

**AN IMMENSE CHICKEN FARM
TO SUPPLY NEW YORK'S EGGS
LUXURIOUSLY HOUSED HENS.**

NEW YORK is soon to have in its suburbs the largest chicken ranch in the world, states the Herald. At Manasquan, N. J., a company has secured a tract of three hundred acres to establish a giant hen industry, conducted on scientific methods.

The company, say its promoters, intends to control the New York market for "guaranteed" fresh laid eggs. They will, they say, deliver eggs in boxes, each box stamped with the date of laying, and delivered to customer within twenty-four hours after the eggs are laid.

The city of New York last year paid \$20,000,000 for eggs, most of them more or less stale, the consumption being 100,000,000 dozen. The first year's output of the enormous new chicken ranch now being laid will be thirty million eggs. This will be the product of a laying "herd" of from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand chickens. The establishment is being planned to rapidly increase to double that amount.

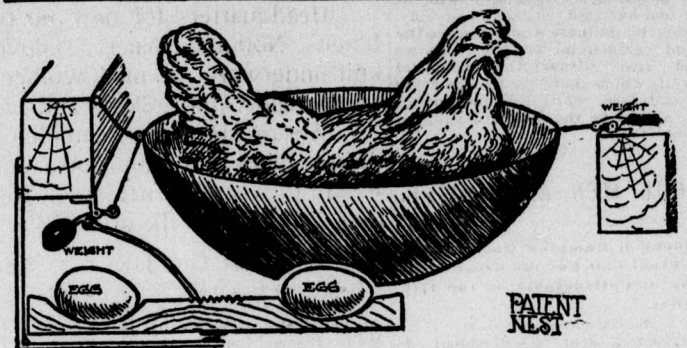
These flocks will be herded under the system invented by Mr. J. R. Benson, an authority on everything pertaining to the hen and its product. Mr. Benson is the general manager of this gigantic concern, which will be the biggest in the world.

In a recent lecture Professor A. A. Brigham, of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture, at the Poultry Experiment Station, Kingston, said:

"To make an industry of the chicken and its product is not a question of the market, which can always be had. It is not the expense of keeping, which is always low. It is not a question of profit, which, if properly conducted, is large. It is the question how to reach and conduct on a business scale large herds of hens, the chicken business of to-day being merely a home industry. Something, therefore, must be done to make hen raising a national business on a business scale."

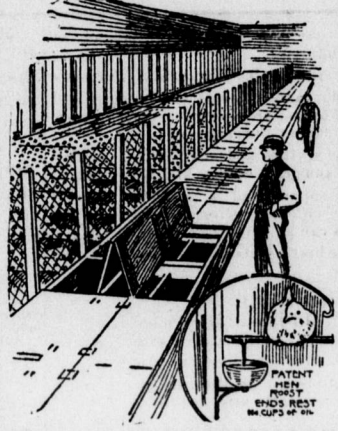
This will be accomplished, says Mr. Benson, at the Manasquan egg farm. Under his system any number of chickens can be herded. Instead of allowing them to run at large and mingle freely, as of old, picking their food from all kinds of refuse, they are to be divided into colonies of not above

identification of any hen falling in productivity, and her prompt replacement by one able to keep up to the high average. The system includes the extensive use of several patents, which bring the business of chicken ranching and egg producing to a new perfection. One of these is an automatic nest. Without this it would be impossible, where



more than one hen is kept, to guarantee that an egg would be free from the taint of incubation. When hens lay in the same nest and from one to a half dozen sit on the nest while laying, the process of hatching has actually begun before the eggs are gathered for the market. This is the main cause why so many eggs spoil.

The new system is the only one which prevents eggs from undergoing some degree of incubation, because the egg is taken from the nest immediately after it is laid. The invention consists of a nest with a hole in the bot-



INTERIOR OF LATEST IMPROVED BROODING HOUSE FOR CHICKENS.

tom suspended immediately over a revolving disc, which receives the egg as soon as it is laid and moves it away from the nest when released by the rising of the hen. The disc is then ready to receive the next egg, and in this way no egg is incubated for an instant.

The second invention saves the expense of numerous attendants and the lives of the smaller hens. One of the greatest troubles and trials of poultry farms has been that of feeding. Unless time were taken to scatter the food far and wide the larger fowls beat away the smaller from it, and the result was that the smaller were imperfectly nourished, impairing their laying capacity. As small hens may be as prolific as larger ones, and as overfeeding produces fat and diminishes the laying, the importance of fair and even distribution of food to laying hens is plain. To make this cheap and easy, an electric food scatterer has been invented. The attendant places the feed in it and upon pressure of a button at a central station the food is scattered simultaneously in all sections evenly over the surface of the reservation.

The third improvement is to destroy the vermin, the enemy of fowl. Most vermin pass from fowl to fowl at night, when the fowls are roosting, and crawl up the walls of the chicken house and out upon the perch. These assaults are rendered vain by a porch which is set in a cup, in which the vermin are caught and destroyed before they can reach the fowls.

The eggs will be collected from the nest disc several times a day. Packing and shipping will go on continually. A few hours will bring them to New York in the cars of the company and delivered by their own trains each morning. The fresh laid eggs will be packed and shipped in paper boxes

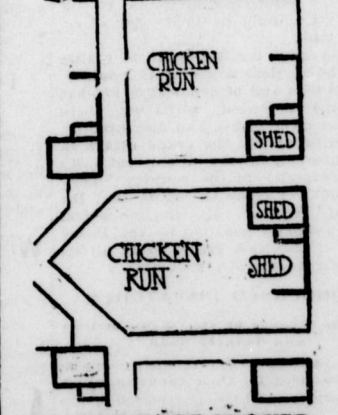
where. The largest chicken farm today is at Sydney, Ohio. This plant has the capacity of raising one hundred thousand broilers per year, but it does not sell the egg product. To accomplish this it has a flock of less than fifteen thousand hens. Cudahy, the great packer, has a chicken farm of eighteen thousand head near Milwaukee, and this is considered one of

the largest in the country. One New Jersey concern is said to be the largest chicken and egg purchaser in this country, but never have its flocks exceeded eighteen thousand. "Few people know that the insignificant little hen is one of the greatest profit makers and wealth producers. The revenue from keeping fowls for eggs if the herds can be properly handled, watched and controlled is greater than in any other industry," said J. R. Benson.

"Becoming convinced years ago that there was big profit and room for great improvement in poultry raising, I started experiments and study, not in methods of breeding, but to devise proper methods of herding. I found that it is possible on a small area to keep an unlimited number of small herds. This system caused the greatest production. Two hundred eggs per year per fowl was not a high average, and each hen could be made to pay a profit of at least \$2.50 per year. I started with fifteen hens, then increased this to ten families of fifteen each. The result was the same if not better."

Mr. C. H. Wyckoff, of Groton, N. Y., one of the successful small poultry raisers, keeps about six hundred head of laying fowls, in small colonies, solely for eggs for the market. His total egg yield was 117,000 eggs for the year ending October 1, 1899. His receipts were \$4.08 per year for each of the six hundred hens. He figures \$1.08 per year per hen for keep and expenses, showing a net profit of \$1800 per year for this colonized flock of six hundred. And this is the profit, says Mr. Benson, on an investment of less than \$600.

Mr. Benson estimates that this mammoth egg ranch will cost, equipped and stocked with 150,000 hens ready for a daily lay of 80,000 to 100,000 eggs, about \$266,000. The yearly expense of running this plant will be, including feed, delivery system, etc., about \$210,000. The yearly income is figured at \$510,000 for eggs and \$75,000 for non-producing fowls sold as broilers, etc., or a total of \$585,000. If



HOW HALF AN ACRE OF GROUND WILL BE DIVIDED TO KEEP 500 CHICKENS WITH EVERY 25 CHICKENS ISOLATED AND SEPARATE FROM THE OTHERS

this large gain is borne out in practice, as these gentlemen confidently believe, the docile little hen will become a bigger money maker and profit bringer than even the biggest of money making inventions and investments.

Cecil Rhodes and the Ladies.
It is said by those who know Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, that he has, in common with Lord Kitchener, a strong aversion to the opposite sex. While on a visit to London before the commencement of the war he dined at the house of a very wealthy lady of title, and later, when he was discussing the affair with his secretary, the latter asked: "And whom did you take to dinner?" "Oh, I don't know. Some Lady Somebody," was the reply. "But what did you call her?" "Didn't call her anything—never spoke to her."—Argonaut.

Island Farmers.
About 800 Icelanders emigrated from Liverpool to Quebec a few days ago, en route for Manitoba and the northwest. The recent order in council rendering compulsory the slaughter of foreign sheep and cattle at the port of arrival in Great Britain has ruined the prospects of many Icelandic farmers, whose sheep require British pasturage before they are fit for killing. This has induced many of the islanders to leave for Canada with their families.—London Chronicle.

His Purpose.
No man proposes to remain single. When he proposes he expects to get married.—Philadelphia Record.

THE YOUNGEST OFFICEHOLDER.

Superintendent of Squirrels Now, But May Be President.
Francis M. Marriott, Jr., aged six years, is the little lad who has been commissioned by Governor Nash as "superintendent and general attendant of the squirrels in the State House yard, Columbus, Ohio," and has received his elegantly engraved commission signed by the State's Chief Executive.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Marriott and their son were with the Governor last summer on a vacation trip through the St. Lawrence and Saginaw River valleys. On this trip Master Francis became very much attached to the Governor, and the Chief Executive found a warm place in his heart for little Francis.

Since the Governor has taken his seat Francis has called on him regularly when he came to Columbus. The little fellow has a love for pets of all kinds, and has been greatly interested in the large number of squirrels in the State House yard.

Little Francis is enthusiastic over his commission. He talks of it thus: "I like Governor Nash because he has given me all the squirrels I want. I am going to feed them every time I go to Columbus. Papa has promised to get me a nice uniform like Dewey



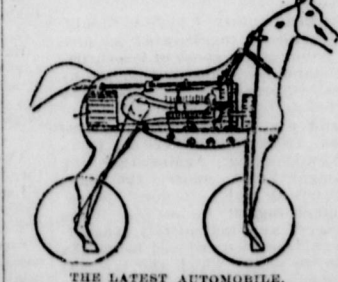
FRANCIS M. MARRIOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF SQUIRRELS.

wears, and when I feed my squirrels I am going to wear it. I am going to feed them hickory nuts and peanuts, and I don't know if they like sweet cake or not, but I will give them some if they want it."

Francis has been widely congratulated over his appointment, and receives a very heavy mail every day. He is very well known, and thinks that he will have to get a private secretary to take care of the work that has come to him through his new office.

Mamma Got Tired.
"Mamma, does money make the man?"
"I am sorry to say it does sometimes, Tommy."
"Money will make a man go anywhere, won't it?"
"I suppose so."
"If it was down in Cuba would money make a man go to raising mangoes?"
"Don't bother me."
"Do monkeys eat mangoes, mamma?"
"I presume so. I wish you wouldn't talk so much."
"Then if money makes the man go to raising mangoes, and monkeys eat mangoes, don't the monkeys make the mango go?"
Whack! Whack!
"Ouch!"—Chicago Tribune.

Now It's an Automobile Horse.
Objection having been made to the automobile on the ground that it has nothing in front of it to "steady" it, and therefore does not look right, an ingenious man has invented and patented an automobile horse. This horse is not to be placed in front of an automobile carriage, but is to be "hitched up" to any carriage. He has the work of locomotion "in his midst," and will draw the carriage after him just as the



THE LATEST AUTOMOBILE.

ordinary unpatented horse would. The motor mechanism in the horse consists of two electric motors, supported upon cross bars, and driving through chains and belts, the shafts of the driving wheels mounted on the horse's hind legs. The steering is effected by the reins held by the driver, the neck of the horse for this purpose being intersected and mounted upon ball bearings, and the reins attached to a crosshead mounted on a vertical spindle. This spindle goes down into the horse's forelegs, and by it the legs can be twisted in any direction. The automobile horse can be ridden as well as driven to harness. When he is used as a saddle horse he can be steered by turning the crosshead with one hand. The animal's warranted sound and stout.

Children's Column

"Very Like a Whale."
An Elephant came to the sea, meaning to take a swim. He spied a bather near the shore and thus accosted him: "Tray can you tell, my little friend—I am so big, you see— If there is any pool about that's deep enough for me?"

A mighty Whale raised from the deep a head so huge and tall, The pompous Elephant sank down; he felt exceeding small. "Yes," roared the Whale; it's deep enough for me, and so I think You may find room—if not afraid. Why linger on the brink?" —Christopher Valentine, in St. Nicholas.

The Sparrow Hawk.

The sparrow hawk is a fiery bird that pursues its prey with great speed. Darting downward, it forces the hapless sparrow, its usual victim, to the ground. But sometimes the hawk is baffled. One morning a troop of sparrows were wrangling before a house, when, without any warning a keen-eyed sparrow hawk pounced down among them. Instantly their uproar ceased. One unhappy sparrow had been singled out by the hawk. The poor bird had almost been caught when a companion came to its help. The rescuer darted so furiously at the hawk that the latter stopped for an instant. The frightened sparrow it had been swooping down upon thus had a chance to get away. But the angry hawk now turned on the other bird that had spoiled all its plans. But the first bird, not willing to leave its rescuer to such a fate, dashed fiercely at the hawk. In the end both birds escaped.

Sad Romance of a Chinese Bell.

China is a place of great mystery and strange people and things from an American point of view. The country is so very, very old that nearly everything old in it dates back to some legendary time. Thus nearly all the Chinese jokes are dated back several thousand years, to give them dignity and force, and in the course of time these jokes may reach the United States and be told about as new and strictly "up to date." But the old thing that I am going to tell you about is what is said to be the largest hanging bell in the world. It is in a Buddhist monastery in Canton, is of solid bronze and measures 18 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference—a great, deep and sweet-toned bell 15 feet in diameter. It is said that the reason the bell is so sweet-toned is because a Chinese girl gave up her life to make it so, and this is the story:

The emperor of China ordered the royal founder to cast a bell having perfect purity of tone, but the founder failed so many times that the emperor threatened to behead him, as Chinese emperors do when their subjects don't act to please the ruler. The bell founder was in despair and consulted some wise men to learn why he could not cast a pure-toned bell. The wise men told him that the blood of a fair girl should mingle with the molten bronze of which the bell was to be cast before the instrument would sound as desired. The founder wept bitterly and prepared to be beheaded, for he knew of no way to get the blood of a young girl to mix with the bronze. But his beautiful daughter asked him to try once more before giving up. So the founder made a giant mold and heated the bronze to make a final trial. When the bronze was all boiling the beautiful daughter plunged into it and was instantly destroyed. So the bell was cast and its tone was perfect, for the maiden's blood was in it. And the emperor bestowed great honors upon the founder, but the poor man mourned the loss of his daughter and ever stayed by the temple where his wonderful bell was hung, claiming that every time the bell rang the voice of his child sang to him from the paradise to which she had gone. This is the story of the great bell of Ta-Cung-tz.—Chicago Record.

Starfish and Oyster.

How the starfish eats an oyster is told by H. W. Conn in St. Nicholas. The oyster when at home lives in a hard lime shell which nicely protects him from the attack of enemies. Man, with his tools, can open the shell and remove the soft animal, but besides man the oyster has few foes. Oddly enough, his greatest foe is not, as might be expected, an animal with powerful jaws and strong teeth, but one wholly without jaws. It is the common starfish, so common everywhere at the sea shore.

Now, the starfish is a soft, flexible creature, very sluggish, seemingly helpless, and utterly unable to attack such an animal as the oyster. Its mouth, which is in the center of the disk, has no teeth or jaws. How can such a helpless creature open the formidable oyster-shell, and get at the animal concealed within?

Its method of doing so is odd enough. It first clasps the oyster in its arms, wrapping its fine arms around the shell tightly. Having thus seized it, it quietly waits. Just exactly what happens next even our scientists do not exactly know. The two shells of the oyster are held together by a hinge which is opened by a spring. The spring is so adjusted that the shells will be pushed open unless they are held together by the muscles. Some scientists tell us that, after the starfish has held the oyster for a while, the oyster opens its shell in order to

get food, and the starfish that has been waiting for this, now injects into the shell a little reddish liquid. This acts as a poison, paralyzing the muscles and thus making it impossible for the animal to close its shell. Others tell us that the process is simpler, and that the starfish simply holds the shells tightly together until the oyster is smothered. As soon as it is smothered by the suffocation, the muscles relax, and the shell opens.

Whichever of these two accounts is true, it is certain that after a little the oyster shells fly open. Now comes the oddest feature of all. The stomach of the starfish is very large and elastic, and it is now thrown out of the animal's mouth much as one could turn a bag inside out. This stomach is then thrust within the oyster-shell, and wrapped around the soft animal, beginning at once to digest it. The starfish does not take the trouble to remove the oyster from the shell, digesting it in its own home, and eventually crawling away, leaving behind the gaping, empty shell.

The Commander.

"I speak to be captain!" cried Luke Edwards, just as soon as he put his head round the corner of the barn where the other boys were already assembled.

"Well, you won't be!" retorted Tommy Green, indignantly. "Twa'n't fair coming on us that way. You're always doing things when we ain't ready, to get ahead. You didn't think of the company. Willie Jackson spoke of it first and asked us to meet here, and this is his barn, and we're to train on his land, and of course he ought to have the first chance."

"Then he ought to have spoke first," mocked Luke. "He didn't, so I'm captain."

"But you don't know so much 'bout training," expostulated Tommy, although less vehemently. "Willie's brother's a soldier, and he understands things, and—and is interested."

"Well, I guess I can walk on ahead and give orders and wave my sword, can't I?" demanded Luke, aggressively. "That's what a captain's for. And then I'm the biggest, and I spoke first."

"Oh, let him be captain if he wants to," interposed Willie, generously. "What's the odds."
"But he can't do as well as you."
"He can learn," smiled Willie. "That's what I'm trying to do. If I find out anything he don't know I can show him."

So, in spite of a general feeling of discontent, Luke became captain, and walked on ahead and waved his sword, and called out sharp and contradictory commands which the 12 boys tried to follow, because Willie assured them that a soldier's first duty was to obey. But as to accepting Willie's advice, that was something that Luke would not do—it was a reflection on his dignity as captain to receive advice from the ranks. And more than that, he insisted in putting his brother as lieutenant and his two cousins second lieutenant and sergeant; and to keep the peace, Willie persuaded his companions to accept the situation.

Thus it went on until along in October, when the town was thrown into sudden excitement by the unexpected arrival of an old resident who had risen to be a famous general. Of course there was a hurriedly arranged parade, in which the prominent men and the band and the school children took part, and in which—to their consternation and delight—the Invincibles were asked to join. They were at the very end of the parade, and when they came opposite the piazza of the Little hotel, the spectators were astonished to see the general suddenly leave his chair and approach them.

"Very good, very good indeed," he commended. "It makes me think of a little company that I commanded on this very street some 40 years ago. But I have a proposition to make, boys, that I hope you'll agree to."

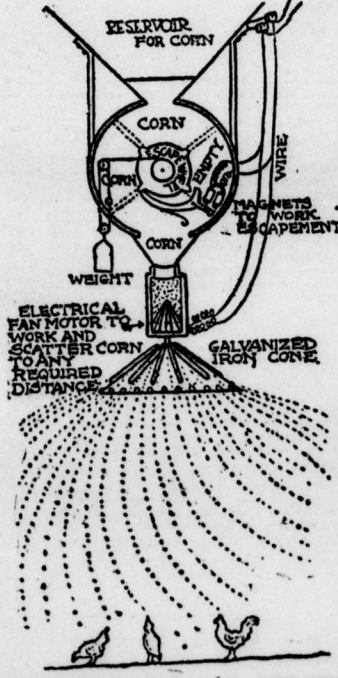
"We will!" they cried in chorus. "Wait till I get through," genially. "There are some defects in your maneuvering which I noticed and would like to remedy. If you will let me reorganize the company, I will give you a full outfit of caps and belts and wooden guns, and swords for the officers. Do you agree?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried the boys. "Good! Now go through all your movements carefully. I want to study each man."
At the end of 20 minutes he held up his hand. "That will do!" he called. "The boy with the brown cap will step from the line. He will be your captain."
The boy with the brown cap was Willie Jackson.

"Now that boy in the baseball suit, and the other one with the red tie, and the one that carries a broom-handle. They will be your first and second lieutenant and sergeant."
The boy in the baseball suit was Tommy Green, the others were two who had closely followed Willie's advice to obey orders. Luke Edwards stared at the general incredulously. "But what'll I be?" he demanded. "Oh, you will have to go back into the ranks, my boy," the general smiled. "It will be for your own good. No one can command until he learns how."—Youth's Companion.

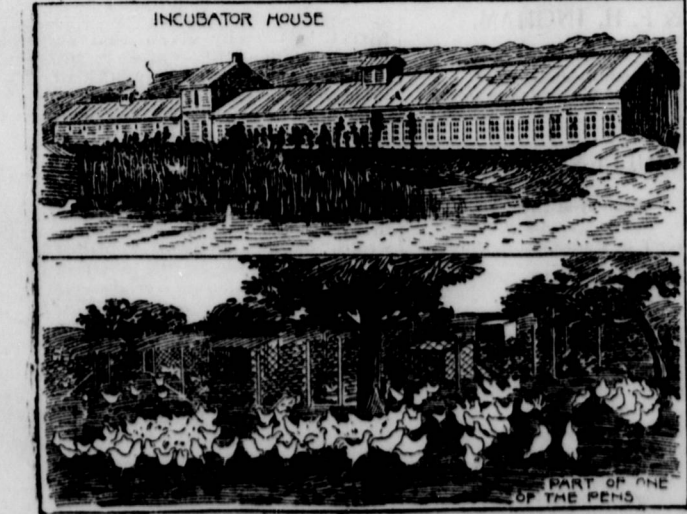
The Wisdom of Solomon.

Solomon was the wisest of men. He knew enough to cut his copy up into short paragraphs. In that way he succeeded in getting his writings read.—Boston Transcript.



PATENT FOOD DISTRIBUTOR, OPERATED BY PRESSING A BUTTON.

thirty hens. Each colony will have its own reservation, kept in hygienic cleanliness and order, and separate and isolated at all times from the others. This makes feeding of each fowl possible to insure the greatest productivity, with, as experience has proved, an average yearly yield of two hundred eggs from each hen. The second advantage of the segregation of the fowls is that should a chicken by any chance become sick or breed vermin, the trouble cannot spread beyond



that one reservation before it is detected; hence there can be none of the epidemics which have sometimes played havoc with the fancy stock fowl on chicken farms. Moreover, the new system permits the immediate

containing from one-half dozen to three dozen. Each box will be secured by a sealed label stamped with the date of laying. The extent of this ranch is to be very great. Nothing like it exists any-