

POULTRY NOTES
BY
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RIVERSIDE
PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

WHEN YOU MATE UP.
You will soon mate up your pens for breeding, and there are certain particulars you must bear in mind to bring success.

When you have culled out all over three years old and those with gross defects, then take "The Standard of Perfection" into the pen and select from the remainder those that are nearest to the standard type.

If your fowls look like three cents when you apply this criterion, it is time to buy new birds. You can't breed something out of nothing.

STUDY YOUR BIRDS.—Indeed, the successful chicken hustler is always studying his birds. The poultryman who doesn't study hen nature and thinks he has such a surplus of gray matter that he can throw a breeding pen together like a boy pitching quilts had better "go away back and get on" for if he's up front he is in on some other fellow's stock or climbed the fence.

Study your birds now. The people who wait till they hear the whistle blow before they start for the train generally miss the last platform and make fools of themselves.

There's no such thing as luck in shaking chickens up like dice. You may get a blank.

When the solons of the poultry world who sell hens for a thousand dollars apiece and cockerels for five hundred and who have thousands of hatched birds to select from must sit down for a day to study out a single mating, is that not a lesson for those who mate their pens with breakneck speed?

If birds are mated now you may be surprised at unforeseen changes you will make. You will thus catch the drones, the hens that will not fraternize with the male, and eliminate from the pen the hen that continually bullies the rest.

By this early removal of the birds to a pen by themselves they may receive that special care and feeding which are necessary for them to have to insure a good output of fertile eggs, for it is a fact that hens for breeding must have different treatment from those which are simply fed for market eggs. This is often overlooked until the first test of the incubator shows great infertility. A great many poultrymen do their shoveling at the wrong end of the hen wagon.

The hens that are pushed at the beginning of winter are up against the wall when hatching time comes.

The doctrine that you should separate the male bird from the females until breeding time to promote his productive powers is a big fake. Do this if you wish to ruin the head of the pen.

BAD DISQUALIFICATIONS.—Reject birds with the following defects: Wry tails, crooked backs and breast-bones, side sprigs, lop combed males, squirrel tails, diminutive tails, white faced cockerels except Black Spanish, deformed backs, purple barring, brass-neck, white lobes in Wyandottes and Cochins, pinched tails, feathered shanks on clean legged varieties, clean shanks on feather legged breeds, swinging crops and drop wings.

You need not wait three weeks to discover if the eggs are fertile. Test them with a strong light at the end of five days.

If the eggs are all infertile, replace the male bird with another. If part of the eggs are infertile, you either have too many hens or certain of the members of the harem do not stand in well with Mohammed. If a reconciliation cannot be made quickly, remove the offending squaws.

DON'TS.

Don't keep your ducks in damp quarters and on hard, cold boards. Furnish clean, soft litter and be decent.

Don't keep ducks with chickens. Their feed is different. Ducks and droppings are a combination to restrict the duck supply.

Don't sell duck eggs for a song. They command a high price for Hebrew trade. Write to an egg house for prices.

Don't keep oyster shell too long. The sea salts draws moisture, and the shells gets soft. It's dirty and out of date anyhow.

Don't forget to save those duck feathers. Feather beds are no longer lightning protectors, but there's nothing better for a boll than a duck feather cushion.

Don't undervalue those bantams. They lay many eggs, take up less room and eat little. Let the boys have a flock.

Don't forget that pheasants aren't canaries. They are ornamental, but not to hang among window curtains.

Don't house pheasants with other stock. Give them lots of room and fresh air. Let them go.

Don't mix turkeys, chickens and geese. Birds of one feather should flock together.

Don't tolerate scrapping roosters. They are a nuisance. The fighters aren't fathers of Rooseveltian families.

THE MOST PRACTICAL ROOST.
The stepladder roost is out of date. The chickens all fought for the highest seat in the synagogue. Result, strife and bumble foot.

The sassafras sapling roost, guaranteed to prevent lice, has gone into oblivion with the lightning rod. The movable roost is the fad.

Our plan: Make four carpenter's trestles, two of them five feet long and two and a half feet high and the other four feet long and two feet high. Cover the high trestles with boards six feet long and on this drooping floor place

your low trestles and from one to the other place your roosting slats.

Put these four inch slats on loose and on very cold nights move them close together.

Set up in a corner out of drafts and place the dusting box near and the hens will keep the roosts well dusted.

Advantages.—Easily cleaned; easily removed; catches all the manure; can be removed or set up in three minutes; hens can scratch under it; red mites avoid it. Try it and be convinced.

THAT INCUBATOR.
Is your brooder cleaned and disinfected?

Does it need a new lamp and felt for the cover?

Get them now.

Where is your incubator stored? Is it down in that damp cellar, where it will spring at the joints and the mice can nibble out the lining?

This cellar business is only a fad anyway.

Last summer we tested the eggs for a gentleman who was hatching chicks by the cellar plan. Our machines were upstairs in a comfortable room. He got forty-five chicks from 200 eggs. We got 180. That's proof enough.

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JUST A POSTAL.

... By LESTER ROSE ...

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Jimmy propped the card against the sugar bowl, and while he hurriedly ate his breakfast his eyes seldom wandered from the picture. Della, the dining room girl, regarded him scornfully. What was the use of mooning over a picture postal with never a word to tell who it was from?

It was rather a pretty picture, a quiet little town nestled on the bank of a broad stream, but it might have been a love letter from the way Jimmy stared at it. Twice Della had to remind him that he must leave the house by three minutes past 8 in order to catch the last car that would land him at the office on time.

Della knew of a fraction of a second when each of Mrs. Beeman's two coarse boarders must leave. Driggs justly called her the "human alarm clock."

Recalled to earth by the second suggestion, Jimmy thrust the card into his breast pocket and sprinted down the street to the corner. Once on the car he took out the card again and had to walk back three blocks because he was carried past the office building still studying the picture.

After all, it was a picture well worth the study, for Arlington was one of the prettiest towns in his native state. Postal cards with local views were something new for the little town. Jimmy could remember the stir which the first illustrated postal received by an Arlingtonian had made. Sarah Coyne, to whom it was addressed, had let the postmistress keep it for a whole week that all might see the curiosity. It had attracted more attention than the first Philippine stamp.

Now it was evident that some amateur photographer had taken a picture of Arlington from the hill. Jimmy could almost locate the exact spot where he had often stood. It was over

"This apoplexy, I'll be bound!" Her lousy owner whined. He sticks her in the cold, cold ground. Beside the young grapevines.

My friend, he kept an old "bug house." A bugger, too, was he. His chicken house was all one louse. A "mitzy" sight to see. Moral.—Don't be a bugger.—C. M. B.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.
When your feeding is bringing a reasonable number of eggs, don't change your methods because Sam Trittall has been around. If he was a leopard, he could change his spots. Don't trade a gold dollar for a lead nickel with a hole in it.

When your hen cackles, "go thou and do likewise," but keep your head level. Don't let an egg record or a blue ribbon make you an egotist.

If you make a good sale, cackle, but don't think you are the only cockerel on the perch. When you begin to be struck on yourself, feel the top of your head, and you will surely find a soft spot.

There is a little difference between a capable critic and a critical crier. The one is thoroughbred brain and the other is mongrel monkey. This is not contempt of court, but a judge's license can't cover up a fool.

When eggs are way up, hesitate to drop a little for good, regular trade. An extra egg when pullets are laying will make up for size. A hog in the hen's nest is worse than a dog in the man's.

A Buff Orpington hen sold in York, Pa., for \$400, and a poultryman at St. Louis sacrificed a hen and rooster for \$1500, while at the Crystal palace show they dropped to \$250. That's a slow old price for chickens anyhow. It's time to form a hen trust.

There were 9,000 entries at Jamestown and 10,000 at the Crystal palace. The American Wyandottes took most money at the English show, and they didn't have to marry any old English chicks to get it. "Count" that for our side.

It's an old joke, but it just leaked. The chicken paper reporters and the regular press men sailed from Norfolk to the Jamestown grounds on opening day to enjoy a banquet with President Roosevelt and report his speech. They were held out on the water for two hours, and when they got to the hall there wasn't a five cent cigar in sight. There was no red fire needed that night. Biff!

The average length of an egg is 2.27 inches, the average diameter at the broad end is 1.72 inches, and the average weight is two ounces. When a rotten egg hits a politician's cheek, neither can be measured.

C. M. Barnitz.

Wit on the Field of Honor.

When Curran, the famous Irish bar-rister who rose to such eminence, met Egan on the field of honor to decide a quarrel with pistols the latter took exception to the inequality of their personal appearance.

"I might as well fire at a razor's edge," he said, referring to his adversary's slowness of physique, while he himself offered "as good a mark as a turf stack."

Without a moment's hesitation Curran declared that he had no desire to take an undue advantage of his opponent, and he was willing to let his side view be chalked out on Mr. Egan's body and any shot that hit outside the mark should not count.

Theosophy.
The Theosophical society was founded in New York city on Nov. 17, 1875, by Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Henry S. Olcott. It has headquarters were removed in 1879 to Adyar, Madras, India. Its object is threefold—to form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of mankind, to encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science and the unexplained laws and phenomena of nature and man.



IT WAS JIMMY WHO STEPPED FORWARD.

In the Pruyn lot, where the boys used to coast in winter. It was too steep for the girls. One could easily run clear to the river on a good point.

But there was no hint of snow in this picture. The trees that fringed the river bank were in full leaf, the lone willow that grew on the tiny island was draped in green, and Jimmy could faintly smell the mint and the sweet flag in the marsh where the creek through the Newmans' lot formed a confuence with the river.

Somewhat it brought Arlington back with startling distinctness. He had supposed that he had forgotten the town in his two hurried years of city life, but with the picture before him it was as though he had just climbed the hill from the little red house that was hidden in the picture by the new brick Methodist church. They were just finishing the steeple when he had come away. Now it proudly reared its head above all the other buildings.

Jimmy turned the card over and regarded its face. The blurred post-mark seemed like an old friend. He could look through the glass partition where the boxes were empty, down in the corner nearest the drug store, and see Emma Sherman industriously stamping the mail.

He could hear the double thud as she struck first a letter and then the ink pad. He could hear the comments of the men waiting for the mail to be sorted. He could even see the recruiting poster with its gaudy pictures of uniformed soldiers, a glory of blue and red and yellow, in the midst of the more somber bills announcing auction sales and the prim handwriting of the notices of the social of the Ladies' Aid society.

But, most of all, the neat writing of the address held his thoughts. It needed no signature to tell him the name of the sender. Only Bessie Brewster wrote like that. He recalled the long, happy years when they two had planned to seek the city together. He was assured of a position through his uncle's influence, and Bessie would keep house for him and perhaps in time be able to write for the magazines. The Arlington Times had used some of her stories and had called editorial attention to them.

It had all been a glorious dream, but Bessie's mother had died, and when they graduated from high school and he spoke of going to the city she had gently said that her duty was to care for her bereaved father.

He had used the argument that her great duty was toward herself, but she thrust the idea from her, and in the end he had flung away from her, declaring that she did not love him, else she would see that he had greater rights than her father, for whom she had worked all the best years of her life.

He had not written after that, not even to tell of his success. This was the first time he had seen her handwriting since he had left Arlington, and his eyes grew soft as he studied the photograph. Then he chief

to bend to his work.

But thoughts of Arlington were strangely mixed with the details of accounts, and when the noon hour came he sought an interview with the head of his room. The latter was looking for an opening for a cousin and was glad enough to let Jimmy go without the usual two weeks' wait. Three days later Jimmy was in Arlington.

His first call was on the Brewsters, but the tiny maid told him that Miss Bessie had gone to town for a shopping tour and would not be back until evening. When the evening train rolled up to the little platform and Bessie descended from the car steps, her arms loaded with bundles, it was Jimmy who stepped forward to relieve her of her burden and who guided her through the little knot of station loungers.

"You are back for a visit?" asked Bessie when they had cleared the crowd. Jimmy shook his head.

"I came because of your postal," he explained. "It made me homesick, and I just had to come."

"I'm sorry," she began, but Jimmy stopped her.

"I'm not," he declared. "I'm glad. I never was so glad about anything before. It was like a message that I had to answer."

"But now it may make you only dissatisfied to go back," cried the girl. "That's just the beauty of it all," explained Jimmy. "I'm not going back. I guess Arlington's a big enough place for me to stay in, especially—"

"Especially?" she repeated as Jimmy paused.

"Look here," he said, speaking rapidly and with a voice that betrayed the intensity of his feelings. "I know I don't deserve to be permitted to speak to you after the way I acted about your staying here when I wanted you to marry me and go to town. I've forfeited all right even to see you, but if you could only know the time I've put in since I got that card you'd be sorry for me, even if I did act like a brute. You were right, Bess, in staying with your father. I was all wrong. But I am sorry. Do you think that perhaps some time we might be friends—good friends—once more?"

"We are friends now," said Bessie softly, "else you would not be walking with me."

"I don't mean that," objected Jimmy. "It's not just friendship I ask. It is something more. I want a chance to regain your love. Do you think that there would be a chance for me in time?"

Something in his tones told the girl of his sincerity and his loneliness. He had hurt her cruelly in those old days, but she had felt sure that he would come back to her. Her face grew softer as she laid a hand upon his arm.

"Why wait, Jimmy?" she asked. "You have learned your lesson."

The bundles fell to the hard packed snow as Jimmy rapturously caught her in his arms. As he recovered the bundles one crushed under his grasp, and there was the tinkle of broken glass.

Bess gave a cry of dismay. "You've broken the lamp I bought for the parlor," she reproached. Jimmy laughed happily. "I'll buy a dozen lamps for the parlor—our parlor," he promised recklessly.

Thackeray and the Scotch.
A glimpse of Thackeray is given in "Memoirs of a London Club," by David Masson.

At all our meetings at the Garrick and at our club Thackeray always seemed to me, in spite of his light humor and his habitual nickname of "Thack" among his friends, to be a man apart, a sad and highly sensitive man, a man with whom nobody could take a liberty.

It was at one of the larger dinners of our club—it may have been a Shakespeare birthday dinner about the year 1860—that I chanced to sit next to Thackeray, and in the intervals of the speeches we had a good deal of quiet talk. But in our club gatherings there was often a lapse into what we called the "war of the nationalities," which consisted of good humored mutual chaff and banter between the English members and the two or three Scotch and Irish members of the club. It may have been this that somewhat suggested the following bit of Thackeray's talk with me:

"D'ye know," he said, "that, though I can describe an Irishman perfectly, I never could describe a Scotchman?"

I reminded him of Mr. Binnie.

"Oh," he said, "that's not what I mean; that's a mere fact of life of a man I know, a mere description from life. But what I mean is, I couldn't invent a Scotchman. I should go wrong. But, oh, I'm quite at home with the Irish character!"

The Title Tax.
Now ma has got the figgets, And Sadie's looking glum, While he pretends to sympathize, Although he chuckles some.

This chap in congress worries 'em, For all the plans were made On spending a year in Europe— And a title got for Sade.

Said pa: "This feller thinks it wrong That Yankee girl she can't Should set her caps for foreigners And such like titled trash. Nine hundred million dollars gone To angle their old shacks— He says it's time to stop the game By putting on a tax."

Ma thinks that pa has got no style, He's still the same Joe Noegs Who started twenty years ago To make a pile on hogs.

He claims to Bramble Center ways And never is afraid To say a straight American Is good enough for Sade.

Ma can't forget that Hattie Bangs, A little freckled frigate, As Newport is 'your ladyship' And her husband but a knight, While Sade, with half a million more, Is tall and slim and fair— How well a coronet would look Upon her golden hair!

So off to Europe they will go, Poor pa will stay at home; They'll gad about in gay France, In London and in Rome. What care they for the title tax? To spend a year in Europe— And a title got for Sade.

When Bramble Center hears that she Has got a count for Sade, —Michael Fitzgerald in Boston Globe.

As a woman's misdeeds denote that the sun is angry with the moon and hacks at it till it grows smaller and smaller and finally disappears, when it is supposed to beg for a respite and soon begins to grow again, but that directly it attains its full size the wrathful sun recommences its attack upon it.

PHONE FOR RAILWAYS

The Telegraph to Be Displaced by It After March 1.

WOMEN WILL BE EMPLOYED.

Many Men Operators to Be Let Out. Automatic Block Signals Will Be Installed and Many Small Telegraph Stations Closed.

When a train with a little party of passengers on board recently pulled slowly southward out of the station of Miami, on the extreme southeastern coast of Florida, its unostentatious departure marked a dramatic moment in the history of a man and a railroad and an event the bearing of which upon the future relations of the United States and her neighbors of the West Indies can only be fully told by time, says a St. Augustine (Fla.) special dispatch to the New York Globe.

The train was the first over the famous "seagoing railroad" which Henry M. Flagler has been pushing with all the resources of the Florida East Coast system, which he rules, literally out over the sea toward Key West and Havana. When the trains began running to Knights Key, Cuba was brought half a day nearer the United States, and Havana was for the first time placed in direct connection with New York and Chicago.

The traveler can now board a Pullman train in either of these cities, which are a dozen degrees of latitude direct to Knights Key and there step from the train aboard a boat which will land him in the Cuban capital, 115 miles distant, within six hours. In another year, when the remaining forty-seven miles to Key West have been opened, the distance between Uncle Sam and his island ward will be still further reduced. Key West is but ninety miles from Havana, and it is planned to join the two by a ferry service which shall take the trains themselves straight through.

The conditions that confronted the builders were these: From the southern mainland of Florida in a long curving line to the southwestward the coral islets called the Florida keys stretch away to Key West, the last of the chain. Eastward lies the Atlantic, westward the bay of Florida. Beginning at Homestead, twenty-eight miles south of Miami, where the road ended, they must build along the line of these keys and across the scores of channels and passages which separate them one from another a road which should be so solidly based as to withstand the dreaded autumn hurricanes which have their breeding place among the West Indian islands. Some of the channels are a few feet wide, some thousands of feet and some miles. The widest of all, the spanning of which was the last piece of work in the completion of the section now opened, is five and a half miles across from island to island. Everything except the rock for the roadbed and embankments had to be transported from the mainland, and the workmen had to be housed in floating dormitories over much of the distance.

In spite of these difficulties and of the obstacles of mud and water, stiff currents, jungle, rock, heat, mosquitoes and storms, the work, once begun, has been pushed steadily on without a halt until the end is in sight. From Homestead, where the extension begins, it is seventeen miles to the coast at Water's Edge. This part of the construction is on the mainland, but it is through the strange south Floridian region of low everglades and mangrove swamps, interspersed with higher patches of rocky pine land.

From Water's Edge the road crosses Jewish creek, uniting Barnes and Blackwater sounds by a drawbridge, and after skirting Lake Surprise, where thousands of tons of filling were swallowed up in a vain attempt to run the road straight across the lake, it lands upon the middle of Key Largo, the largest of the keys. Fifteen miles bring the southern end of Largo, and there the road becomes really amphibious. Of the seventy-seven miles remaining to Knights Key more than half is built over water on cement and coral rock embankments or on concrete viaducts, supported on concrete piers anchored to the rock bottom and strengthened with piles. At the deeper channels there are drawbridges to admit the passage of vessels, and in the embankments which cross the shallower passages are twenty-five foot water openings at frequent intervals.

From Key Largo the extension crosses Tavernier creek to Plantation key, which it traverses, thence over another narrow arm called Snake creek to Windy Island, then across a wide passage to Upper Metacumbe key. The longest viaduct yet reached carries the road from Upper Metacumbe to Lower Metacumbe, whence a still longer embankment takes it over the wide channel to Long key, the next stepping stone. Then from Long key to Grassy key comes the longest leap of the whole way. Between these two there are five and one-half miles of sea, which are crossed by the famous "ocean viaduct," over which the rails are carried thirty-one feet above the main surface level of the water. From Grassy key a number of small islets and intervening passages are crossed to the larger Key Vacca, from which, by a narrow channel, the diminutive Hog key and another channel, Knights Key is reached, where the journey by rail is ended for the present.

An Inconsiderate System.
"Why don't we take an express train?" asked the sweet young thing of her escort at a subway station.

"This isn't an express station," explained her escort kindly.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed the s. y. t. "They ought to have express trains at every station!"—New York Press.

Coasting Jailer.
Mayor—Where are you going? Village Constable—The three tramps I just locked up want to play whist, and I'm looking for a fourth.—Transatlantic Tales.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE POOR

Danville and Mahoning Poor District for the Year Ending Jan. 1, 1907.