

CLIMB FOR MISS PECK

Will Try Again to Scale Mount Huascarán, in Peru.

THIS TIME WITH EXPERT HELP

Woman Mountain Climber Will Start on Perilous Journey With Two Swiss Guides and a Native Scaler—Believes Peak Is Highest in America.

After a tedious rest of two years, with not a single adventure in them, the desire to fill her lungs with the rare atmosphere and to expose herself to the biting winds of the mountain top has again seized Miss Annie S. Peck, the champion woman mountain scaler. In the Clarendon hotel at New York the other night she announced that once more she will climb the frosty sides of Mount Huascarán, Peru, which she regards as the highest peak on the American continent. She failed to reach the top two years ago because she was handicapped by native guides, who drank all her alcohol when she was asleep and otherwise hampered her in her ascent. This time she is to have guides from Switzerland who have no taste for pure alcohol and who know what assistance a woman mountain scaler needs, says the New York Press. The man who is to furnish the guides has assured Miss Peck she need have no fear for her alcohol this time. It might be explained that the only use Miss Peck has for that liquid is for fuel wherever it is needed. One native guide she will take, but he will be in such a minority that the alcohol will undoubtedly hold out until the pinnacle of the mountain is reached.

Before next autumn Miss Peck hopes to stand on the topmost peak of Huascarán and look down upon all Peru and then come back and tell all about the sensation in magazines and lectures. None has yet reached the top of this formidable peak, so far as is known, and if Miss Peck succeeds she will indeed be the champion American mountain scaler, not barring even the men. Having done that, she will rest content unless perchance it should be discovered that Mount Huascarán is not the highest peak on the continent. Miss Peck will not rest until she has conquered any mountain that dares rear its head farther above the sea level than Huascarán.

Miss Peck and two Swiss guides will soon sail for Colon from New York city; thence she will cross the isthmus and go down the west coast until she reaches Samane; then she will cross the Black range and rest for several days at a silver mine 12,000 feet above the sea level to let her lungs become accustomed to the altitude. When she has been there long enough to forget about the altitude she will descend to Yungay, which is at the foot of Huascarán. After increasing her equipment by one native guide she will begin the ascent.

"When I made the other attempt to climb Huascarán," said the climber the other night, "I took four guides and two tents. This time I will take only three guides, and I will take with me instruments to measure the cold, the moisture and the exact height of the mountain when I reach the top. I will also have a camera to take panoramic views of the surrounding country and lower peaks."

Miss Peck says she has a trained eye for measuring the height of mountains. When she makes a guess she finds it is pretty nearly correct, she says. She estimates Huascarán to be between 23,000 and 24,000 feet above the sea level. At any rate, she thinks it is so high that when she reaches the top she will have broken the world's record, now held by the Englishman W. W. Graham, who ascended to a height of 23,800 feet in the Himalayas many years ago. In her last attempt to reach the peak of Mount Huascarán she attained a height of 17,500 feet. At that time the mountain was smothered with dangerous crevasses.

"Of course the feat will be attended by great dangers," exclaimed Miss Peck. "We will have to wear masks to protect our faces from the weather and smoked glasses to protect our eyes from the bright sun. When we reach the ice and snow of the peak we will have to use ropes and ice axes; then I will chew quantities of the leaves from which cocaine is extracted. It acts as a stimulant on such a long tramp. The natives use it much as the Americans do tobacco. It is harmful as a habit, but a helpful stimulant when sparingly used."

Miss Peck has gone to Washington to make arrangements with federal officials for gathering information about the country and the mountain she is to climb.

A Flower Bed a Mile Long.

A mile long bed of rhododendrons in Central park, New York's most beautiful breathing spot, is the recent gift of Mrs. Russell Sage to the people of that city. It is estimated that the gift, which will be known as the Sage plantation, will by the time it is finished represent an outlay on the part of Mrs. Sage of at least \$50,000. Mrs. Sage drives in the park a great deal and recently visited Park Commissioner Smith and offered to install the flowering shrubs in order to brighten up a stretch along the main east drive, of which she is particularly fond. The greater part of the thousands of plants which will go to make up the bed are of American growth, but more than 6,000 of them were imported from Belgium. Commissioner Smith says that the plantation will be, when completed, the finest of its kind in the world.

Mr. Green's Waterloo.

Mr. Green was being paying \$4 a week for board. His appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful she picked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to \$5."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation said: "Oh, Mrs. Small, don't! It's as much as I can do now to eat \$4 worth."—Woman's Home Companion.

A NOTORIOUS RASCAL

Bold Exploits of Colonel Thomas Blood in England.

TRIED TO STEAL THE CROWN

The Daring Scamp Almost Succeeded, Too, and Managed to Escape Punishment After Being Captured—His Attack on the Duke of Ormonde.

A daring, fearless scamp and one of the most reckless and brazen soldiers of fortune that ever cut a swath in England was the notorious Colonel Thomas Blood.

This choicest of seventeenth century scoundrels was born probably in Ireland in or about 1618. During the civil war he was active on the parliamentary side, was made a justice of the peace by Henry Cromwell and received large grants of land. These were confiscated at the restoration and Blood forthwith began his career as a desperado.

His first plot was to seize Dublin castle and the person of the Duke of Ormonde, the lord lieutenant, in 1663. A crowd was to be collected at the castle gates, a pretended baker with a load of bread upon his shoulder was to stumble and upset the loaves, and in the scramble which would probably ensue among the castle guards the gates were to be seized, but the plot was betrayed to Ormonde, and, although Blood himself escaped, his brother-in-law was arrested and executed.

After a period of seclusion among the Irish hills and in Holland, Blood crossed to England and joined the fifty monarchist men. After one or two minor deeds of daring he planned and nearly carried out a desperate stroke in 1670. In that year the Prince of Orange visited England and was entertained by the city of London. In his train on the occasion was the Duke of Ormonde, against whom Blood nursed undying hate. The duke was dragged from his coach in St. James street by Blood and his son-in-law, strapped on horseback to the one of the conspirators and hurried toward Tyburn. So determined was the prime mover in the affair that his enemy should die that he hurried on toward the gallows to arrange the rope. The duke's coachman gave the alarm and followed his master with assistance, and a timely rescue was effected.

On May 9 in the following year Blood made his great attempt to carry off the Tower jewels. He set about the task in quite a modern style. Some three weeks before the attempt he and a woman whom he represented as his wife—his real wife being then in the north of England—visited the Tower, where the lady feigned a sudden illness. She and her companion were invited into the private apartments of Edwards, the aged keeper, that she might rest and recover.

Three or four days later they returned with a present of gloves as a token of knowledge of the civility. Blood was courteous itself, admired everything, but especially Edwards' pretty daughter, and presently proposed a match between the young lady and his "nephew." This was agreed to, and the visitors at once dined with the family, Blood pronouncing an edifying grace. After dinner they were shown over the house. Blood managed to rid Edwards of a case of pistols by purchasing them for a friend, and it was arranged that the "nephew" should be brought for inspection by his future bride at 7 o'clock on the morning of May 9.

Punctual to the day and hour, Blood appeared with three companions—Parrot, Hunt and Holloway. Each had a sword stick in his hand, a dagger in his belt and pistols in his pockets. Holloway remained outside to guard the door. Blood, with a nice regard for the etiquette of the occasion, proposed that they should await the arrival of his wife before joining the ladies and that Edwards should show them the crown jewels to while away the time. The jewel room was entered and the door, as usual, closed. Edwards was at once attacked, gagged and bound, an iron hook being attached to his nose which "that no sound might pass from him that way." In spite of these he struggled gallantly, was knocked down, stabbed and left for dead. Parrot put the globe in his loose breeches. Blood crushed up the crown and thrust it beneath his cloak, while Hunt began to file the scepter in two before paring it in a bag.

At this moment, like a bolt from the blue, appeared Edwards' son, newly arrived from Flanders and eager to meet his family. He went first to his mother and sister, and the thieves slipped out, but Edwards, retaining consciousness, managed to give the alarm, and they were taken. Said Blood philosophically: "It was a bold attempt, but it was for a crown."

After this one imagines there would be short shrift for Colonel Blood, and we expect the march to Tyburn and an edifying "last speech." But he refused to plead unless in private to the king and was admitted to an interview, got on the right side of the merry monarch and would avenge his death, was granted his forfeited estates and was thenceforward frequent in the presence chamber. Then he quarreled with his patron, Buckingham, and was cast in damages for slander on the duke. He died in 1680 and was buried in Tottenham fields, but a "sham funeral" rumor being started, he was exhumed two days later and identified at an inquest—London Globe.

Settled the Ownership.
"There was a quaint old judge who used to live in the Pine Tree State," said a lawyer. "One of his decisions gained him the title of the 'Maine Solomon.' Two women came before this magistrate with a fine, fat pullet, each declaring that it belonged to herself. The magistrate from his high seat frowned heavily at the first woman. 'Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Jones?' he asked. 'No, indeed, it don't,' she replied. 'Then he turned to the other woman. 'Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Smith?' 'It certainly does not,' the second woman replied. 'The pullet,' the magistrate then decreed, 'does not belong to Mrs. Jones, nor does it belong to Mrs. Smith. The pullet is mine. Janitor, take it round to the house and give it to my cook.'"

QUEBEC'S GREAT FETE

Notable Pageant Planned For Her Tercentennial Celebration.

SPLENDID OPEN AIR DRAMA.

Finest Spectacle of Modern Times Promised in July, With 3,000 Performers in the Tableau-Famous Battle to Be Refought in Pantomime Warfare.

For the greatest pageant of modern times, that to be given next July on the scene of Wolfe and Montcalm's bloody fight on the heights of Quebec, when the city observes the tercentennial celebration of the founding of the settlement, 3,000 performers are now being recruited in Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa. They will shortly commence their rehearsals and drill under the direction of Frank Lascelles, who was the master of the Oxford pageant last year and who has gone to Quebec at the special invitation of his friend, Earl Grey, governor general of Canada.

"There is no other such stage in the world for dramatic pageantry as the Plains of Abraham," said Mr. Lascelles to a Quebec correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, "where the grandeur of the natural scenery defies description and where 20,000 spectators on the grand stand, facing the St. Lawrence 500 feet below, at a point where Wolfe's highlanders clambered up the heights, will be able to see at the grand finale of the performance the combined navies of three great powers, consisting of twenty to thirty men-of-war, appearing on the scene to fire a deafening salute to the past, the present and the future of the Canadian nation."

"The spectacle will be given in the presence of the heir to the British crown, the vice president of the United States and the representatives of the president of the French republic and of the families of the French and English generals who met there in mortal combat a century and a half ago."

Mr. Lascelles has been asked to explain what the coming pageant will be like, what historic scenes are to be portrayed and how they are to be represented in the great open air drama. This in part is what he said:

"From the foot of his statue, where stands for all time the bronze figure of the great Champlain, stepping ashore, as it were, as he did so long ago to take possession of this new country of the west, the Prince of Wales and Mr. Fairbanks, with other illustrious guests, will see in procession before them all the great men and women who have made Canada what it is, and later on, on the Plains of Abraham, they will see the living pictures of the great events of those early days."

"On the banks of that river this summer we shall see again, as Cartier saw nearly 400 years ago, a cluster of wigwags set beneath the trees. Away on the broad waters of the river many feet below will come the little boats with Cartier and his crew, their names still preserved and their descendants impersonating them."

"Then we are transported to the court of France, the gardens at Fontainebleau, and high on the white charger, tramped with cloth of gold, rides the proud figure of Francis I. as we see him in pictures painted when he lived. Around him, clad in rich colored velvets and brocades, are the ladies and gentlemen of his court, some hundreds on horse and on foot, and Cartier, with three of the Indians with him, tells of the wonders of the country from which he has come."

"So on through many scenes the floating clouds of incense which accompany the ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony of the great and dignified Archbishop Montmorency de Laval, the booming cannon, the gorgeous attendants of the representatives of the king, the Marquis de Tracy, the brilliant uniforms of the soldiers, the quaint costumes of the habitants, the fierce battle of the Iroquois, the flying arrows and the burning forts, the dances of the savages and the May-poles of the children, the powder and patches of the ladies of France, the curled lionne locks of the cavaliers, pass on and pass away."

"Then in a final scene will march the armies of two brave nations, side by side in a parade of honor, the scarlet and gold of the British and the blue and white of the French, headed by four noble generals—Montcalm and Wolfe, Levis and Murray. The flags wave, the drums rattle, the trumpets blow, our dream of the past is over, and we see only the wonder of the present and the infinite possibilities of the future."

Origin of Myths.
The human mind, whether that of the savage or the civilized man, is naturally a thinking machine. In early times, before science was born, the phenomena of nature required an explanation, and the savage beholder shaped the myth, which satisfied his untutored mind. It is out of man's natural craving to know the "reason why" that all myths are born. As the distinguished anthropologist, Taylor, puts it, "When the attention of a man in the myth making stage of intellect is drawn to any phenomenon which has to him an obvious reason, he invents and tells a story to account for it." In such way all mythology originated.

The Literary Swindler.
Fair Visitor—Why, I had no idea that novels were written in this way. Foreman of Six Best Seller Factory—Oh, yes! At these machines they punch in the plots, across the room they stitch in the description, the dialogue is put in by hand, and the whole then goes to the finishing room, where it is sawed into chapters.—Puck.

Canadian's Odd Misfortune.
Edward Spendlove of St. John, N. B., who came to Mexico recently to inspect tracts of timber land with a view to investment, is being taken home totally blind. He found a peculiar tree in the forest and struck it with an ax. The blow caused the sap to spurt into his eyes, completely destroying his sight.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

By Clarissa Mackie.

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A night in India—humid, breathless, with great stars hanging in the dark blue sky and the dank odor of rotting vegetation from the nearby jungle.

From his seat in a bamboo reclining chair Welton stared unblinkingly at the blazing constellations. The punka boy had fallen into exhausted slumber on the mat, and the huge fan hung motionless overhead.

Welton could hear the low murmur of voices from the interior of the bungalow, and he knew that by slightly turning his head he could see the pink glow of light from the shaded lamp and the reflection of two faces in the large mirror in the corner.

The two forms leaned over the piano, the white fingers of Marion Lester drawing soft harmonies from the instrument, while Akerslie murmured tenderly in her pretty ear.

And it was because of these two at the piano that Welton was very miserable and stared at the stars. He knew that Mrs. Lester was nodding over her embroidery in some obscure corner of the room, and as for himself—well, he seemed not to be in it at all!

Colonel Lester was quartered at Lucknow, and when it was learned that Welton could not obtain the desired leave of absence to visit his sweetheart Mrs. Lester had good naturedly undertaken the journey to Welton's isolated station at Gola Chat.

The unexpected visit of the two women had thrown the little station into a blissful confusion of preparation. The depredations of a man eating tiger had furnished an inexhaustible source of conversation and had been the occasion for many tentative trips into the jungle for several weeks before the advent of the visitors, but now all was forgotten save the fact that there would be new faces to break the dead monotony of the days—the fresh faces and low toned voices of refined Englishwomen.

And then Akerslie had stepped in and spoiled it all. He had come up to see Welton, and to try pot shots at the man eater, but he had met Marion Lester, and in spite of the fact that he was Welton's guest and that he knew the relations existing between the two he had paid assiduous court to the girl.

Thus far she had repelled his advances with a dignified coolness that seemed to inflame him to greater ardor. This evening, however, the gentleness of her manner toward him and her careless treatment of her lover had driven the latter to sulky solitude in the veranda.

When the blue smoke wreaths from his cigar had formed a dense cloud which obliterated the starry heavens from his gaze Welton dropped his eyes and stared at two points of yellow light that oscillated near the ground.

They were ten inches apart, and they moved in unison. Welton calculated that they must be just without the bamboo stockade which inclosed the compound.

There was a prickly feeling along the spine, and he could feel the hair raising slightly around his forehead as he realized that Chuni had neglected to close the great gate and that there was perhaps only a hundred feet intervening between the man eater and the open window of the little drawing room.

He thought rapidly, with his eyes fixed on the lambent points of flame in the velvet gloom of the gateway. If he made a dash for the window and the safety that lay beyond the beast would spring before he could close the shutters behind his retreating form. If he could make Akerslie hear, at least the women would be safe.

"Akerslie!" he called in a low, clear whisper.

"Yes!" came the other man's lazy tones.

"Close those shutters instantly! The man eater!" His words were lost in the quick manipulation of the iron rods from within, and the shutters fell with a clang, blotting out the glow of light and leaving Welton alone to face the tiger.

The momentary confusion roused the beast into action. Welton could see the slow approach of the yellow eyes, could hear the padding of the great paws on the sandy path, and now his long sinuous form was dimly outlined in the starlight.

Welton remembered that he had left his revolver on his dressing stand. It could not be much of a fight with all the odds on the other side. At any rate, when the tiger had borne him away to his lair Akerslie, the coward—suddenly there was a terrific roar, a stifling flow of fur. Welton's hand instinctively flew to his pocket, and to his surprise the revolver was there. There was a sharp crack at one of the yellow spots of light and a rush of air as the beast sprang toward him. He dropped to the floor, and with a tremendous thud the animal struck the bloodcurdling scream of baffled rage and pain.

Welton had leaped over the railing and slipped behind the protecting trunk of a tree. The animal snarled about the veranda, and presently there

ton remembered the sleeping punka boy. He saw the tiger stepping down the path, his jaws gripping a dark, moaning bundle.

He knew that, unmolested, the beast would now retire to the jungle with his victim and that the occupants of the bungalow as well as himself would be free from danger. He ground his teeth and aimed for the other eye. He put it out.

In the light of the stars he saw the beast shiver, drop the dark bundle, which sped frightfully away, and then come toward him with bleeding, blinded eyes and snarling mouth.

It was only a question of time now. Around the tree he dodged, and then farther away from the house toward the stockade. He would lure the beast from the vicinity of the bungalow and fight it out with him in the open space before the jungle, which rose dark and forbidding in the background. One would win out, and the other—

Again he heard the crack of his revolver, and yet again, and still the beast did not fall. Still he tracked the man blindly, remorselessly. There were two cartridges left in the chamber, and then—again Welton fired, once, twice. With a shudder, he felt something soft on his cheek.

"By Jove! Billy seems a bit sleepy! Wake up and hear the news, old man!" Welton recognized the facetious tone of Akerslie, his faithful friend. He opened his eyes slowly, wonderfully. Overhead the great stars were hanging in the dark blue sky, and there was a rank odor of rotting vegetation from the nearby jungle.

He was reclining in the bamboo chair, and Marion stood behind him with her soft hand upon his ruffled hair. There was a glow of lamplight from the open window of the drawing room, and in the opposite direction he could see that the gate of the compound was closed.

"The—man eater?" he asked dazedly, moving his cramped limbs.

"What made you think of that?" asked Akerslie ruefully. "I was just going to spring it on you! Chuni—the hawk measures from head to tail thirty inches, three feet from tip to tip and male smaller than female."

Welton rose stiffly to his feet and looked sheepishly at the flaming torches and the crowd of brown skinned natives who were triumphantly dragging the huge carcass through the gateway. Chuni, proud and victorious, saluted before his master. "For the honorable sahib," he said solemnly.

A little later Marion bade her lover good night. "What do you think, Billy?" she murmured softly, with a side glance at the stalwart form of Akerslie. "Major Akerslie has been telling me about his engagement to Marjorie Booth—a dear schoolmate of mine—and I'm afraid we were so much interested in talking about her that we forgot you! Were you really asleep, Billy?"

"I hope so," said Billy impressively.

The Glory of Life.

The human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that diviner man, foreshadowed in the beast. How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! Few of us see any real sentiment in life or anything above the real animal existence and animal pleasures. Most of us look upon our occupation as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been and might have been avoided. The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our social aims and material, selfish ambitions have so lowered our standards that we think downward instead of upward; we grovel instead of soaring. Our lives are materialistic, selfish, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.—Success Magazine.

A Courteous Pirate.

"That even a Chinese pirate may have a strong idea of civility is proved by the following excerpt from an item in the North China Daily News: 'The launch at once stopped when ordered to do so. The leader of the pirates was then heard to order his men that they were not to molest any one on board who voluntarily handed over his or her valuables. Among the passengers, however, were a father and son, the latter of whom, it seemed, was a little slow in obeying the pirates' order to hand over his money, with the result that he was shot. Upon hearing the shot the pirate chief, who was on deck, came down into the cabin and, seeing the father of the unlucky young man lamenting over his son's death, addressed the old man and consoled with him on his son's unfortunate and 'undeserved' death. The chief finally brought out of his pocket a roll of \$50 and handed the sum to the old man as a solatium, bidding him to refrain from further lamentations.'"

Building Industry Exposition.

An international exposition for art and building industry will be held in St. Petersburg, Russia, from June to October under the direction of the Society of Civil Engineers of Russia. The exhibition will have sections for the display of building materials, carpentry and metal work, sanitary protection, fireproofing materials, electrical apparatus, artistic furnishings, literature and methods of technical instruction.

Washington Shuns Jewelry.

In Washington it is rare nowadays to see a woman wear more than a brooch or a stickpin except on formal occasions. The rage for necklaces and bracelets, earrings and chains seems to have vanished. Baroness Moncheur invariably wears either all white or all black for the promenade or calling, and not one ornament is visible except small diamond pins to hold her high collar in place.

Beneficial Exercise.

"Are you taking any exercise for your health?" asked the wolf of the fox.

"Oh, yes," responded the latter, "and I am improving rapidly! I am taking part in an amateur country club fox hunt."—Baltimore American.



POULTRY NOTES BY C.M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE, PA. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

THE CHICKEN HAWK.

Satan is compared to a bloodthirsty hawk whirling in great concentric circles through the air, falling like a thunderbolt on his prey. Of the 350 murderous vultures wheeling, reeling, revolving, falling like fate, sweeping with fearful velocity on their victims—this must have been the chicken hawk, known in books by the alias Accipiter cooperi, but feared by poultrymen as the demon of the air. Alert for prey, he poises in midair over all America and the world.

Read his description from the rogues' gallery: Head, back, wings, dusky brown; tail white, crossed with brown bars; eyes amber, toes long, talons curved, long and sharp; from brown



CHICKEN HAWK.

beak down breast to long yellow legs white-brownish red bar spots. A large hawk measures from head to tail thirty inches, three feet from tip to tip and male smaller than female.

He is known among sportsmen as "the long tailed pheasant hawk" and, it is said, kills as much game as the average hunter. This is rather mild, for the sportsman's average game to know it is loaded or some other fellow who's such a deer or bird.

But he is the great game scourge from the California quail, the midland prairie chicken, to the Pennsylvania pheasant and the New Jersey redbird. His special delight is to nest in the trees of the wood near the farmhouse, where he may relieve the farmer of his surplus poultry. There may be found his rough, shallow nest and its four white bluish brown splashed eggs or his hawklets that graduate from the chicken tree school in eight weeks to pirate for themselves.

White pigeons, white chickens and white Holland turkeys are his favorites, perhaps more frequently caught because easily seen. Of ninety-six hawks eighty-six contained chickens and birds. One hawk hooked fifty hens before the farmer shot him. A pair bore twelve young turkeys away in a day, and, like borrowed umbrellas, they were never returned. When Mr. Hawk appears, circling in the sky, it makes as much excitement on a farm as the annual circus or a barn fire.

"There's a hawk!" brings mother from the kitchen.

Mary from the spring house, Jerry from the corn and dad from the plow.

But he dashes away as if to say: "I'll get your chickens some other day."

Shotguns, steel traps and scarecrows for hawks. Cornfields around chicken coops are hiding places for day and night hawks. When chickens come home with skinned necks and backs be hawk eyed.

DON'TS.

Don't let those chicks waddle in the milk. Milk spots on chick feathers are worse than spotted fever.

Don't forget to cut out corn in hot weather. Cholera. You may forget highballs, but don't forget fresh water.

Don't forget that geese pay big. Chase that worthless dog. Take the tax and buy goose eggs for hatching. Oh, what a roast you'll get!

Don't cry over spilled eggs. If you had set that hen in a decent box she wouldn't have broken the eggs. There now!

Don't listen to the fellow who is telling you to build a cheap henhouse. He's got hallucination or is a cheap article himself. Wait till you get more cash if it has to be an old shack that your next door neighbor would like to burn down.

Don't forget to sow for litter. Oats and wheat are prime, but buckwheat goes to pieces too soon. We prefer wheat to oats because the wheat is harvested before young stock can work on it. Oats on young stock range is terrific for hard crop.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

Said Mrs. Smith to Farmer Brown, "Are those eggs laid today?"

"Oh, yes!" said the man just come to town.

"I saw the Barred Rocks lay."

So the slater paid a bonion price. And got some old hen fruit. She placed them in her cupboard nice. Not knowing they could shoot.

That night good Parson Smith came home. As hungry as a bear. He went to get a chicken bone. Not knowing eggs were there.

But when he opened the cupboard door Two eggs went off—'Boo! Too!' They knocked him senseless to the floor. And smeared him well to boot.

C. M. B.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. Can you inform me why my Leghorns have flat, narrow tails? My brooders have full spread tails. I have six brooders and seven small colony houses and raised 750 chickens last year.

A. Adding the ordinary per cent of loss to your 750 and noting your housing capacity, you crowded your young stock so their tail feathers could not develop properly. Breed from the same old stock again and house better and you will have a different tale to tell.

Q. I have lost so many little ducks. They just seem to be paralyzed. Can it be that I let them go into the water too soon? We have only a small stream of spring water.

A. Sorry! It's that cold spring water. We have had the same duck fatality to cry over. Water isn't a necessity to duck raising except for drink.

Q. I have written to several journals about my Wyandottes and get no satisfaction. Will you inform me why some of my new stock have single combs? I wrote to the dealer from whom I bought the eggs and received no reply. Am I cheated? My birds are white, well formed and lay well.

A. You aren't cheated. Single-combed hybrids are occasionally thrown. It results from mating narrow rose combs. Your dealer might easily have defended his sale and perhaps retained a customer by showing common sense.

Q. I am anxious to know what your opinion is in regard to moisture or nonmoisture incubators. Which machine do you prefer?

A. We have tested both styles and now use only the wet sand pan machine. Under the old hen (the humid type) is 60 per cent. In the nonmoisture machine it is only 29 to 30 per cent. This dryness causes many chicks to die in the shell and causes white diarrhea. We can set mixed eggs in our machine and get more, larger and healthier chicks.

Q. My chicks' wings grow so fast as to drag them down and weaken them. Is this natural?

A. The quills of Leghorns' wings grow in the shell and develop rapidly. Heavy breeds feather slowly. Run your brooder at lower heat, as too high temperatures has a tendency to push feathers. Clip the wings as you prune grapevines, and the strength will go into the chicks instead of feathers.

Q. My young Reds are so crazy for blood that they kill each other. What is wrong, and what will stop it?

A. This is natural to chickens and is easily stopped by feeding beef scrap or raw meat. Hang chunks of beef or veal lights before them. Be careful in punching the foot web not to draw blood or they will drag the bleeding chicken to death.

FEATHERS AND EGG SHELLS.

A strong constituted chick ought to weigh one pound at the least when six weeks old.

Nice green food for brooder chicks is fresh lettuce. Tender clover makes a chick smile all over.

The heavier the hen the greater the smash of eggs in the chicks' nest. Incubators never get lice nor tantrums.

You wouldn't think it, but tinted duck eggs are the clearest of all eggs to test. You can see almost everything inside but the color of the eyes.

When you buy a chicken by the chicken you are entitled to the giblets. Just remind the dealer that you like them chopped in the gravy as well as he.

Advertise and dispose of surplus breeders and birds when the first bell rings. Then you can swing the hammock while the other fellows wring their hands.

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