dr. T. S. Fowler-Schonen.

HE infant begins to play in his cradle with his own toes and fingers. A healthy child is always playful, and he wants to play incessantly, except when he is hungry, sleepy or otherwise uncomfortable. Play is nature's method of educating the child. It is a natural development and training of the child's physical, mental and moral nature.

Almost all a mother's talk to a child up to school age is in the nature of play. As she provides food for the child's body, so in her play with him she furnishes food for his mind. It is sometimes argued if it is right to try to teach very young children anything. Positively no mother can help doing it. Consciously or unconsciously, she is teaching a child from earliest infancy by play. She is teaching him language as she talks to him. She is teaching him motion, form and direction as she dangles a bright ball before his baby eyes.

Games train the body and the mind. In the ceaseless activity of the little child, so wearing to older persons, he is developing every muscle. Tossing a ball is one of the best gymnastic exercises ever invented. In playing with building blocks a child gets no physical exercise, but he is getting the finest kind of mental training. He is developing taste, judgment and ideas of architecture.

A very small child takes great comfort with a nest of blocks, all of which he can place inside the largest one, and then take out again. Children love very much a plaything which can be taken to pieces and put together again, a horse that can be harnessed and unharnessed, a doll that can be dressed and undressed. Any one who watches little children must see how they love little, simple, monotonous actions; how they will sing the same little refrain or repeat the same meaningless phrase over and over again, till an older person is nauseated with it. The child's mind is simple. A child is overstimulated and wearied by the elaborate, finished toys given him nowadays. If you do not think so, examine the hoard a young child will collect for himself. I examined one such hoard stored away by a little girl who could have any plaything she liked. Among her treasures were various old empty spools, the handle of an old brush broom, a clothespin and various such things, including one battered rubber doll, the only toy she had taken from an elaborate collection. I do not know what meaning she attached to these things, but you may be sure that each old spool stood for something more than a spool to her imagination. The child lives in an unreal world, the world of play. His imagination is always at work. Sometimes, if we can get into his world ourselves, he will tell us his little imaginings and we can get a glimpse into the fairy realm where he lives. But usually the child is shy with us, because we have left that fairyland and forgotten what was there. He knows that the grown-up will not understand and will laugh. The child does not like to be laughed at any more than a grown-up. It makes him ashamed and miserable. Or, if he grows to like it it is very bad for him. Then he becomes pert and self-conscious.

IRA D. SANKEY'S VOICE HUSHED FOREVER

The Greatest Singer of Revival Hymns Dead.

WAS MOODY'S CHIEF COWORKER.

After Five Years of Blindness He Passes Away at His Home, in Brooklyn—An Interesting Story of His Useful Life—His Love for the Organ Which He Always Took With Him.

New York (Special).—Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist, who was for many years coworker with the late Dwight L. Moody, died Thursday night at his home in Brooklyn, aged 68 years. Five years ago he was stricken with blindness, and since that time he had lived in retirement in Brooklyn. He received a large income from his publications and had acquired a considerable estate.

Mr. Sankey was born in the little town of Edinborough, Pa., on August 28, 1840. His father, David Sankey, served his State at one time as a member of the Senate. When young Sankey was 17 years of age his parents moved to the nearby city of Newcastle, where the young man became interested in religious work. He got to be class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church there and later leader of the choir. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association of Newcastle also attracted him and he was for a number of years president of the association branch in that place. When the sounds of civil strife were first heard in the clamorous days of 1861 young Sankey forgot all else but his country and enlisted in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Infantry. His subsequent career proved that he could fight for his country as well as sing to the glory of his God.

Joined With Moody.

It was not until 1870 that Mr. Sankey met Dwight L. Moody. In that year Mr. Sankey went as a delegate of the Young Men's Christian Association to the international convention of the association, held in Indianapolis. There they met for the first time the two young men whose names were destined to be so famously linked. They were fast friends from the very first, and about six months afterward the two men became associated in the evangelistic work that became so successful. Their first preaching was done in Chicago. The Moody and Sankey services began with a half hour of song by those assembled, after which Mr. Moody would preach a short sermon. He would then call upon Mr. Sankey to sing some hymns apropos of the theme upon which he had preached. The magnetic personality of the singer, his full, round voice and the heartrending simplicity of the hymns usually sung by Mr. Sankey rarely failed to make a deep impression on his hearers.

In 1871 the two friends went to Great Britain and started the first series of memorable Moody and Sankey evangelistic campaigns there. The songs of Philip Phillips, the first "singing evangelist," of P. P. Bliss and Sankey's own compositions made up the greater part of the hymnal that he drew upon during those first years of evangelistic work in Chicago and Great Britain. On a little organ that Mr. Sankey carried with him wherever he went in those early days he composed his hymns and played his own accompaniments at all the meetings.

Loved That Little Organ.

Mr. Sankey kept that little organ till the day of his death. It was his greatest pleasure and recreation after he was stricken with blindness to be led into his library and to the little bench before the keyboard, where he would spend happy hours playing the beloved old tunes and singing the dear, well-known old hymns.

For nearly 40 years this little organ was his constant companion. He carried it all over the earth. No other musical instrument played so important a part in the religious history of the world. Under the inspired touch of Mr. Sankey it led the singing in little Western towns, where only a few were gathered, and it led 20,000 voices in Agricultural Hall in London. Next to the members of his family he loved the little organ more than anything else he possessed. Battered it is by many miles of traveling; the yellow ivory keys are worn thin as a wafer, yet only Mr. Sankey's fingers touched them. On this he composed all the songs that added to his fame. And not only did Mr. Sankey compose his own songs on this organ; not only did he use it in nearly all the meetings in which he took so prominent a part, but on it he tried the songs of others, which were included with his own in the books that he edited—song books that have had a circulation exceeding that of any publication with the exception of the Bible.

Mr. Sankey played on this organ long before he dreamed of becoming an evangelist. He always loved music, and he could not remember when he did not sing. He bought the organ not long after he returned from the Civil War, and he composed 500 Gospel hymns upon it.

Fourteen Hurt In Runaway.

Corry, Pa. (Special).—Fourteen persons were injured, Mrs. Hilda Abbott seriously, in a runaway accident. The entire party was returning in one vehicle from a picnic, when the driver lost control of his horses, and they dashed wildly down a steep hill. In the darkness they collided with another team, upsetting the wagon, bruising or cutting every occupant. The runaway horses were killed and the wagon demolished.

INSANE MAN MURDERERS SON AND DAUGHTER

Religious Fanatic Decapitates Boy With An Ax

Los Angeles, Cal. (Special).—Driven insane by religious mania, R. J. Dufty, 60 years of age, attacked and killed his son and daughter with an axe and then cut his own throat with a razor, inflicting fatal injuries. The tragedy occurred in the extreme northwestern part of the city. Dufty lived at the home of his son, Fred Dufty. He had been on the verge of violent insanity, it is said, for weeks, as a result of religious enthusiasm. Wednesday night he attended a religious meeting and worked himself into a frenzy.

When he arose he was suddenly seized with a desire to kill. Securing a sharp bladed axe he stealthily entered the bedroom of his son while the latter lay asleep. He crept close to the side of the bed and raising the weapon aloft brought it down with terrific force across the neck of the son. The blow was delivered with such tremendous force that the head of the victim was severed completely from the body.

With a maniacal shout Dufty rushed from the house and down the street, waving his bloody weapon. Reaching the house at 451 Northwest Lake Avenue, where his wife and daughter resided, he opened the front door and entered. Mrs. Ada Lacom, the daughter, with her mother, was in a rear room. Proceeding cautiously to this room, the murderer opened the connecting doors. Mrs. Lacom stood with her back to him. Without a word of warning he swung the axe high in the air and cleft his daughter's skull. Her whole head was crushed in from the blow.

Mrs. Dufty fled through a rear door, closely pursued by the maniac striking at her with the axe.

The woman succeeding in eluding him, but not before she had received a severe gash on the elbow from the axe swung by Dufty as he chased her. Mrs. Dufty's cries finally attracted the attention of neighbors, who came to her aid.

Dufty then walked to the street, where he drew a razor from his pocket and slashed his own throat, inflicting frightful wounds which will doubtless cause his death.

Several weeks ago Dufty went to the Evergreen Cemetery and purchased a lot, explaining that he wanted it for himself, son and daughter. Three days ago he purchased a coffin for himself.

Fred Dufty, the son, was 24 years of age, and unmarried. He was an automobile machinist.

The daughter lived with her husband, Ferdinand Lacom, a painter, and their six-year-old daughter. Mrs. Dufty and her husband had been divorced, and she had gone to the home of her daughter to nurse her though approaching confinement.

Before entering the Lacom home Dufty concealed his axe in a sack which he carried. The old man sat nervously fingering the sack, while the women proceeded to prepare breakfast. Suddenly he got up, drew the axe from the sack and attacked them.

$4,000,000 Opera House.

Berlin (Special).—The great People's Opera House, where the highest grade productions are to be given at prices within the reach of the masses, is to cost $4,000,000. It is expected that Parliament will grant half of the needed amount and Berlin the other half, the latter receiving a quid pro quo in the proprietorship of the present opera house. The new temple of music will be situated on the Potsdamerstrasse. The best seats will cost 87½ cents and the cheapest 12½ cents.

Brains Spattered On Wife.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—Colman Brez, an employe of the Agricultural Department, while riding on a scenic railway at Chesapeake Beach, Md., leaned out and was struck by a post. His brains were spattered over the car in which his wife and children also were riding, and death was instantaneous. Brez was born in Russia and was appointed to the Agricultural Department from the District of Columbia.

Entombed Miners Saved.

Mexico City (Special).—Six of the 18 miners who were entombed in the Santa Gertrubis mine near Pachuca, Hibalgo, were rescued alive. The men became imprisoned five days ago by a cave-in. Twelve are still below ground and tappings on a pipe indicate that some of them are yet alive. Rescuing parties are working in short shifts boring through a wall of solid rock.

Devoured By Lions.

Mexico City, Mexico (Special).—Two hungry mountain lions entered the hut of Herculano Flores, in the village of Iedeza De Caballo, state of Jalisco, and killed the whole family, consisting of Flores and his wife and two children. The cries of the victims attracted the villagers and the animals were driven off, but not until they had devoured the two children.

Little Reward For His Crime.

Spokane, Wash. (Special).—The highwayman who held up a Northern Pacific train Friday night near Trent secured about $25, according to F. E. McMillan, post office inspector, who arrived in Spokane on the first train following the hold-up.

Growth Of Cigarette Habit.

Washington (Special).—Government statistics just issued show an enormous growth of the cigarette habit in the United States during the last year when 55,402,336,113 "paper pipes" were smoked. Counting the number of men and boy smokers at 25,000,000 this gives an average per smoker of 2,216, and when it is considered that there are thousands of smokers who use tobacco in some other form it brings the average for the cigarette smoker up very high.