

HOMAGE TO A BRIDE.

Gypsies Greet Countess Gladys Szechenyi Like a Queen.

STREETS FLOWER STREWN.

Old Glory Waves in Barbaric Welcome Home at Century Old Castle in Hungary—Crowds Cheer Bridal Pair on Journey to Count Laszlo's Feudal Estate.

A company of peasant outriders garbed in the Hungarian national costume galloped before and behind her carriage as the Countess Gladys Szechenyi arrived in state at her castle in Oermeeze the other day, the end of her long journey to her Hungarian home. Gypsy bands and dancers lined the highway; the village children spread flowers beneath her horses' feet and cried, "Hail, our countess!" as she passed; the dowager countess kissed her and turned over the keys of the estate to her as she entered. And in her honor for the first time in its history an American flag waved over the ancient chateau all day.

A queen could have been attended to her palace with but little more pomp and display than that lavished upon the former Miss Vanderbilt of New York by Count Laszlo on the journey to the home over which she is to preside as his wife.

Two hundred dollars in tips to the servants of the Budapest hotel were given by Szechenyi as he emerged with the countess and began the ride to Oermeeze in a private car bedecked with flowers, says a special cable dispatch from Oermeeze, Hungary, to the New York American. Crowds gathered at every way station to greet the new countess in spite of a heavy rain. At each stop Countess Gladys walked out upon the rear vestibule and cried "Thank you!" in Hungarian.

As the count and countess left the train at Oermeeze the dowager Countess Irene came forward from the station platform, caught her son in her arms and kissed him again and again. In her joy at greeting Count Laszlo his mother evidently forgot the formalities for a moment, because she did not release him from her embrace until he drew the American countess forward and gave her into the dowager's arms. But the belated welcome lost nothing in enthusiasm. "I am overjoyed to find you in such a state of happiness," said the Countess Irene warmly. "I hope nothing will ever mar your happiness or my son's throughout your lives."

"Thank you," responded Countess Gladys. "I am sure that nothing ever will." After the station master, the mayor and the village parson had tendered their congratulations and been thanked the party entered a four seated carriage and started on the six mile drive to Oermeeze castle, the century old home of the Szechenyis. The dowager countess and Count Stephen, Laszlo's brother, had covered the floor of the carriage with a deep carpet of Hungarian flowers. The four horses, caparisoned with barbaric splendor, also caracolled beneath a load of floral bloom and tinkling silver bells.

As the procession started for the castle fifty mounted riders suddenly appeared at a gallop, blew a fanfare of trumpets, unfurled flags at the pommes of their saddles and surrounded the carriage, galloping forward with it imposingly, behind, ahead and abreast.

A mile from the village the cavalcade pulled up in a wooded road glen, while gypsy maidens, fantastically garbed, ran out and sang wild songs and danced at the side of the carriage. A bit farther on the serenade was by a company of savage looking Tyroleans, and as the party finally dashed into view of the castle fifty village girls emerged from the surrounding woods and threw flowers into the roadway for the countess' carriage to pass over.

The carriage stopped, and the Countess Gladys, arising, gave the girls thanks in their own language.

At the state entrance to the castle the carriage halted, and Count Laszlo, leaving out, ran to the open doorway, where he stood with open arms awaiting formally the entrance of the countess into her new home. As she approached him, leaning upon the arm of the dowager, he embraced her and said the formal words of welcome.

The servants, drawn up in line upon the broad lawn outside, bent their knees at this time honored ceremony, and as it ended the administrator of the estate came forward and began a long speech in the native tongue. The new countess stood at her husband's side until the long winded welcome was finished, then gave two crowns to each of the children who had come to sing and passed on into the castle.

When the next function of the keys had been performed, Countess Gladys was taken to her boudoir, where four prettily furnished rooms had been prepared for her exclusive use. Moreover, the baths, formerly of most primitive nature, had been modernized, ancient ceilings had been trussed up, and the structure throughout had been renovated.

Gladys was frankly pleased. "You have done all this for me," she said as she embraced the dowager again. "I cannot thank you enough. You have made my homecoming very joyful. And I thank you, too, for the flag of my former country that you have put above the castle today. It is a tribute I shall not forget."

The flag had been presented to the count by Reginald Vanderbilt.

A Risky Subject.

"Do you think, sweetheart," queried the young man with the evenly divided hair, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Well," replied the fair one, "of course papa will be sorry to lose me, but—"

"But," interrupted the rash youth, "I will remind him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

"Dearest," rejoined the wise maid, "if you really want me you mustn't say anything of the kind. Papa has three such sons boarding with him now, and he's a little touchy on the subject."

A HOLE IN THE ROCK

The Story of an Attempted Escape From Gibraltar.

BURROWING OUT OF PRISON.

The Wonderful Secret Work That Convict Realf Performed in the Teeth of Constant and Systematic Supervision by His Jailers.

Ambrose Realf was undergoing a life sentence on the towering rock of Gibraltar for scuttling his ship for the sake of the insurance money. The governor told the story of Realf's attempt to escape:

"That fellow led a roving life—a daredevil that obeyed every impulse, good or bad. And yet for three whole years I found him a model prisoner. At first he was employed as carpenter, and a little later we put him on the harbor works. But suddenly to this wild nature came an unquenchable thirst for freedom. At that time Realf was in charge of all the laborers' pick handles and wheelbarrows in the Rosia quarry, where he was installed in a little lean-to shed against a hollow in the mighty cliff. Every report put before me extolled the man's good behavior.

"Well, every afternoon at 4 the working party of convicts would form up and return to the prison—which, as you know, contains some of the toughest characters of both east and west—and an officer would go to Realf's shed to unlock him and bring him along with the rest.

"But this afternoon the door was opened in vain. Realf was not there. He had been seen through the little window when visited by the chief warden. He had even answered to his name as he stood planing at his bench in a dark room. He was gone, how or where no soul knew. Unquestionably the shed was locked on the outside, and the lock had not been tampered with. And there appeared no other exit except the door, not a hole, not a crack. The little shanty was ransacked, emptied, but without result.

"Could the man, I wondered, have discovered some secret recess? You know the whole rock is fairly honeycombed with holes, both natural and artificial, like Gruyere cheese. Alarmed at the results such an escape would have on the morale of my dangerous gang, I had torches brought and personally examined every nook and cranny of the cliff against which the shed was built. Then my best officers went over it all with hammer and crowbar. But no hole, not a solid rock. Now for the floor. It was level and fairly smooth, just covered in places with a little loose shingle.

"Bring me a bucket of water," I cried with sudden inspiration. When it came, I threw it carefully out, and we all watched. "More and more!" we fairly inundated the floor and shouted with excitement as we saw it ebbed almost as swiftly as we poured.

"Here absorption was impossible. The rock was not porous. There must be a cave or tunnel below. The man hunt was growing hotter now. Reluctantly we traced the ebbing streams to a dark and distant corner, where I had to get down on all fours to crawl under a massive rock shelf. Here the last trickle disappeared.

"Like a flash our crowbars were at work, and, lo, a big block was pried up, revealing a dark gulf below. I approached it cautiously. 'Now, Realf,' I cried sternly, 'it's all up! We've got you!'

"There was no reply. My chief warden poked a pole down and found a depth of eight feet. He and two giant subordinates got out their revolvers, seized lanterns and swung themselves in—as ticklish a job as routing out a wounded tiger from his lair. We above waited long and breathlessly. Suddenly a faint shout traveled up to us, followed by sounds of a desperate struggle in the cavern. By and by back they came, with Realf securely handcuffed. Lowering ropes, we hauled him up, battered, but smiling.

"He faced his disappointment with rare pluck, flashed a smile on me and said, 'Peter luck next time, colonel!'

"That was the end of four long and patient years of endeavor. I think he discovered the pit shortly after he was first put in the shed. And he had not only enlarged it with a scrap of iron and the patience of another Baron Trench, but he had also extended it laterally, no doubt hoping for ultimate escape to the sea by the subterranean passage.

"But even this in any event was only the first stage. Realf's provision went much farther. He had actually built himself a boat out of nondescript scraps of canvas, old sacks and odds and ends of lumber. It was a marvel of constructive skill, yet surely none but a desperate man would think of committing himself to the Mediterranean or Atlantic in such a crafty skiff—a mere toy capable barely of keeping a man afloat. Of course he felt sure that once launched he would soon be picked up by some passing craft in the crowded strait of Gibraltar, and he had a story ready for his saviors as well as provisions for himself. Of these last he had abundance—chiefly biscuit and salt pork—laid by bit by bit from his rations and carried out daily from the prison in such small quantities as to elude the search made at every parade.

"But that the man was able to labor in his cave and build and provision his boat in the teeth of constant and systematic supervision seems to me little short of marvelous."—New York Tribune.

A Third Need.

"You need," said the expert to the sufferer, "two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for long distance."

"Can't you make it three pairs?" asked the man who had made a study of his own case. "I'd like some short sighted ones to use on bill collectors."

Agreed With Him.
Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p. m.)—Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed?—Jennie—Yes, papa dear. What on earth keeps you up so late?—Pathfinder.

THE WAR ON RACING.

James B. Haggin Describes Its Outcome if Successful.

DEATH TO THOROUGHBREDS.

Veteran Turfman Declares Governor Hughes Will Not Win In His Fight. Predicts Great Wave of Gambling if Racing Is Killed.

James B. Haggin, one of the most prominent horse breeders in the world and a veteran turfman, at his residence in New York the other evening gave to a representative of the New York American the following interview on the future of horse racing in America:

"I do not believe that Governor Hughes will be successful in his efforts to end horse racing in the state of New York. To my mind, there is little doubt that horse racing could not continue without the accompanying freedom which now permits a man to make a wager on his favorite horse. The end of racing means the end of the thoroughbred horse.

"While the governor of this the greatest state of the Union is using all his personal influence to end horse racing and make the thoroughbred an animal of the past Japan is preparing for the thoroughbred and racing.

"Japan has learned and all cavalry officers know that an efficient cavalry in a country is dependent upon a plentiful supply of thoroughbred horses. Realizing Japan's need in this respect, the Japanese government has sent scores of men to this country to take positions upon breeding farms and study the racing situation. I have four or five Japanese now upon my farm who have been sent by their government to study the best means of obtaining for their country the proper kind of horses to supply the cavalry need. These men realize that our system of racing makes possible the raising of thoroughbreds, and I expect to see Japan adopt racing within another year or two. Already I have sold more than one dozen stallions to Japan, and other breeders have also made sales.

"A cavalry horse must have a thoroughbred strain in him. Work horses or family horses will not do, and, as I have said, the breeding of thoroughbreds will stop with the stopping of racing. A thoroughbred as a yearling costs his owner at least \$500 for feed and special care. This expense could not be met by any breeder if it was not for the outlet afforded by racing.

"The high prices obtained for the cream of the thoroughbreds for racing purposes makes possible the raising of the hundreds of other thoroughbreds that pass into general use. I paid \$70,000 for the horse Watercross at a public sale. August Belmont paid \$125,000 for the English race horse Sand, and the Newcastle stable paid \$75,000 for Adam. The Argentine Republic paid \$150,000 for Ormonde.

"The thoroughbred farms of the country represent hundreds of millions of dollars. In my district in Kentucky alone the breeding farms represent \$25,000,000. It is my belief that all these farms will be given up and turned to less expensive purposes if racing is killed.

"One thing I would like to say, and that is that there has been no fund raised to attempt to influence legislation in favor of racing. If an effort had been made to raise a fund of any kind for legitimate expenses, legal advice or anything of the sort, I know I would have been one of the first men asked to contribute. I have not been asked to give one dollar, and so I feel positive there is no fund of any kind, let alone a corruption fund, in existence.

"Despite this knowledge I read every day in some newspaper of a fund of hundreds of thousands of dollars being raised to influence legislation. I frankly declare such a fund to be a myth.

"If Governor Hughes really wishes to strike at gambling he will be obliged to begin with almost every private house. No man or woman can go out to dinner nowadays without promptly being asked to take a hand at bridge. The losses of a night at bridge will be greater than the person would lose with a week's constant ill fortune at a race track.

"There will always be gambling of some kind. There is less of it at a race track than in many other ways. Men and women like to tempt fortune.

"As I said, I do not believe that racing will be stopped. If the governor should secure his wish, however, it would be safe to say that a wave of gambling would sweep over the state like the like of which has never been seen. The men and women forbidden by law to openly tempt fortune would swarm to hidden places. It is impossible to legislate out personal inclinations.

"The farming districts are not opposed to horse racing. The sentiment among the farmers undoubtedly favors the game. They know how they profit by the demand for horses and the benefits to their country farms.

"It would be a severe blow to the country at large if Governor Hughes should be able because of his personal wishes to abolish racing. The thoroughbred would disappear quickly, and a sudden call on the nation, necessitating the use of horses, would find us behind all the civilized nations of the earth.

"I do not know of another civilized nation on earth where the officials do not recognize this fact. All other civilized nations encourage racing and provide in one way or another for the universal desire of spectators of racing to make their wagers."

A Startling Debut.

A comedy of errors describes the first appearance on the stage of Mr. Huntley Wright. He was supposed to impersonate the warden of a mad house, and the scene opened with the brutal ill treatment of the hero, and it ended with a gunpowder explosion. In his nervousness the warden dropped his cap, and, being agitated and short-sighted, he picked up the pan of gunpowder instead. It instantly blew up, nearly frightening him out of his wits. He rushed from the stage and collapsed, as he thought, on a stool in the wings, which turned out to be a fire bucket full of water!—London An-

NOVEL SOCIETY FADS.

Eyes Reproduced in Miniature on Cuff Links.

PRETTY TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

Husband of Mrs. George Gould Wears Her Eyes on His Sleeves—Portraits Sculptured in Gold as Ornaments For Personal Jewelry Is Another Fad.

Society is greatly interested in learning that Mrs. George Gould's eyes are always upon her husband. In this case, however, no espionage is indicated, but only a romantic fad that promises to have many followers.

It was Mr. Gould himself who insisted upon having his wife's eyes always with him. The happiness of their married life is known to their friends, and now when Mr. Gould is in the midst of a railroad deal or puzzling over a stock transaction or any other problem he has only to look down and seek counsel with his wife's eyes.

Instead of wearing his heart upon his sleeve, Mr. Gould wears his wife's eyes there, says the New York American. They are photographed from a miniature painting by one of the world's foremost artists and are surrounded with the finest setting of gold and diamonds that could be devised by Tiffany.

In brief, the eyes of Mrs. Gould have been photographed upon her husband's cuff buttons. He also has another pair of cuff buttons ornamented with the eyes of his daughter Vivian.

To a few of his friends only has Mr. Gould as yet shown these treasures, but those friends have been so impressed by the idea that several leading jewelers are now, it is said, working upon plans for appropriate settings for such "jewels."

Two months ago Alyn Williams, the famous English miniature portrait painter, visited New York and stopped at the Hotel Seymour. While there he was asked to paint a miniature of Mrs. Gould, and the artist himself suggested the plan of painting just the eyes, declaring them of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Gould saw the painting and, laughing at its size, suddenly remarked that the eyes would make excellent cuff buttons. No sooner had he voiced the idea than he set about carrying it into execution. Tiffany's designer prepared plans calling for a \$700 set of buttons, with the eyes photographed upon an agate background.

The design was accepted and the buttons delivered a few days ago to Mr. Gould. He was so pleased with them that, as above stated, he had his daughter's eyes likewise utilized. The settings of both of these sets of buttons are of chased gold, with a score of small diamonds in the rim.

In the art catalogue prepared for J. Pierpont Morgan, Alyn Williams is rated as the finest painter of miniatures in the world. He recently made a painting of the eyes of King Edward of England. Mrs. Gould is the second person thus treated by the artist.

Mrs. Daniel O'Day, Jr., wife of the son of the former Standard Oil man, has inaugurated a fad by having her children's likenesses coined in gold pendants and fastened to a necklace. The likenesses are by sculptor Richard E. Brooks.

Personal jewelry for everyday wear is well adapted to the new idea. Watch cases, brooches, pendants, belt buckles, all may bear the likeness of a relative or friend. A watch charm recently completed by the sculptor for Mrs. Edwin Allen McPherson is adorned with her profile and the profile of her son Cameron. This is to be a gift to her husband.

"There is a demand for this kind of portrait just now," said Brooks the other day. "It is the revival of an old French idea."

His studio walls are lined with examples of the delicate bas-reliefs in gold and silver. They are masterpieces of art and workmanship.

"I have an order for a belt buckle now and have just finished a brooch. Of course the work has to be reduced to these coins, and that is added expense. But there is something more lovely gift to be imagined than a brooch or watch case that holds the likeness of some dear one," he said.

"No; I am not the inventor. Cellini made this work famous, and examples of his genius in this line are contained in the galleries in Rome."

Brooks has been in the United States only a few months, having spent most of his time abroad. His work is known widely, as his monuments in Boston, New York and a number of the western states have won approbation. He has exhibited in all the salons here and abroad and has won many medals.

Hail to the Fleet.

Through the Golden Gate there sweep
Wardens of the mighty deep,
Battleships designed for war,
But with peace their guiding star.
Hark from every crowded deck
Gladsome welcomes ringing.
Hand grips hand, and eyes gleam bright,
With joy the west is singing.

Oh, hurrah for the battle fleet
Afloat on the western main,
All ready for war should war drums
beat,
To fight again and again!
Though we fling defiance to none,
We will keep up the gallant story
And defend the shores which our fathers
won.
We vow it by dear Old Glory!

With the seas the armada plowed,
Dark the nights of fog and cloud,
Long the way, but clear the call:
"Guard the gates! Guard one and all!"
Now at last 'neath sunny sky,
Balm winds caressing,
Safe the ships at anchor lie.
All's well by heaven's own blessing,
—Edmund Mitchell of Los Angeles, Cal.

The Why Owl.

A party of horsemen were traveling along Bridge creek, a tributary of Bad Water river, Wyoming, when their horses suddenly shied off the track at the sound of a "rattle." Search was made for the snake, but it was finally found that the sound proceeded from the burrowing owl, which lives in the burrows of the prairie dog, often, it is said, in company with the rattlesnake. Seated on a post the party heard the owl give a third rattle. And whenever they passed the spot it gave warning by its rattle, and the horses always shied off the track in alarm.—American Naturalist.

WARNER OF CYCLONES

Valuable Attachment to Barograph Invented by Jesuits.

MAY BE MEANS OF SAVING LIFE

Simple Device of Fathers Zwack and Coronas in Manila Has Been Worked Into Shape by Filipino Mechanic. Believed It Will Stand Any Test.

To the Jesuit fathers at Manila belongs the honor of inventing an extremely useful attachment to the Fueses barograph. This barograph is an instrument whose use is giving warning of the approach of cyclonic disturbances.

It consists of a barometer suspended from the short arm of a balance, along which a clock moves a pencil which traces the atmospheric pressure upon a card. Hitherto it has been necessary to watch the barograph closely in order to know the true readings.

With the attachment invented in the observatory at Manila one may set the barograph to what one considers the safe limit of atmospheric pressure and retire, sure that when that limit is reached an electric bell will ring to rouse him from slumber to watch for the approaching cyclonic changes.

The device, like most other useful scientific inventions, is very simple and consists of a small brass square sliding on a rod, says a special cable dispatch from Manila to the Chicago Inter Ocean. When the predetermined limit of atmospheric pressure is reached a delicate spring is pressed. This spring is connected by means of wires with an electric bell at any desired distance from the instrument, and the work is done.

The attachment is the work of Fathers Zwack and Coronas and a Filipino mechanic who is with the Jesuits. The fathers suggested an apparatus much more complicated than the one now in use, but the mechanic, Ramon Trinidad, simplified it to the present form. The fathers are much pleased that such an invention has at length been perfected.

No matter now, they say, how sudden the fall of the barometer or how quickly the cyclone approaches, warning must be given by the electric bell before the storm can burst. Had such an apparatus been in use upon the barograph at Hongkong during the terrible typhoon there in which so much damage was done warning could and would have been sent out before the storm burst, and the damage would have been materially lessened.

The device cannot tell one that a storm is approaching, but it can tell that the barometer is so low that a storm is likely to be somewhere in the vicinity. The fathers are taking steps to call the attention of the world to their invention in the hope of saving many lives and much property. They say it has been thoroughly tested in the observatory at Manila and will stand any test to which it may be subjected.

WHY FAT MEN STRUT.

Professor Robinson Also Gives the Reason For Their Fierce Looks.

"Why do fat men walk with a proud carriage and despite their joviality often have a fierce look in the eye?" was the question discussed at length the other day before the French Academy of Sciences in Paris by Professor Robinson, the eminent savant.

He expounded a complicated and highly technical explanation, showing that the reptilian of the stomach has the effect of drawing up the diaphragm and shortening the base of the thorax, thus lengthening the waist. The mechanical effect of this is that the stout, well fed man is forced to strut.

"At the same time," he said, "a very stout person is inclined to have a fierce look in his eye because the socket in which the eyeball moves is incumbered with adipose tissue."

"WAKING" OF A NOTED HOTEL

Why the Old Fifth Avenue, in New York, Refused to Be Closed.

The "waking" of the Fifth Avenue hotel, in New York, lasted all day the other day. The hotel was officially closed on a Saturday at midnight by Louis Seibold, president of the "ameners' corner." It was not until 1 o'clock the next morning that even the "ameners" would leave the building. Then they marched out singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Even after the organization which officiated at the obsequies had deserted the building and it should have been locked up until the wreckers came to tear it apart no one could be found who would seal the doors. The key was probably lost many years ago. The only time that the doors of the hotel were locked after it was opened was during the draft riots in 1861.

"The hotel refuses to be closed," said Managers Darling and Vilas, and the most that they would do toward that end was to bring out a couple of the old fashioned velvet covered settees of the office and with them bar the doors. But these slight barriers furnished no obstacles to the crowds of curious who gathered about the historic old hotel and wished to take another look at the interior.

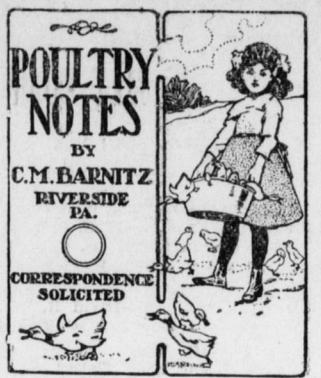
The lobby was thronged all day long with sightseers. Many persons who had at times been guests of the hotel came to take a last look about the structure.

The scenes attending the closing of the hotel will live long in the memory of those present. When the men who have been accustomed to make almost daily visits there for many years finally realized that the end had come the question uppermost in their minds was "here to go."

The question was asked over and over again, and there seemed to be no answer. When early in the morning the large throng filed out, still singing "Auld Lang Syne," many felt as though they had been turned away from their real homes.

As the crowd sang some of the lights were dimmed to mark that the hotel's career was ending.

Pat—An' did yez have a good toime ast night?
Mike—Sure. We wint out an' paint- ed the town green!—Cleveland Leader.



ALL ALONG THE LINE.
Chicks are setting in the moor. Hatching up the big white eggs. Incubators hatching now. Chicks with black and yellow legs. Keep that lamp all trimmed and bright. Lick the lice with all your might. Every egg turn morn and night. T wist your bones to do it right. B sure, we bet, you'll win the fight. C. M. B.

FEEDING THE CHICKS.

A young quack's sister made this comment on his proclivity: "Bilby isn't much for old folks yet, but he's awful good at doctoring sick babies." If Bilby had reached a point of therapeutic skill where he could solve these little plink perfection puzzles that baffle so many of our big brained, big hearted, fatherly physicians, he had a whole lot to quack over.

It's one thing to bring little fluffy ruffle chicks into the world and another to keep them.

One of the big chick growers, who says he raised 80,000 last year, declares we do well to raise 50 per cent. If that's all he raised, the undertaker must have been doing stunts. We thought we were crying enough when we took 200 from 1,050 and put them in the ground, but we were glad enough to save that proportion, and, if you want our know how, here it is, but remember we are not instructing the hen chick. She uses her own think, and it's a good one if you don't butt in: For thirty hours feed not. This is the chick's sleepy period. It is assimilating the yolk that was absorbed before leaving the shell. In thirty hours comes the appetite. Cuddle them in a basket and bear to the warm brooder. Bed them on dry sandy loam, for, like other babies, "everything goes to mouth," and they'll fill up on straw and other indigestibles. Dip each little bill into cool water, and they know where and how to drink. Put them under hover, and they at once know their mamma. You are "pop." Put in a louseless ten-day-old chick as kindergarten director. They'll follow his lead. Now scatter two tablespoonfuls of crystal grit for milk teeth. Ring breakfast bell. Spread fine dry breadcrumbs sparingly. See that all have a chance. Keep them a little hungry. Feed as often as they need—their crops half full in the day, two-thirds at night. If crops aren't empty in the morning, overfed. Starve them empty. Do we feed hard boiled eggs? No. They cost too much—too many little lives. Don't you know chicks are two legged eggs and right before they kick out absorb the yolk? Egg shells as stale as feeding eggshells over and over again to hens. Eggshells are worn out lime. Hens like them because they taste of egg. They are good egg eater hatches.

Do we feed Johnnycake? No; we do no cakewalk stunts. Johnnycake belongs to the fallow candle era. Do we feed rolled oats? No—pastes up behind. Do we feed wet cornmeal, bran and mid mash, boiled rice? No—nothing wet, nothing that gets sour. If you wish to moisten bread with milk it's good, but feed little, as it sours soon. The second day we give a taste of beef scrap and sieve before them wheat and corn ground finely in our mill. Caution: Allow no feed to be around to sour or be fouled. Do not follow the advice "Feed all they will eat up clean." On the fourth or fifth day we put in charcoal and give green lettuce or tender clover on the sod. If they now know enough not to eat cut straw, we give them straw litter with a sprinkling of good chick scratching food to work for. We now bed them with wet wheat straw. Raw fresh meat (Hamburg steak) may be fed sparingly or milk as a substitute for beef scrap. When you give milk put in a shielded vessel, as it is deadly if their feathers are soiled in it. They should now be growing rapidly, and feed must be increased. Their appetites being normal, the tenth day hang up hoppers of charcoal, beef scrap and grit. Keep green food before them. Start finely cut fresh green bone now. Throw in a little whole wheat and cracked corn. In thirty days, when danger point is passed, change to wheat, barley, oats, cracked corn and Kaffir corn. While on range you must allow for what Mother Nature and Mother Hen furnish in seeds, greens, bugs, worms, snails and other delicate delicacies.

Don't serve chicks on the shell to your customers. They may be Blue Rocks, but they're not blue points. No shell game.

Don't forget that warm days incubate crawlers. When lice are allowed to kill hens on the nest the S. P. P. O. C. T. A. should make an arrest.

Don't, oh, don't, Mr. Farmer, let your hens hide their eggs in the hot haymow! If you find them in the fall, may you not sell them to me, but to my worst enemy.

Don't cut out grit in summer. Your hens are now used to a certain kind, and the gravel on your place may be soft or scarce. Chicks, like men, must be gritty.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL BIRD.
The English Dorking originated in Rome. Whether of the holy chickens of the Imperial City and kept with the sacred bull in the sacred groves with the other gods and goddesses we know not. This valliant bird inherits the fighting spirit of Caesar's soldiers. His spurs are sharp as spears, and his broad, proud breast, like a Roman shield, is always turned to the foe. Why the golden eagle was borne aloft before the Roman legions instead of the Dorking we do not understand, for wherever those soldiers marched there went the Dorking. The Romans must have considered this fowl independ-

ent, or when they invaded Britain this kindly bird went with them to crow over their victories. The Silver Gray Dorking has become the great national bird of England. The plump piglet with his red apple



and the festooned goose have been chased from King Edward's round table by this festive bird. Notwithstanding his Roman ancestry the Dorking is preferred by John Bull to his proverbial roast beef. He is a juicy bit, and the fellow who eats the bird with English stuffing, backed up by English plum pudding and saffron cake, may well imagine he is in chicken heaven.

Dorkings are distinguished by an extra toe, white flesh and shanks. What they lack in height they more than make up in weight.

SILVER GRAY STANDARD WEIGHTS.
Pounds.
Cock 8
Hen 5 1/2
Cockerel 7
Pullet 5 1/2

Other varieties slightly heavier. The Dorking is invading this country. His battalions are now landing on Plymouth rock. No Boston tea party can afford to throw him overboard. His war chariot is heard at Concord and Lexington. He will soon fly to the top of Bunker hill monument to crow to a hungry nation that he has come to lick and be licked.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.
If you have no love for the feathered tribe, but simply for the money that's in it, it will be a failure.

My friend, it certainly is not our funeral to mind your business, but we do object to buying dressed chickens stuffed with feed.

When a man goes into the squab business and finds he really can't make it pay, he's a fool to hang on and hang himself because he lives in a T-Old-U-So.

Which variety is best for you to keep? The one you like best, of course. You will exercise more care for chickens you fancy, and also make more money accordingly.

The Boys' National Poultry club has issued its first annual catalogue. The object is to help the boys in poultry culture. If you wish to enroll, write to Robert G. Fields, 35 Caruthers avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Canada and the United States are shipping much fine poultry from New York to Cape Colony, South Africa. African ostriches are being imported to California and Arizona. Thus "a fair exchange is no robbery."

By marking the eggs and setting the hen in a nest with a glass bottom we discover that she turns the eggs six times a day. Instead of turning incubator eggs twice we now turn them six times a day and get 15 per cent more chicks.

We fear our friends who bought and mated geese after April 1 will have few