

Poultry for Profit

OPEN AIR HOUSES.

It seems we are creeping back towards nature in poultry housing, the very thing that the artificial heated houses not filling the bill as was expected. We get the following description from the "R. P. J." of September:

"Mr. John W. Dwinell, of Topsfield, Mass., built an experimental Wood's Open Air Poultry House, and tried it out last winter, two types of open-air houses were built, and both have proven much more satisfactory than the closed buildings, the Wood's house proved the favorite as it appeared the driest. The Wood's house has a scratching part to the south of the roost room and there are monitor windows along the south roost room, above roof of scratch shed, and one west window, no opening of any sort along north or east. Dimensions for a 10x16 foot house has rear section, 10 feet. This gives much air space, and a steep enough slope to the roof, to make the house rat proof, a double boarded floor was built, and set on posts above the ground, inverted metal caps were placed on the posts."

In addition to protecting from rats, this plan causes the house to be much drier, especially the floor part, and keeping dry is an essential part of poultry success. Hens need "dry" quarters as well as intelligent countries.

The fowls were confined to this house all winter, the entire southside of scratch shed was covered with fine mesh, galvanized netting, not the entire front, either, for illustration shows three boards at bottom. The door may open at either shed or roost room, on the west.

S. C. Rhode Island Reds were the breed, and eggs in the spring ran from 85 to 90 per cent fertile; best of all the chicks were strong and thrifty. Egg yield exceptionally good all winter. In severe cold weather the water in drinking pail was skimmed with ice, while in the closed houses, on the same nights, water froze solid.

Mr. Dwinell is certain from his experience that the open front poultry house is best for the fowls, is warmer than a closed building, is more comfortable at all times, that fowls keep in better condition, lay better, and produce more chicks."

Why will water freeze harder in the closed houses? Because of the poorer ventilation, and the moisture from the confined fowls. The open front house allows a volume of pure air to enter all the time, enough to mix with and drive out the impure moisture laden air. Then on sunny days, how cozy it is in the scratch shed.

Aside from the open front, the setting of the house on posts is its best feature, for this insures the maximum of dryness, and nothing is more essential than dryness, especially to the fowls' feet. Where fowls run at large notice how much happier they are and how much better they lay of a dry cold winter, than a damp one.—E. C., in the Indiana Farmer.

POULTRY NOTES.

The chicken louse breathes thru its skin, therefore any substance that penetrates the skin causes death from suffocation.

Sunflower seed and oil meal are both feeds that furnish fine glossy feathers, also promote egg production, yet are too rich in fats to be fed generously.

If hens are kept busy they will be much happier and healthier, and will be much more profitable for their owners. Keeping busy is fine for both the hens and their owners.

Keep the hens scratching in dry litter, up to their bodies; this means deep litter for us who keep Langshans, but see that there is some inducement for them to scratch.

Those who have a good basement and furnace under the house, have the finest chance for running incubators and raising early broilers. No brooders are necessary.

It is generally conceded that there is a certain shape which a fowl must have in order to produce the greatest number of eggs.

An oblong body, an equal breast and posterior part divided at the shanks, is the rule. The White Plymouth Rock seems to possess this shape more than any other breed. There should be depth too, so there is room for the digestive organs to do lots of work.

Study your pullets and hens; select the "egg shape" much as you would the "milk shape" if purchasing a milk cow.

Dispose of those not some where near the egg shape, and give better care to those left.

WHAT BREED?

The question is often asked, "Which breed of chickens are best?" Usually answered by suggesting the breed mostly admired by writer. So I follow suit. In the past I tried several kinds and found none superior to white Plymouth Rocks and few their equal in general average qualities. They are prolific layers, good foragers, kind, gentle mothers, not persistent setters, fine for table use, command high prices for fancy fowls, bring as much in ordinary market as other breeds. Last, but not least they are a thing of beauty and joy to those who care for them. In Poultry Shows we find them surpassed by none in purity of plumage and beauty

of form. The sweepstake prizes for best of any breed usually awarded to White Rocks. Farmers will find an ideal general purpose fowl in this breed. In future we hope to see large flocks of these white beauties on the farm supplanting the mongrel crew.—Mrs. Jerre B. Noland in the Farmers' Home Journal.

CHOLERA.

Aside from rump, there is no other disease so dreaded by the poultryman as cholera, and when it once gets a foothold in a flock it is very hard to check. The symptoms of cholera are drowsiness and a diarrheal, the excrement being of a greenish-yellow color. The bird loses flesh rapidly and the disease generally proves fatal in three or four days. Cholera is a highly contagious disease and can be transmitted from one fowl to another through the drinking water or soft food, or even by whole grain when it comes in contact with the excrement of the ailing bird. Remove all birds that show symptoms of disease, feed lightly on a warm mash composed of equal parts of ground oats, wheat bran and middlings, with a little flour mixed in. Mix with scalding-hot milk and season with red pepper. Make the mash crumbly, not sloppy. Get one-quarter pound each of powdered sulphur, copperas, capsicum and alum, mix thoroughly, and add a tablespoon for each dozen birds to the mash three times a day. Supply clean water and grit, and if they do not improve in forty-eight hours, kill them and burn the carcasses.—Colman's Rural World

DON'T PEN TURKEYS.

Don't keep turkeys penned while fattening. They resent it and sometimes lose their appetite. A turkey needs exercise and will not thrive long in close quarters. It is a good plan to have a house or shed, with removable roosts, for the turkeys to stay in at night. One side, or at least doors and windows, should be fitted with poultry-netting to give ventilation. When the turkeys are to be caught, remove the roosts, as they interfere with the work. If turkeys get their will, they are sure to roost upon the highest trees, or roof of a building.

SEPARATE THE COCKERELS.

It will pay anyone to take some pains to prepare a place where the cockerels may be shut away from the pullets. With a lot of young cockerels continuously tormenting them the pullets do not get to grow as they should. Unless the birds are kept for breeders, or for sale as breeders, it pays better to sell the cockerels when they weigh two pounds each, or a little more, than it does to keep them until they have made their full size.—Farmers' Home Journal.

KEEPING BOOKS.

The time is near at hand when more attention will be universally given to net proceeds than has been done. The professional poultryman has been keeping books with his buddies, but it is the exception that the farmer keeps any account of the expense or income from his fowls. If he did, there would be a greater improvement in the farm fowls.—Farmers' Home Journal.

A POULTRY BUILDING.

A new \$8,000 poultry exhibition building is being erected on the grounds of the Utah State Fair Association at Salt Lake. The building will be constructed entirely of steel, concrete and glass, 67x80 feet, and will be one of the finest buildings of the kind in the United States. The equipment will require an additional outlay of \$1,500.—Farmers' Home Journal.

No Chance on Spooks.

Is the New York public superstitious? A Forty-second street auctioneer insists that we are, and adduces this incident as proof of his contention:

One day there came into his shop a table to be auctioned off. It was a table with a past. It had belonged to more than one medium and had figured in many a tipping séance. The auctioneer expected that psychic history to boost the price of the table and he related it in his characteristic racy fashion before the bidding began. Instead of exciting competition that table inspired fear. It was regarded as an interesting curiosity, everybody wanted to examine it, but no one would buy. A price had been set on the table under which it was not to be sold, and no one bidding up to that figure, it was withdrawn from the sale. On five different days did the auctioneer introduce the table with the same preamble. On the sixth day he omitted all reference to the table's psychic powers, and it fetched a good price. His deduction is that the average New Yorker has more or less faith in spiritual manifestations and he doesn't want his response disturbed by mysterious messages delivered through the medium of uneasy tables.—New York Times.

The native community of Canton has proposed to organize a volunteer fire brigade, and has submitted a set of regulations to the Viceroy for his approval.

The government owns over 92 per cent of the railway mileage in Germany.

ELECTRIFYING AMERICA.

Fifteen Million Miles of Wire Used for Telegraph and Telephone.

More than fifteen million miles of single wire is used by the people of the United States in communicating with each other. Of this amount about thirteen million miles is operated by telephone systems, the rest by the telegraph companies. The length is enough to encircle the globe at the equator six hundred times.

In fact, it must be even greater by this time, as the above figures, though recently published by the census office, refer to 1907. At the 1880 census the telephone companies reported 34,805 miles of wire, about one-ninth of the mileage of the telegraph companies. In 1907 the telephone mileage was eight times as great as the telegraph.

In the amount of business done, the sum paid in salaries and wages and the capital invested in 1907 the telephone business was a little over three and one-half times as extensive as the telegraph industry, and during that year it furnished employment for more than five times as many persons.

Between 1902 and 1907 there was an addition of 8,098,918 miles of wire for the use of the telephone systems as compared with an increase of but 250,611 in the mileage of owned and leased wire for commercial telegraph purposes. The increase in the wire mileage of the telephone systems during the five years referred to was more than six times as great as the total amount of wire added to the telegraph business since 1880.

The use of telephones by railroads exclusively in connection with the operation of the roads has increased rapidly since 1902. Although the electric interurban roads early recognized the advantages of the telephone for dispatching purposes the larger steam railroads have been disinclined to substitute the telephone for the telegraph.

The bulletin points out that it gives the first statistics for the commercial wireless systems already established, and states that they were operated at a loss of \$47,628 in 1907. There were six commercial wireless telegraph systems in 1907, operating 122 lower stations, located at most of the large ports of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes and in Hawaii. They transmitted 163,617 wireless messages. Over the telegraph wires in 1907 there were flashed 368,470,509 messages, of which 5,869,317 were cablegrams.

It is shown that 90.5 per cent of the cities with a population of at least ten thousand in 1900 were equipped with electric fire alarms. It appears that for 1907 there were 120,719 fire alarms received. Concerning police patrol signaling the bulletin says that there were 41,961,650 calls.—New York Sun.

BLUE SIGN FOR NERVES.

German Hotels Joining Teutonic Anti-Noise Society.

Little blue signboards, bearing recalcitrant devices, are appearing sporadically over the doorways of hotels in various parts of Germany. These are outward badges of the spiritual rectitude of the particular hotel proprietors, men who at the bidding of a new society have called down quietude to the presiding genius over their establishments. Therefore, nerve-racked travellers should make for those blue signs and enter the portals which they adorn; but the youthful and the giddy aged, who love bustle, chatter and music, will go elsewhere. The new Teutonic Anti-Noise Society's special aim is to enlist hosts who will agree to provide shutters to all bedrooms, so that they may be darkened at will, a sitting room where silence broods over the scene, doors which automatically close without banging or creaking, silent dining room service, an alarm system by which a single guest will be surely awakened without calling up every other sleeping wight on the same floor, and to banish the music room to an annex entirely apart from the main building. So far so good. But trouble will assuredly arise over the solemn promise to keep a blacklist for circulation among the Knights of Silence, a list which will bear the names and descriptions of persons cursed with raucous voices, resonant laughs, evil tempers, or any other faults likely to jar the nerves of susceptible people; such objectionables to be rigorously turned from the doors.—Memphis News Scimitar.

Result of Observation.

A little girl from an east end slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the west end of London.

In the course of the meal the little matron startled her hostess and the aristocratic company by solemnly propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"
"Why, no," replied the astonished mistress of the house.
"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has your husband any bad habits? Does your son go to work?"

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her put such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask my mother those questions."—Chicago Journal.

China has more than 1,600 walled cities.

A STAY-AT-HOME WOMAN.

In Fourteen Years She Has Not Spent a Night Away.

American women have the reputation of being restless gadabouts, not perhaps without having given grounds for the accusation; but there's one American woman who is a home-stayer of the most chronic type.

Mrs. Kate Walker has lived in the lighthouse on Robbins reef for twenty-three years, and the number doesn't have any mystic significance implying an impending departure either. For fourteen of those years, ever since her husband's death, she herself has been keeper of the light.

Robbins reef is a ledge a mile or so north of Staten Island on the port side as you sail up the bay. You reach Mrs. Walker's home by scrambling up an iron ladder after you have reached the spot—that is all it is, a spot—by boat. As that is the only means of reaching Mrs. Walker's establishment it is easy to understand that it isn't a rush of visitors that keeps her at home.

She not only has the light to maintain—and she has never once failed in that—but there are also a siren run by an engine and a fog bell, both of which must be kept going in thick weather. Mrs. Walker takes a long nap in the afternoon so as to keep on the alert at night. The machinery regulating the light, which is a revolving one, has to be wound every five hours. She says that the light is never off her mind at night, and that even when she sleeps she wakes up every hour.

Before her husband died she went to the Catskill once; but since she became keeper of the light she has never been farther than across the bay. Her front yard—and back and side yards, too—is a narrow-railed platform; beyond that only water on all sides.—Harper's Weekly.

Troubles of a Humorist.

Mark Twain once approached a friend, a business man, and confided the fact that gems of thought were forming in his brain with such rapidity that they were even beginning to sparkle in his eyes, and that he needed the assistance of a stenographer.

"I can send you one, fine young fellow," the friend said. "He came to my office recently in search of a position, but I didn't have an opening. I am sure you will find him all right."

"Has he a sense of humor?" Mark asked cautiously.

"Oh, I am sure he has—in fact, he got off one or two pretty witty things himself recently," the friend hastened to assure him.

"Sorry, but he won't do, then," the writer said, with a disappointed shake of his head.

"Why, er, why not?" was the surprised query.

"The would-be employer assumed a confidential air.
"I'll tell you," he said. "You see, I had one once before with a sense of humor, and it interfered too much with my work. I can't afford to pay a man \$2 a day for laughing."—New York Times.

No Colds in Antarctic Region.

Lieut. Shackleton tells of a curious phenomenon of life in the Antarctic regions. The daily journey is of course taken under atmospheric conditions involving the extremest cold. The danger of what is called "catching cold" is increased by the fact that the toll of dragging sledges over miles of snow and broken ice lands the workers at the end of the day in a condition of profuse perspiration.

Nevertheless, during the whole of their stay in the Antarctic regions not a single one of the adventurers suffered from bodily infirmity ordinarily following on exposure to extreme cold. The peculiarity was the more marked in view of the fact that at the first port their vessel touched on the home-ward voyage nearly every man, including the commander, had catarrh.—Scotsman.

Why Quail Are Scarce.

Hunters complain bitterly this fall at the scarcity of partridge. Hardly any have been bagged. The quail, which were so plentiful in the summer on the flats, have all disappeared. It is thought they have migrated south. Several years ago the quail were exterminated by a severe winter and the cover was restocked with quail secured in the south. It is now thought a mistake was made in not securing Nebraska quail. The same thing occurred last year, when the birds that were very numerous early in the fall had all gone before the shooting season opened. The Danville Fish and Game Protective Association will doubtless secure a lot of western birds next spring.—

Fearlessness of Seagulls.

A Glasgow doctor who was recently touring the Highlands had a somewhat unique experience with seagulls while passing through the Caledonian Canal. The birds were, as usual, following the steamer and were being fed by the passengers.

To prove how tame or bold they were, the doctor fed them by placing the pieces of biscuit on his cap. The birds soon displayed much skill in snapping up the food. Then the doctor placed a piece of biscuit in his mouth. The gulls were shy at first, but ultimately one bird bolder than his fellows partook of the morsel, and before long there was brisk competition for the titbits. The snappers on board were kept busily engaged, so that there is no pictorial proof of the incident.—Glasgow News.

For the Little Folks

MUSIC.

At night when I have gone to bed
And all is dark and still,
The nicest songs go through my head,
They come and go at will.

The sweetest music I have heard,
With words that fit just so—
It sounds as if a fairy bird
Were singing sweet and low

Then to myself the song I hum,
I learn the words by rote;
But when I wake the words won't
Come!

I cannot sing a note!
—Elizabeth West Parker, in the Christian Register.

"THEN" AND "NOW."

Both Jack and Junie were pouting. They hated starting to school. The very loveliest fall weather was in progress and they wanted to go gathering nuts and autumn leaves. In fact, they didn't want to be shut up in a stuffy schoolhouse, poring over old books. That was just what they both said mentally.

Their aged grandfather, sitting on the porch in the sun, understood something of what went through their minds, and as it wanted a quarter of an hour till time for them to start to school—it was the first day of the fall term—he called them to him.

"I know you feel reluctant about going to school," he said. "But I don't believe you realize how much you have to be thankful for in these fine days of the present time. I will tell you of the first day of school in the woods of Kentucky when I was a youngster of some twelve or fourteen years of age—if you care to hear about it."

"Oh, yes; tell us about it, grandpapa," said Junie, eager to have anything occur which might take from her mind the thought of school for the time being. And Jack added his voice to hers: "Yep, Grandpapa, let's hear about it."

"Well, when I was a youngster we lived in the hills of Kentucky and the hills were covered with heavy timber. The neighborhood was sparsely settled and there was no thought of public school in those days. But as there were a number of growing boys and girls in that especial part of the country, the fathers got together and decided to send to a town in Indiana for a schoolmaster. One was found who would 'keep school' for a dollar per month per head—that is, he would come and teach the young idea how to shoot for the price of one dollar for each pupil at the end of each month.

"Well, it was a cold, frosty morning early in November when our first school 'set.' Long before daybreak my father hustled my brothers and sisters and myself out of our beds in the attic. It's first day of school, youngsters," he called at the foot of our ladderlike stairs. "Come, be stirring. Can't waste a dollar a month on each of you 'less you git the wuth of it."

"We pulled ourselves from bed, dragged on our clothes in the cold, dim dawn—for we were not allowed candles to dress by—and went downstairs to the kitchen, where we washed hands and faces in a tin basin of cold water. Hurriedly we ate our breakfast—by candle light—and got together all the books that had been accumulated by the family during their life. There were 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,' the Bible, the New Testament, a badly damaged copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' a copy each of McGuffey's Reader and Speller. I have no idea where or how my parents had ever gotten together such an extensive library, but I do know it was the admiration of those living in the neighborhood, and the good teacher used to come to our house Saturday nights 'to study,' as he put it.

"Well, by 8 o'clock school was in session. There were about twelve boys and girls, ranging in ages from five years to twenty. Not one of them could read well enough to go through a sentence without assistance from the 'master.' Some read from the Bible, some from old books of history, some from regular text books, but the latter were scarce. There was but one grammar in the school, and it was used by the entire class that was considered 'advanced' enough to learn their own language.

"In the corner, seasoning beside the fireplace, were several hickory 'gads.' Such long, heavy switches were brought in each morning by the teacher to use in flogging the pupils, for the old idea prevailed that unless the rod was used, and plentifully, the child would be spoiled. The teacher and pupils went into the school as natural enemies. And it was a lucky boy who managed to escape a gadding at least twice a week."

"Oh, how horrible!" exclaimed Junie. "I would not have gone to such a school."

"I think it worst about the funny kind of books they used," laughed Jack. "Gee, what if we had to study from such books! Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Ugh!"

"That's just the point, my children," said the grandfather. "I want you to realize what the present is as compared with the past—the 'then' and the 'now.' Here are my grandchildren, living in a fine, up-to-date town with a finely equipped school and all the necessary books for a liberal education. The school is free. The finest of teachers are employed, and there are no hickory gads. The

most comfortable schoolhouse is furnished with proper heating and lighting. Everything conducive to the good of the pupil is thought of. And yet the schoolchild is ungrateful, doesn't like to go to school. What if he had to undergo the hardships attending the getting of a meagre education that his forefathers suffered? Then he might pout and want to stay at home. Why, my children, our schoolhouse down there in Kentucky when I was a youngster was built of unburnt logs and we sat on slab benches. We started before the sun was up, and we suffered intense cold. We had but three months of school during the year; our parents could not afford more. Ah, those are a few of the differences between 'then' and 'now.'"

Jack looked at Junie, and Junie looked at Jack. Then both felt ashamed of having disliked their fine school. They looked at their old grandfather and understood why he was sometimes a bit old-fashioned and used queer language. He had never had their opportunity. And both decided then and there to make the most of the grand chance given them. And never again would they pout because of having to go to school, for the modern school meant so much!—Washington Star.

EXPLORING BLARNEY CASTLE.

My gaze was taken from the enchanting scenery by a tap on the shoulder from my guide. I looked around and on the other side I saw something very interesting. Two bars ran up the yonder wall. On top was a number of strong iron spikes.

The wall all around the castle is over five feet high, so these bars were the same height and the iron spikes set on top of this particular part of the wall measured about a foot in length. In a flash I knew what was there—the world-famous Blarney stone! I walked over there and my attention was immediately arrested by hearing a conversation between an American—one of my countrymen—and an Irish boy.

"I will, sir," said the boy. "If I get the money."

"Here, it is," said the man. "I'll give it to you first."
"Now. Wouldn't it fall out of my pocket while I'd be kissin' it? I'll kiss it first. Here, catch my legs." He laid flat on his back, swung back his arms and grasped the bars, and, telling them to let him out, gradually swung down, that awful way, in a careless fashion. I heard coming from beneath a large granite stone about a yard in thickness, a foot in height and four in length:

"Hold on a minute now, while I carve my initial," cried the boy from underneath, and, as is usual with the natives, he brought out a vial and proceeded with his work. When drawn up he said he could hardly find a place to put his name, there were so many other initials.

Then we took a journey down the "Dark Stairs," and I had to hold on to my guide for fear of stumbling in the dark. The merry laugh of the little boys playing tricks on unwary visitors reached my ears. The "Dark Stairs" are not very long, but dark—Oh! How black, black it was! In the regular stairs—the one by which I came to the top—there are 108 steps. We went into a chamber, and, crossing to a window—or so I thought it was—and looked down. Down, down, I could see a slanting chute of cement. This was used for pouring hot lead on the enemy below. What fierce battles were fought on those grand grounds below, and what grand victories were won when McCarthy was chief of this stronghold.

At last we came out into the open air. On one side was a small round tower—the old place of execution, belonging to the castle. We explored the caves, and many led us back into the castle, while others ended in large chambers. When I returned I dreamt that night of the wonderful Blarney Castle.—Jerry J. Buckley, in the Boston Herald.

THE PEQUOT WAR.

The Pequot war, which began in the spring of the year 1637, was caused by the English settlers, who endeavored to harbor a number of Indians who had been driven away from the Pequot tribe.

The tribe inhabited the valley of the Pequot or Thames river, which is in the southeastern part of Connecticut, and emptied into Long Island Sound. In revenge they burned a large number of English cabins and massacred the inmates. In battle the English wore armor which prevented them from running fast enough to overtake the feet Indians, who quickly took advantage of this and continued their depredations.

Capt. John Mason, whose mother was killed by these Indians, determined to punish them. He collected ninety men from Connecticut and a number from Massachusetts. These, combined with a few Indians who were not friendly to the tribe, started at night to march from Mystic to the Indian village, a short distance away, where the dreaded Chief Sassacus dwelt.

They surrounded and burned the town. Between 500 and 600 men, women and children were either burned to death or shot while trying to escape. The terrified survivors made a peace which extended throughout New England, and lasted for over forty years.—Gladys Dromgold Emsie, in the Washington Star.