

POULTRY

ABOUT POULTRY PROFITS.

Why a Lazy Man Makes a Poor Chicken Raiser.

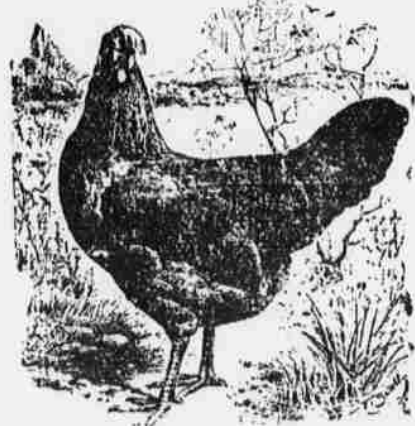
No business is better than the poultry business provided it is conducted in a business-like manner. Maybe it is so that "anybody can raise poultry," but it is not so that everybody can raise them successfully or profitably. Yes, there's money in poultry, but a good many people can't get it out.

A lazy man makes a poor poultryman. So does the man who has failed at everything else and takes up poultry keeping "because it is easy." The person who thinks poultry breeding for profit is a soft snap, and who has some money to lose, only need to invest it in poultry.

The most successful poultry men are those who give their own personal supervision to the business; superintendents and general managers must occupy a subordinate station. The road to success in poultry keeping, which reaches the goal of profit, is not all smooth and level. When the road is most difficult, the owner himself must drive, for personal observation is necessary to avoid rocks that wreck.

Feeding Young Chicks.

In the morning the chicks should not be allowed to eat too much. They should be kept somewhat hungry, so that they will exercise during the middle of the day by scratching for the hard grain and seeds scattered in the litter. For small chickens these grains should be cracked very fine, the pieces of corn should not be any larger than half a kernel of wheat. Egg and rolled oats makes an excellent food for chicks for the first three weeks, and after that a mash of corn meal, wheat bran, wheat middlings and beef scraps can be substituted for the egg and rolled oats. The eggs may be expensive unless there are a number of infertile ones taken from the incubator. The best food is the cheapest for you will be surprised how fast the chicks will grow. It pays you in the end to feed them the proper food and to feed it to them properly. If they are well matured the pullets will be strong, vigorous winter layers and the breeding pens will produce chicks with iron constitutions.—Farmer's Home Journal.



PRIZE LEGHORN PULLET.

Clover Hay for Poultry.

We wish to again impress the importance of laying in a supply of hay for the poultry this winter. Of all hays clover is the best and is usually the easiest to provide on the average farm.

In the winter when it is fed, it should be first cut in bits about an inch in length, then placed in a vessel and hot water poured over it. Leave in the water for an hour or two, then add enough corn meal or oats chop to absorb the water and feed the mass to the chickens. The feed is also good for birds which are penned at this time of the year, if it is not possible to supply them with chopped green grass.—Farmer's Home Journal.

Keep Hens at Work.

We see that the hens take the proper exercise, writes a poultryman. Our houses are large and comfortable, built on the scratching shed plan. We never overcrowd the flocks, and as the scratching shed is always heavily littered there is no trouble to keep the hens at work. Twice a day—noon and night—the grain is thrown among this litter and the fowls are compelled to scratch. Good vigorous exercise is highly important for good, strong fertility.

Sunflower Seed.

Sunflower seeds are a very valuable feed for fowls. They are the best egg-producing food known, and are also very warming, as they contain a large quantity of vegetable oil. But they should not be fed too heavily, or they will cause the fowls to lose their feathers. Twice a week is sufficient.

Fresh Air Needed.

If the henhouse walls are dripping with sweat and the floor wet and filthy you may expect a sickly lot of fowls. Open up the doors and windows and let the fresh dry air in. Use muslin on a south window opening or two and let the fresh air in all night long.

Short Sermons

For a
Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

THE MODEL WOMAN OF TO-DAY

By Rev. William M. Carr

Text: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—Proverbs, xxxi., 29.

This is what the wise man tells us of the ideal woman of his day.

A woman may be model, married or single, but not ideal. The ideal woman is the wife and mother. The model wife reigns as a queen in her home, exerting a tremendous influence by comforting and inspiring her husband in life's battle. Such was the wife of the late President McKinley. Though weak and ill much of the time, yet love armed her for her task, and nobly did she do her part in the world's work. Of the mother some one has well said: "The hand that rocks the cradle guides the world." Her constant presence with the children in the home, while the husband and father toils at his daily task, gives her the opportunity of exercising the preponderating influence for good or ill upon the characters of the children in the formative period of their lives. During these golden days the ideal mother will both by precept and example mould the minds and hearts of her children into beautiful symmetry.

But there is a model single womanhood as well. Multitudes of young women, especially in America, are single either by choice or by force of circumstance, and yet nobly do their part. We need but glance at the great companies of deaconesses in our various churches who have taken up the work these last years, as the Sisters of Charity have for a much longer period, of visiting the homes of sickness and poverty, bringing aid and comfort in the name of Christ, or the army of nurses in our hospitals, who are as brave in their consecration to duty in the face of disease and contagion as the soldier who enlists for battle. Add to these the untold thousands of young women who quietly and modestly engage in service to ease out family expenses, to care for father or mother, or to educate for life's battle younger brothers and sisters. So that many a man would say, if he told the whole truth, "I owe my position in life to my self-sacrificing sister." Shall we say of her as Gray in his "Elegy": "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air?" No, the sweet sacrifice of such a life is not a waste, but rises as an "odor of sweet incense" to Heaven.

How much fills the minds and heart of the ideal mother! The responsibility for rearing correctly and the careful and proper training of the children necessarily rests upon her. To see that the children are properly fed and clothed, and with the passing years to be properly educated and to be careful that the associates are all they should be, devolve largely upon her. Then there is the temptation to be too strict on the one hand or too lenient on the other. If the former, then the danger that when the day comes when the child is released from all parental restraint there be a rebound in the other direction and liberty be turned to license; if the latter, the danger that the liberty permitted be abused.

The American people know how the mothers of President Garfield and President McKinley were asked to be present when their sons were inaugurated—a tribute of love and devotion on the part of these noble sons, who appreciated the part their mothers had in their success. All are familiar with the saying of the martyr President, Abraham Lincoln: "All I am I owe to my angel mother." Thank God for the opportunities for American women, and thank God more for the noble uses made of their opportunities. May not the words of the wise man aptly apply: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all"?

O, beloved, God pondereth the hearts—weighs them, weighs them, weighs them, and turns back many a petition because there are conditions that make it impossible to link the petition onto God's power. There is something in the perfect holiness and righteousness of God that leaps forth to embrace the prayer of the righteous man and it avails much, and there is the same glad response to the merciful man and the loving man and the unselfish, self-denying man that gives himself to God to spend and be spent for others. God feels akin to them; his love bounds and leaps to respond to their cry. He opens doors for them that no man can open; he takes them through furnace fires without a smell of fire upon their garments; he orders everything and everybody out of the way of their chariots; he lets them into lions' dens, but shuts the mouths of the lions. Just look at this verse, "Whatever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."—Christian Standard.

The only man who really knows how hard it is to find a woman's pocket is the one who marries her for her money.—Puck.

FARM AND GARDEN

HAY FROM OATS.

Good Qualities of Feed From Several Crops.

The practice of making hay from oats and barley is becoming more common, especially where these crops are used as nurse crops for clover. In order to get a good quality of hay from these crops they must be cut at the right stage. If they are allowed to stand until the straw begins to turn yellow their hay value is practically lost. They should be cut earlier. This is best for two reasons: It gives a good quality of green, palatable feed, and early cutting must be done in order to give the young clover plants a chance. This grain hay should be carefully cured and mowed away, and while I do not consider it as good as timothy, yet all stock except horses like it, and will thrive on it. When the crop is grown principally for feed as it does in the Western states, the berry is allowed to mature just to the dough stage, and then straw with grain makes a fairly good feed. In Washington, where not much corn is grown, they feed wheat hay almost exclusively, and I must say their horses look much better than our corn and oat fed horses.

Ventilation of the Barn.

The ventilation of barns is a matter which deserves more attention than it receives, but I will not take time to go into details. There are frequently cracks and open spaces which serve the purpose of ventilation, but which often cause drafts, resulting in colds, rheumatism and other ailments. In like manner, the drainage around the barns should be examined, as bad results often come from imperfect drainage. Then there is the watering arrangements. All horses ought to be watered before and not after feeding. The horse's stomach is comparatively small, it only contains from seven to nine gallons, so if you feed him heavily and then water him, the result will be that a certain amount of the food will be washed down into the intestines in an undigested condition. This is a frequent cause of colic and other troubles, and can easily be obviated by watering the horse when his stomach is comparatively empty.

Sorghum Equal to Hay.

Analysis shows that considering the amount of protein and fat contained in sorghum it is about equal to timothy hay as feed. In point of the amount of nitrogen, free extract, it is about half as rich in these elements as timothy. Timothy contains 5 per cent. protein, 45 per cent. nitrogen free extract, and 3 per cent. fat. Sorghum contains 4.5 per cent. protein, 23 per cent. nitrogen free extract, and 3.25 per cent. fat.

Make the Farm Profitable.

A farm properly handled should be worth more money every year. Any system of farming that sells off in crops more than is returned means bankruptcy in a few years. You can use up soil fertility and return nothing and expect to go right on raising big crops. Look at the proposition sensible now.

Humus for Potatoes.

Potato soils should be well supplied with humus to increase their capacity for retaining water. Drouth is a serious enemy of the potato crop. Humus is best supplied by plowing under clover. If stable manure is used it should be supplied a year ahead of the potato crop.

Dispose of the Stalks.

It is a good thing to get stalks out of the way as soon as possible and begin disking, but don't get in a hurry and start plowing until the ground is dry and has settled. A piece of ground turned up in the spring wet, is hard to handle all through the season.

Weed the Orchard.

Keep the ground in the orchard and garden free from rubbish and weeds. In these many of the insect pests spend an important part of their existence, and if they are destroyed many of the pests will perish with them.

Wash For Tree Trunks.

Here is a wash for the trunks of fruit trees which it is said will keep mice and rabbits from gnawing them: To one peck of lime add, while warm, one quart of crude carbolic acid, four pounds of sulphur and one-half gallon pine tar. Stir well.

Plant Trees Apart.

An orchard with the trees far apart is more profitable than the closely set orchard after the first few years of bearing. But the distance should vary somewhat according to soil and variety planted.

Motto For Farmers.

"Good Stuff Well Sold." Farmers who live up to that motto are making money in crops that others produce at a loss. Paste the words over your desk and think out the details for yourself.

HUSBANDS.

How to Make Them Eat from the Hand and Sign Checks at Will.

Husbands are the natural product of most civilized countries. They are plentiful in most of the United States of America, being scarcest in Utah and Massachusetts, where each lady owns but a fraction of a husband, or none at all. Those owning no more than a morbid interest in a husband are called old maids.

Although the best husbands in this country are acknowledged by experts to be indigenous to the soil, those commanding the highest market prices are the imported varieties, because of their expensive labels. The Crown brand brings the largest figure.

The husband is a wary and elusive animal, feeling for safety at the first noise like a skit to his lair in clubs, offices and other remote caves of his habitat; but he may be cajoled forth by an appearance of indifference on the part of the trapper, as his curiosity can always be aroused by the strange creature who could remain immune to his charms; after which he may be easily caught anywhere in broad daylight (though a white night-light of moon-calcium is preferable), in a trap composed of iron-fro., talcum, golden locks and flattery.

There is a tradition to the effect that the earliest husband-catcher was a clumsy contrivance made of fine hand-sewing attached to a spinning-wheel, decorated with home-made preserves put up in a sirup of sweet disposition and sealed in common-sense jars.

Once secured with a matrimonial halter tied in a diamond hitch, the husband become quite tame and will eat from the hand and sign checks at will. There are more than fifty-seven varieties of husbands at large and in captivity, but they are broadly classed as good and bad, by their respective owners or keepers called wives. Since the wife is so constituted that she can believe anything she sets her mind to, she can easily persuade herself that a bad husband is a good one and vice versa—a merciful provision of Providence for marital happiness.

The American husband is called by his transatlantic compeers a beast of burden; to which he may very justly retort that the transatlantic husband is a beast of prey, or otherwise, but always a beast, and that it's a White Man's Burden, anyway. All of which proves that the highest grade husband extant has his permanent habitat in these United States of America.

FUTURE STATE.



Mr. Ripley—The inhabitants of Arizona seem to be an orthodox people.

Mr. Greenly—How do you make that out?

Mr. Ripley—Because they believe in a future state.

Cicero All at Sea.

The gigantic steamship had faced easterly gales all the way across the Atlantic, and there were uneasy bellows from the hundreds of cattle in the "tween-decks.

"I wonder whether we shall ever get to London?" cried Miss Manhattan, promenading the hurricane-deck. "We're two days late now. How long this voyage is! How long!"

"Quousque tandem, Catilina?" quoted Mr. Teeow-ils sympathetically at her side.

"What's that?" she inquired. "I don't understand Latin, you know."

"How long, pray, O cattle line?" Mr. Teeowells solemnly responded.—Harper's Weekly.

On the Desert.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a prohibition State, when the Irishman remarked:

"Sure, an' yo' might get used to it after awhile. Ye know they say a camel can go eight days without drinkin'."

"Hoot, mon!" retorted the other, "it's little ye know about the Campbells when ye say that. There is na one o' them could go eight hours w/out a dra; of something!"

The Basis.

He—I wonder if we can get along all right.

She—Certainly. We can buy the auto with the money father left me and you will surely make enough to pay for running it don't you think?

The Letter.

Ethel—But why don't you open it and read it?

SHE WAS CALLED "POOR THING"

Had a Way of Sitting Silently at Her Work, Listening.

Pity is certainly a kindly sentiment; nevertheless it can be so bestowed as to cast a doubt upon its right to a place among the virtues. There was an old-time seamstress of East Hentley who, if words were all, was beyond doubt the most tender-hearted person in the village; indeed, her favorite expression of compassion had finally passed into a nickname for herself. She was known behind her back as "Poor Thing."

Poor Thing was not much of a talker. She had a way of sitting silently bent over her work, always with a mouth full of pins, listening to what other people had to say. Only at the end of the conversation would she extract her pins long enough to contribute her share. Perhaps the speakers had been eulogizing the abilities of a noted housekeeper.

"Yes, poor thing!" she would sigh. "Fortunate, now, isn't it, she can turn her mind to preserves and pickles and pie-baking, the way she does. She couldn't take much comfort in her children, that's sure—forth-putting, rampageous creturs. I s'pose it's a compensation."

Or the beauty of some blooming young girl would have received a tribute of praise.

"She's real pretty-appearing," the seamstress would agree, mournfully. "She certainly is—but then those delicate-featur'd, light-complected folks never keep their looks more'n a few years. She'll fade right out before she's twenty-five, poor thing!"

Again, the prosperity of a neighboring farmer was discussed and his ability admired.

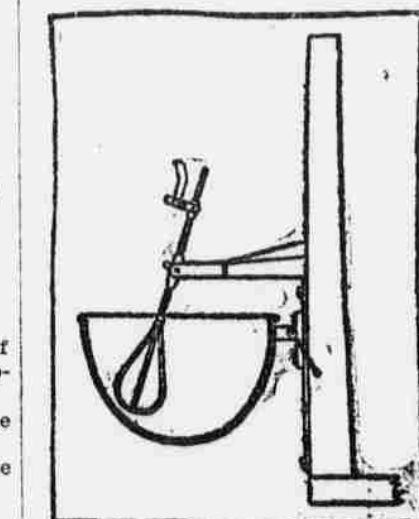
"Drivers, both of 'em—Mirandy and he," she would agree, promptly. "I don't doubt they've earned every mite of it. I never knew such folks for driving. There ain't any loafing 'round their place, nor any resting, either. My land, but they keep things moving! I can tell you they make the children step lively about chores. I dare say it's good for 'em, or it would be if they weren't so little—but there, I can't help pity-'em, poor things!"

Poor Thing was a good worker, but she never became popular with her fellow villagers, which, considering her concern over all their woes and fallings, was rather hard on her—poor thing!

ELECTRIC EGG BEATER.

Much Time and Labor Saved by This Invention.

Electricity having been used for almost every purpose under the sun, now it has recently been harnessed up by a Jersey City man to beat eggs. In any hotel or bakery where eggs are used in large quantities and where they require beating as for a cake, this electric beater will be a welcome addition. It not only saves much hard work—for beating eggs



ELECTRIC EGG BEATER.

is no child's play—but it does the job better and much more expeditiously than it can be done by hand. Like most electrical devices it is a case of you press the button and the machine does the rest. The beater consists of a vertical support, with an arm holding the egg-beater shaft. Below this is an adjustable bracket, provided with a bowl in which the eggs are placed. By pressing the button the beater revolves swiftly in the bowl and as the power and speed of the stroke does not vary the eggs are beaten with unusual consistency.—Washington Star.

Testing Baby's Bath.

Theoretically every mother ought to have a thermometer to test the baby's bath water; obviously everyone does not. However, it is manifestly unsafe to rely on the time-honored method of testing with the hand, as much infantile discomfort, even real injury, may result from the practice. A good substitute for the thermometer is the mother's bared elbow applied to the water. Not being accustomed to extremes of heat and cold, as is the hand, the flesh of the elbow responds quickly to the slightest change of temperatures from blood heat, thus indicating the degree of warmth required.

Society of Whales.

The Society of Whales is a new organization. Every young wife in town belongs and the title of the society is taken from the faith a bride has in her husband. She would believe him if he said he saw a whale swimming up Commercial street. After she has been married for a few months, she drops from the club.

NEVER HEARD OF ROOSEVELT

Startling Ignorance Displayed by Albert Courtney, Who Comes in from American Deserts.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Albert Courtney, a mining prospector and British subject, heard a few days ago for the first time that Queen Victoria had died. He refused to believe the report and is looking for an English paper to confirm the news.

The name of Theodore Roosevelt was a strange one to him. Vague rumors came to him along in 1898 and 1899 that Spain and the United States were at war. Not an echo of the Boer war reached him.

Naturally ping pong, diablo, the plays of George Bernard Shaw, the defeat of "Bill" Squires, the suffragist



movement, the recall election and all the other great facts and occurrences of recent years were matters of which he was ignorant.

This hiatus in the life of Courtney arises from the fact that in the last fifteen years he has been lost to the world on the desert of Nevada and Arizona. He was a recluse and did not see a book or newspaper during the entire period.

"And 'ow is the Queen?" was one of his first questions.

"Roosevelt? Roosevelt?" he said to a query. "Never 'eard the name before. And who is 'e?"

Courtney is seventy years of age and is well preserved physically and mentally.

INDIAN RUNS DOWN WOLVES.

On Overtaking His Tired Quarry Uses Club to Kill Him.

Superior, Wis.—At Solon Springs, near here, lives Charley Taylor, a half-breed Indian, who might be a good man to enter in some of the big Marathon races.

Taylor is in the wolf hunting business for the bounty there is in it and catches the wolves by running them down. He hit the hot trail of one of the timber beasts recently, and overtook the exhausted animal three days later. He killed it with a stout club which he carries when "hunting."

Taylor says that there is nothing remarkable about hunting wolves in this manner. With snow shoes a man can run down a wolf, whose pace is slower in snow, in from one and a half to two days, but Taylor was without snowshoes. All one needs is endurance, patience and the ability to follow the trail of the wolf after dark. The Indians usually hunt in pairs.

SWALLOWED HIS SAVINGS.

Gold Coin Found in Grave When Body Was Moved.

Paris, France.—"Gold from the grave" might be the caption over a curious incident that has happened at Thion, near Epinal. Twelve years ago a workman died there, and his relatives could find none of his savings, although he was known to have accumulated a small sum in gold.

Recently his body was moved by the parish authorities to another grave, his son being present at the transference. When the remains were exposed he was astonished to see a little pile of gold coins lying among the bones. They were the dead man's savings, amounting to \$185, which he had swallowed to prevent his family, with whom he was on bad terms, getting hold of them.

SCARED BY BATTLE IN CLOUDS.

Sham Sight of Troops, Reproduced in Mirage, Frightened Villagers.

Heidelberg.—A terrifying phenomenon in the heavens recently alarmed the superstitious villagers of Dorzbach and Oberunzbach, on the frontier of Baden and Wurtemberg. In the clouds, just before 10 o'clock in the forenoon, there appeared a bright red streak, on which could be plainly seen a landscape, with fields, streams and woods, among which two bodies of troops in battle formation were advancing toward each other, firing volleys. The puffs of smoke were clearly visible.

Half an hour later the picture suddenly disappeared, but the excitement and fear aroused among the villagers lasted until next morning, when the explanation appeared in the newspapers of the district that a sham fight had been held by the garrison of Merthensheim, some twenty miles distant, and had caused the mirage.