

# LIVE STOCK & AGRICULTURE

## Car For Shipping Live Poultry

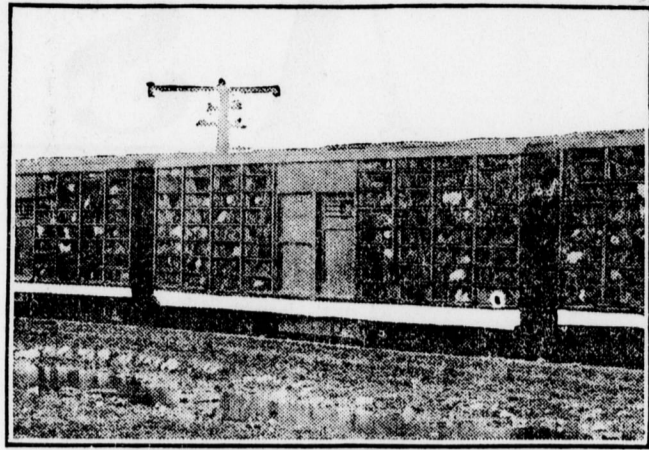


Photo by United States department of agriculture.

In a bulletin on "Fattening Poultry," issued by the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, methods of handling poultry and shipping the fowls to market are described. Poultry is shipped extensively on cars such as shown in the illustration. These cars are built especially for live poultry, especially when its destination is so far that it will be more than a day on the road.

## GOOD FARM TALK.

Practice Is Better Than Theory, Says James J. Hill.

### GRADUATES CANNOT PLOW.

Get Their Degrees From the Agricultural Colleges, but Know Little of Practical Work—Right Sort of Labor Is Needed Badly.

Practical farming, the work of agricultural colleges, the scarcity of competent farm labor and other questions were discussed freely by James J. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railway company, in a letter to David Brown, chairman of the Spokane committee of the national country life congress. Mr. Hill says: "Always the first and most important matter is to reach the individual farmer and show him what he himself can do on his land. The most highly educated agricultural professor or teacher when placed upon a farm can do little more, if anything, beyond adapting his crop to the soil. To select good seed and to properly cultivate the land—that is all within the reach of the average farmer."

"He can or should know what crop his land is best adapted to raise. He can test his seed by taking a hundred grains of each kind and planting them in a box of average soil and placing the box in a place where the sun will shine upon it. The number of grains that grow will give him the percentage of good seed from which he will get results. He should use every particle of barnyard manure as fertilizer, and he should prepare his seed bed by thorough cultivation before planting, and then it should be well harrowed."

"That is practically all that the best informed agriculturist could do under the same circumstances. If the farmer is successful in raising full crops I think it is fair to assume that he can be trusted to improve all his home surroundings and his social condition. "Many of our agricultural schools are more engaged in turning out teachers rather than farmers. In the agricultural countries in Europe agricultural education has further advanced than with us. At the National Educational association meeting last year a speaker said, 'I recently heard a young agricultural college graduate, who had been placed in charge of a farm, deplore the fact that he and others like him could go through college and receive a bachelor's degree in agriculture without learning how to plow or dig a ditch or harness a horse or milk a cow.'"

"What will help a farmer most is clearly to enable him to help himself, and this can be done by showing him on his own farm. Manual training would never amount to anything if the pupil did not actually make things, and the same applies to the cultivation of the farm."

"Our agricultural population forty years ago was about 50 per cent of the entire population of the country. It is now less than one-third. Forty years ago the agricultural population had to raise food for their own mouths and for one additional mouth. Now we have to raise food for two additional mouths."

"The scarcity of good farm labor today is felt by every farmer in the country, and the want of it is compelling him to limit his cultivation practically to what can be done by machinery. It is very difficult to get farm labor, competent or willing, to take proper care of live stock or milk a cow. Still, if you should ask any labor leader in the country he would tell you there is too much labor in the country and that some steps should be taken to restrict immigration of that class. There are certain laws that govern these questions regardless of man made regulations, and as long as wages are higher in the United States than anywhere else people will come here."

### Fowls in the Orchard.

When possible it is a good plan to let fowls run in the orchard. They destroy many noxious insects.

## SHREWDNESS OF A FOX.

Circles Around Tree Until Prey Drops From Cizziness.

Not long ago a man who lives in Utah wrote to tell of seeing a fox catch a chicken by running in circles underneath its roost until the chicken, which constantly turned its head to watch the movements of the fox, became dizzy and fell from its perch. A writer in Forest and Stream thus corroborates this bit of observation:

"I was in Pike county, Pa., a few days ago when a resident whose reputation for veracity is excellent told me a peculiar story. The narrator has been a resident of Pike county for a number of years and is fond of sport with gun and rod. One day he and a friend were out with their guns when their attention was attracted by what seemed to be a ruffed grouse. They call them pheasants in Pike county."

"The bird was sitting on the lower branch of a large tree and was turning its head in a peculiar manner. The two men approached cautiously and saw a fox under the tree. The fox was walking about in a circle, his path being well defined in the snow, sufficiently so to warrant the belief that he had been engaged in circling about for some time. The eyes of the fox were fixed on the bird, and the latter's eyes followed the fox, thus accounting for the peculiar motion of its head."

"The men made up their minds that they would shoot the fox and approached nearer, wholly unobserved by either bird or quadruped. Suddenly the bird, which had been positively identified as a ruffed grouse by this time, dropped to the ground. The fox seized it and bounded away before the astonished men could bring their guns to their shoulders."

## WOMEN PEARL DIVERS.

Japanese Girls Learn How to Swim From Babyhood.

The pearl divers of Japan are women. Along the coast of the bay of Ago and the bay of Kokasho the thirteen and fourteen year old girls, after they finish their primary school work, go to sea and learn to dive.

They are in the water and learn to swim almost from babyhood and spend most of their time in the water except in the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February. Even during the most inclement of seasons they sometimes dive for pearls.

They wear a special dress, white underwear, and the hair twisted up into a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from the waist. A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five or ten women divers to carry them to and from the fishing grounds.

When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into tubs suspended from their waists. When these vessels are filled the divers are raised to the surface and jump into the boats. They dive to a depth of from five to thirty fathoms without any special apparatus and retain their breath from one to three minutes.

Their ages vary from thirteen to forty years, and between twenty-five and thirty-five they are at their prime.—Oriental Review.

### FOR THINKING FARMERS.

Why farm the soil only for existence when you may farm air also by using legumes which take nitrogen from the atmosphere? It's worth thinking about and acting on next year.

When the farmer produces what he consumes he gets 100 cents of the consumer's dollar.

Whatever your plans may be, do not neglect to study your farm and the crops you grow. A knowledge of the farm and its relation to the crops you grow is indispensable to larger crops and better products.

The farmer who has all the land he can well tend to has no need of more land. He would be much happier with a reasonable amount of land, only enough that it can be well improved, fertilized and cultivated.

Pay more attention to the little things on the farm and they will enable you to meet the requirements of big things.

Selling the farm and moving into town to join the store box club is a good deal like trading off the best cow for a yellow dog. Don't do it, brother, as long as you can plow a straight furrow.

### Whitewash For Fruit Trees.

To make government whitewash for fruit trees take half a bushel of freshly burnt lime, slake it with boiling water, cover it in the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve and add to it seven pounds of salt previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, one pound of clear glue which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days covered to protect it from dust. It must be put on quite hot. About a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard, and it answers equally well for wood, iron and stone.

### \$600 For an Apple Tree.

Probably the highest price ever paid for an apple tree was the \$600 which David Junkin of Linn county, Ore., received recently for a thirteen-year-old seedling which grows in a fence corner on his farm.

This tree is as remarkable as the price for which it was sold. It yields ripe apples every month from May to November, and the fruit is rich in quality as well as prodigious in quantity. During the period named the tree bears ripe fruit, green fruit, buds and blossoms all at the same time, just as the orange tree in Florida does.

The purchaser of this tree has stipulated that it shall remain where it is, but that he shall receive all its fruit for ten years. He is dreaming of an orchard of "ever bearing" apple trees.

### Cornstalks in the Dairy.

It is estimated that about one-fifth and sometimes more of the value of cornstalks is wasted because of the part which the cattle do not eat. Many good dairymen are cutting the stalks up fine before feeding, and those who cut them up the first time are greatly surprised at the advantage gained over the old way, as the cows leave none.

Cornstalks should be fed in the early part of the winter and should not be left outdoors until the winter storms have injured them. Liberal feeding of stalks with clover hay will make a good fodder ration until January.—American Cultivator.

### Stilts For Fruit Pickers.

In the hop gardens of Kent, in England, the crop is gathered in part by men on stilts twelve feet from the ground. It is claimed a trained stilt man will do the work of four or five men having stepladders. The idea seems worth the attention of growers who have cherry or plum crops that might be gathered in some such way.—American Cultivator.

## NAVY'S MASCOTS

Uncle Sam's Warships Carry a Variety of Animals.

### PETS OF THE BLUEJACKETS.

Dogs, Goats, Parrots, a Bear and a Kangaroo Have Been Given Floating Homes to Court Good Luck on Big Vessels.

The mascot is one of the most democratic institutions of the United States navy. The mascot, be he goat, parrot or dog, whether he belongs to the captain or the ship's cook, is petted by every one on board the battleship. Some official ownership of him may have existed in the beginning of the mascot's career, but ownership soon becomes promiscuous. For a really, truly mascot there is no official side to the ship. He strays to port and starboard along with Jack or with the officer of the deck. There is no one to say him nay.

As an example of democracy in ownership Juno, a St. Bernard, belongs to Captain Benson of the Utah, but some of the sweetest hours of her life—if the contented wagging of her tail is any sign—are spent below deck with her nose in the lap of a bluejacket.

The Utah has many mascots, albeit some of them may be myths. Dido's kittens came the nearest to being myths. Yet there seems good reason to believe that Dido is responsible for seven kittens mysteriously come aboard and hidden away. Dido was instantly elevated to second ranking mascot after Juno.

Mascots range in the cut of their jib from kangaroo to goat. Two goats, Tom and Charley, of the Charleston have the run of that ship. The parrot on the Milwaukee is so fluent that he can bring all hands to port by a simple little exclamation picked up from the quartermaster on the bridge and echoed by the officer of the day. "The captain is returning, sir." But he gives himself away by his impatience. Having observed that the captain is returning, he continues to observe with much asperity, "Sir—sir—sir." And when the captain doesn't come and no one pays any attention he continues shrilling his "Sir—r—r" and winds up with a "Sir—ee—ee" as he is carried spluttering down the hatch.

Once upon a time, so the story runs, the Wisconsin had a kangaroo, and that kangaroo, to hear her former friends tell about it all, put the United States navy out of commission. She tore things up generally both times she was in the Brooklyn navy yard and once when she was in Philadelphia. She was thereupon ordered to Portsmouth into captivity. At Portsmouth that cantankerous kangaroo was about to receive the hospitality of a zoo when she let out with her feet and sent a marine, "standin' by like a lubber," reeling into the water. The kangaroo, this yarn avers, made off over the pier and hobbled toward the quiet town of Portsmouth. Approaching the town, she hove to long enough to overturn an Italian fruit stand and lingered to eat of the juicy fruits.

Runski is another notable on the Wisconsin's list of honorably discharged mascots. Runski was a "Roosian bear."

## WASP AS A COMPANION.

Lord Avebury Taught Small Creature to Feed on His Hand.

The wasp is becoming a nuisance, and there are few who would choose a wasp as a companion. But Lord Avebury is among the few. Some years ago he captured a wasp in the Pyrenees, and he kept her for nine months.

"I had no difficulty," he writes, "in inducing her to feed on my hand, but at first she was shy and nervous. She kept her sting in constant readiness, and once or twice in the train when the railway officials came for tickets and I was compelled to hurry her back in her bottle she stung me slightly. I think, however, entirely from fright."

"Gradually she became quite used to me, and when I took her on my hand apparently expected to be fed. She even allowed me to stroke her without any appearance of fear, and for some months I never saw her sting."

The wasp ultimately succumbed to the rigor of an English February, "and she now occupies a place in the British museum."—London Chronicle.

### QUEER BELIEFS.

That the howling of dogs portends a death.

That a man has one rib less than a woman.

That a bay leaf is a preservative against thunder.

That to kill a spider or to kill a snake is unlucky.

That a diamond is softened or broken by goat's blood.

That to tread on moonwort loosens horses' shoes.

That the tenth wave at sea is the greatest and most dangerous.

That an artery goes from the wedding ring finger to the heart.

That a piece of tallow near the flame betokens death to one of a family.

That a coffin nail on the threshold of a chamber keeps away phantoms.

That a kingfisher suspended by the beak indicates the direction of the wind.

That a handful of aspart causes a horse to carry his rider easily if put under the saddle.

That when one of a family dies the bees will undergo some calamity if not informed of the death.

That the seventh son of a seventh son is a genius or that he can heal scrofulous persons by the touch.

## YEAST AS A FOOD.

It Will Soon Come if a German Experiment Succeeds.

It is believed yeast as a food is coming. Experiments in that line are now being conducted by the Berlin Institute for Fermentation Industries, and so far with success.

The German breweries produce more than 70,000 tons of yeast annually, and as most of this has been waste its use as food if possible has become desirable. It has so far been found that dried yeast keeps indefinitely and that it contains a large proportion of protein, and thus it could become one of the cheapest of foods if it can be converted to such uses.—Boston Advertiser.

## A Pack of Nonsense to Laugh At

### Just What He Wanted.

Miss Howell—You remember that gentleman you introduced me to at the reception last night?

Miss Knox—Yes.

Miss Howell—After hearing me sing he said he would give anything if he had my voice.

Miss Knox—Well, I don't doubt it. He is an auctioneer.—Chicago News.

### In the Woodshed.



"Say, pop?"  
"Well?"  
"Tell me one of them funny stories of yourn—about what a mischievous kid you was."—Chicago American.

### A Bad Man.

"Was Moses a good man?" asked Miss Beacon, the teacher of the infant class in St. Anthony's chapel.  
Little Eddie Machesney answered promptly. "No, teacher," he blurted out; "he was the worst one of the hull lot. He was the only feller that ever broke all the commandments at once."—Judge.

### Dampening Down an Argument.



"There is no doubt," said the estimable citizen, "that intoxication injures the system."  
"My dear sir," answered Colonel Still, "just think of the harm water has done to our financial system."

### Needed His Boy.

"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college."  
"Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I dunno what I'll do without him. He got the live stock so they wouldn't move unless he give 'em the college yell, an' I can't remember it."—Washington Star.

### The Result of Experience.

"Are you the man who was married in a cage of tigers?"  
"I'm the man."  
"Did it seem exciting?"  
"It did then. It wouldn't now."—Kansas City Journal.

### Juvenile Thrift.

The children in the Blank family were taught habits of neatness at the table by being compelled to pay a fine of 1 cent for every spot they put on the tablecloth. One day Harold, a boy of seven years, was discovered rubbing the overhanging part of the cloth between his fingers and when taken to task for it he said:

"Why, mummy, I was just trying to rub two spots into one!"—Woman's Home Companion.

### Personal Amenities.



Stout Man—You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.  
Bowlegged Man—You look as if you had swallowed one.

### A Reputation Surrendered.

The New Station Master—I'm glad to find you such a willing worker. I was warned that I would find you the most ill tempered and lazy man on the station.  
Porter (anxious to ingratiate himself)—An' so I was till you comed, sir.—Black and White.

## THE SIGNAL GUN.

By DE BOISE W. SMALL.

When I was left a widow I took the only means of making a living offered me and went to Russia to introduce a typewriting machine, intending also to do copying. I hired a small room in St. Petersburg and advertised.

One morning a young woman came to my office and room and asked for employment, saying that she was a typewriter. She was about twenty-three years old, comely, but shabbily dressed. She seemed eager for work and offered in lieu of wages to take a commission on what work she would bring in herself. If there was not much in this for me to gain there was certainly nothing to lose. I engaged her.

The next morning she came to the office with manuscript sufficient to keep her busy for a week. She didn't ask what I intended to charge for the copy, but sat down at the machine and went to work. I found at once that she knew very little about typewriting. As to this she had deceived me, and I had a mind to send her away, but I didn't wish to lose the job she had brought in, and, as she said there was plenty of time in which to do it, I bore with her, showing her how to manage the machine, which was new to her. While doing this I noticed the whiteness, roundness and delicacy of her hands. I complimented her on them and noticed afterward that she persisted in getting them smeared with the ink of the ribbon and the dust and oil of the machine. From her hands I was led to notice her complexion, her figure and especially her foot, which was very dainty. Her ears, too, were small, a reliable token of breeding. Besides these features, there was a refinement of manner about her that did not accord with her cheap clothing. I told her she looked too aristocratic for her dress, and I was much puzzled at the way she received the comment. Instead of being pleased she seemed distressed.

Since she said there was more copy ready for her I worked evenings myself on the manuscript, and at the end of the week it was finished. I made the charge 20 rubles, which she gave me before taking it away, and I handed her back ten of them. She seemed perfectly satisfied and the next morning was ready with more work.

She said she wished to work nights and to near the machine rented a room in the same building as mine, in which she put a cot and a little cheap furniture. She cooked her meals in her room and after once being established there never left the building except at night.

One morning while I was typewriting I came upon a paper between the leaves of the manuscript. I handed it to the girl, and as I did so the blood left her cheeks, and she gave a little frightened gasp. She went on with her work without a word, but presently turned to me and said:

"You expect an explanation about the note. There is none. The secret is mine, but I am going to ask you to refrain from any mention of me or it to any one. Will you?"

"Certainly," I said.  
On another occasion she said she had a headache and went to her room. She had not been gone five minutes before, wishing to ask her something about a manuscript I was copying, I followed her. I turned the knob, but found it locked. I rapped, and after some time she opened the door. She was white as a sheet. I did not ask for an explanation, and she offered none.

I used to talk with her about the tyranny of the Russian government and contrast it with our liberty in America. She said that there was as much liberty in Russia as the people were fitted for and did not seem interested in American freedom. But one evening when we were together a complete change came over her.

"You have been very kind to me," she said, "and I am going to give you some advice. I know I can trust you, for you are an American. Besides, you have no reason to betray me. Leave this country as quickly as possible. A terrible struggle is about to begin which will last for many years. You cannot succeed here in what you have attempted. All these manuscripts I have brought are mine or my friends', and I have paid for every one of them. My father, a noble, is in Siberia, and my mother died of grief at his imprisonment. I am one of the workers in the revolution about to be inaugurated, and the police are searching the city for me. Within a week the czar will bless the waters of the Neva. At that ceremony the signal for the coming strife will be given. Pack up your machines and ship them away at once and follow yourself as soon as possible. You must wait for a remittance? Don't wait for anything. Here is money to get you out of this country that will soon run with blood."

Thrusting her hand into her bosom, she drew out a roll of bills and gave them to me. I was too much appalled to even take them, but she put them in my hand and sped away. As soon as I could recover from my astonishment I did as she had bidden me, but did not get away before my employee's room was forced by the police to find the bird had flown.

Three days after my departure I read the news that at the ceremony of the blessing of the Neva a cannon loaded with shot had been fired into the czar's palace. It was the signal gun of revolution.