

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

[These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.]

IN FOND REMEMBRANCE.

The poets have sung of the old oak bucket
That hung in grandpapa's well.
They've struck their harps about mother's big slipper
That made us had kids yell.
But how did they miss granddad's speckled hen,
The hen with sky squint in her eye,
A demon to scratch in grandmother's truck patch,
A ripper in wheat field and rye.
Old hen, do you now from hen heaven look down
To your lousy old nest in Fan's rack
And regret the day when you, doped
down on me
And clawed those big holes in my back?
Ha, ha! You remember the ducking you got
In the trough in the poxy barnyard,
Where you cackled and clucked in the smell and the rot
And dug your poor toe nails so hard.
But if singing birds could forget grandpapa's hen,
How could they pass by her hen fruit?
The egg of the mow that gave nog its wild fizz
And at politicians went "Toot!"
Our hat is off now to the egg of the mow
That was hidden so long in the heat,
That drew through its shell the old barn's rich smell
And the fragrance of mown hay so sweet.

I'm longing right now for that egg from the mow,
For like "vase in which roses have once been distilled"
Years may break, they may shatter, that egg if they will,
Yet the scent of the barnyard will hang round it still.

C. M. BARNITZ.

BREEDING FROM WEAK STOCK.
So many breed from weak stock, then fall in egg production and raising stock, and then what a knock! "It's all a fizzle! It doesn't and never did pay!"
They're surely a brainstorm. They demand perfect stallions and brood mares, breeding cattle must be standard, and brood sows must be A1, and even their garden seeds must be tested and guaranteed. But turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese may be inbred, ill feed, half dead, undersized, full of lice, yet they must roll out the eggs and raise perfect progeny.

Occasionally they buy a rooster and expect him to work a miracle with their culled colored culls, or they trade a deadhead gobbler for one that has to stand up against the fence to gobble. What a fowl fizzle! What a fool farce! Vigor is the essential to success. Without it, nit.

DOPING THE FEEDS.

Swindlers have lumped their backs doping feeds since the rise in prices of grain and grain products.
Bran selling at \$22 to \$30 per ton has been salted to the extent of 200 to 300 hundredweight to the ton, salt selling at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per ton.
Rice hulls and corn cobs pulverized to dust are mixed with bran and middlings, and of all, corn cobs and oat hulls have been found prominent in "A1 chop."

The prepared chick and hen foods have been an easy mark for swindlers, all sorts of old stock being dumped into them, the seed companies and seed stores being especially generous with their old beans, peas, sweet corn and what not.

These feeds, selling from \$40 to \$60 per ton, in many cases were moldy, dusty and had a big proportion of syster shell and grit that only costs from \$1 to \$6 per ton. Even certain highly guaranteed beef scrap is carrion and tankage. In one case mixed with oak bark. It is your business to have suspected articles analyzed, to put the matter in the hands of proper authorities, for in most of the states there are stringent laws to meet cases like these.

DON'TS.

Don't let the late chicks be without shade. They need extra care and fare.

Don't feed molting hens heavy. The lean hen always finishes her molt and starts to lay first.

Don't leave your fine stock in the care of a know not and go off on a jaunt. When a man gets gay it doesn't pay.

Don't wait to prepare winter quarters for your stock until the frosts prepare your birds for the undertaker.

Don't spray fruit and potatoes with paris green and acetate of lead while chickens are around or you'll be putting them under ground.

Don't keep that strong disinfectant in the drinking water. Make your place sanitary, keep real cool and let the other fellow play the fool.

Don't let the ground in those pens get rank. Scatter lime and get busy with the spade or cholera will make a raid.

Don't let those birds you intend to show get along anyway and then expect to fix them up in a day. Your chance to win will be thin.

DAIRY AND CREAMERY

FIVE STAGES OF CREAMING.

Last and Best One is the Age of the Separator.

Originally the calf got all of the cream. This was in the period when the cow was kept for the beef which she would produce. The next step showed the milk upon the cellar shelf. Here the calf got about half of the cream, and the other half was made into butter. The third stage shows the long milk cans in spring or well water, says Kimball's Dairy Farmer. Here the calf gets less of the cream, but still he has a part of it. Inventive genius introduced the fourth step, and we have the patent creamer operated with ice and water. By the use of this fully three-fourths of the cream goes into the butter and the calf must content himself with the remaining one-fourth. Finally we come to the present time and the age of the separator. All the cream now goes into the butter and the calf is doing just as well as he did before. The dairyman makes two profits instead of one. Carefully worked out experiments show that the dairy calf or baby beef can be raised upon skim milk more cheaply than upon the whole milk. Some breeders will tell you that they must have the whole milk, but such men are usually devotees of thin-milk breeds. The milk from cows that give a large percentage of butter-fat need not be fed whole to the calves. A little oil-cake and corn meal will take the place of the butter-fat and produce just as good an animal. In fact, science has shown that the calf's stomach, as well as the human stomach, is often overworked by the large percentage of butter-fat which enters with whole milk. The separator then represents the great economy and the largest profits in the present day of dairying.

Clean Milking by Machine.

In using the milking machine at the Pennsylvania experiment station, it was found that in general cows were milked cleaner as they become accustomed to the machine, but individuals varied widely in this respect. Two of the cows tested could never be milked with the machine without leaving one or more pounds of strippings while the others were often milked as completely as would be done by hand under ordinary circumstances. No difference yield of milk was observed that could be attributed to the machine milking, but there was usually a slight drop when changing from one method to the other, always in changing from hand to machine milking.

Feeding Dairy Heifers.

My practice of feeding heifers from calfhood has been to give rations which would induce growth of bone and muscles, not withholding a generous supply of fat forming materials so that the little creatures were symmetrical beauties. When they begin to milk I still give them enough of such food to keep them from becoming skinny, believing for the manufacture of the greatest supply of milk they were capable of producing they should be furnished the materials in their food and not be required to take it from their own bodies, and I believe if this method of feeding were more generally practiced there would be less tuberculosis among the dairy herds of the country.—D. C. Cornmann, in National Stockman and Farmer.

Novel Milk Cars.

One of the American consuls in the United Kingdom reports that a new plan has been adopted by the Great Northern Railway, in England, for transporting milk, and the idea is being tried in Ireland also. The milk cars are fitted with special adjusted ventilating apparatus, and the oscillation which has on a number of occasions nearly curdled milk into butter during a journey has almost disappeared. Even at rapid speed on sharp curves there is scarcely any oscillation. The vans are forty feet long and run on two four wheeler bogies.

Care of the Churn.

If the churn is turned upside down it will not dry out rapidly. If it stands right side up, dirt containing bad germs may fall in. When putting the churn away lay it on its side having the open end slightly lower than the other. This gives good drainage and permits air to circulate freely enough for drying purposes, while preventing dirt from falling into the churn easily.

Value of Looks.

Keeping a cow for her good looks may be fine esthetics, but it is not good business. Business demands that a cow give at least 6,000 pounds of milk a year; make \$60 worth of butter; that she furnish one calf, worth \$5 or more; \$10 worth of sweet skim milk, and manure enough to pay for her feed. In this way a farmer can eat his cake and have it at the same time.

Do not sacrifice good dairy cows or heifers from such cows. They can often be sold near home at a fair price; but if necessary, advertise them. The papers that have the most practical reading for farmers in them will be good mediums in which to advertise such animals.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

"What Is It?" Answered.

Jones was inquisitive. He was also loquacious. He talked to everybody, and everybody talked to him. As a news gatherer and news distributor he was without a peer.

Jones was strolling down the street one evening when he met Doc Smithers rushing along at breakneck speed. "Evening, Doc. Say, Doc, what's?" "No time to stop, Jones," gasped Doc and rushed on.

"Huh! Funny Doc's in such a hurry. Wonder what's— Good evening, reverend."

"Good evening, Mr. Jones." "Say, just a minute. What's Doc?" "I am in a great hurry, Mr. Jones. Good night."

"Well, I declare! Something's up sure when Rev. Thomas has no time to talk. Now, I just wonder—ah! How do do, judge. In a hurry? I just wanted to ask you— What? Haven't time? Well, don't it beat the world? Now, I wonder what the judge— How are you, Aunt Sally? Where are you going? What do you suppose?" "Now, Mr. Jones, I just cannot wait a minute."

"Dear me, if that isn't about the strangest thing! Doc and the preacher and the judge and Aunt Sally all in a hurry. I wonder what's up out this way."

Jones sauntered on down the street and shared his astonishment with Bill Conway, Elias Peters and other citizens.

The final conclusion of this convention of citizens was that something serious had happened. It could be nothing else. An accident—a death perhaps! So the company began to move west. As they walked the number was augmented by newcomers at every corner.

On up the street they pressed, talking, gesticulating and prophesying until they came to the home of Mrs. Arkwright, Judge Gross' daughter. Here they halted. The judge was just leaving the house. Jones motioned the crowd to silence and, addressing the judge in an awed whisper, inquired, "What is it, judge?"

The judge straightened up, smote his chest with pride and answered, "It's a boy, by gum!"—Success Magazine.

Soporific.

"I heard one man," said the playwright, "who attended the premier of my new play last night complain that it was so late when he got out."

"Yes?" queried the critics. "Yes, and yet the final curtain fell before 10:45."

"Ah! Perhaps he overslept himself."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Tit For Tat.

Stranger (to prominent clergyman)—I came in here, sir, to criticize your church management and tell you how it ought to be run.

Prominent Clergyman (amazed)—What do you mean, sir? How dare you? Who are you, anyway?

"I am the humble editor of the paper you have been writing to."—Life.

A Forgotten Art.

New Customer—I see you have Van Falutin for a customer. Are you aware that his ancestors came across on the Mayflower?

Tailor—So? It's too bad he doesn't try to emulate their noble deed.

"What do you mean?" "I made him two suits, and he hasn't come across yet."—Puck.

A Restless Profession.

"You make it a rule to keep your constituents interested as much as possible."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "In politics there is no use of trying to let well enough alone. If you don't give people something to think about they'll be giving you something to think about."—Washington Star.

What a Difference Now.

"Are you going to visit those rural relatives of yours this summer?" we ask of our friend who so often has amused us with his accounts of vacations on the farm.

"I will if they invite me," he answers, "but they're so blamed rich and exclusive now they make me wery."—Judge.

On the Wrong Side.

"I once knew a man," remarked the observer of events and things, "who thought he was always on the right side of things until one day he got on the wrong side of a cow and tried to milk her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Weakening to Parental Respect.

The Visitor—Well, Johnnie, I suppose you are going to grow up and be a man like your father?
Johnnie—No, sir; not like my father. You ought to hear what ma calls him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Hard Proposition.

Anxious Father—I wish I knew what to do with my son.
Business Friend—What is he like?
Anxious Father—Well, they say he's very like me. (Silence.)—Boston Herald.

Doubtful Compliment.

Mr. Bored—I wish I had your voice.
Miss Bawler (delighted)—Why so?
Mr. Bored—Well, then, I could stop it whenever I pleased.—Baltimore American.

Better Pay.

Stella—The census man gets only 2 cents a name.
Bella—Well, I'll get \$50,000 for taking Jack's.—New York Sun.

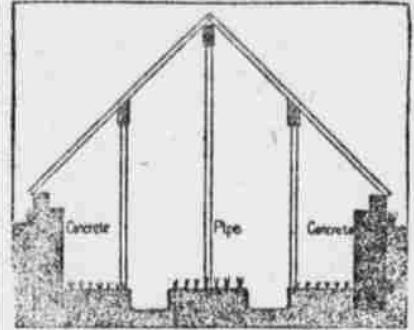
FARM AND GARDEN

A HOME-MADE GREENHOUSE.

How You Can Get One Ready for Next Winter.

A small house 36 feet long, of even span, made in the following way, will prove useful and inexpensive. The foundation may be made of brick, concrete or grout, whichever is most convenient to build, and should be 12 inches wide and 3-1/2 feet high, of which 3 feet is in the ground.

On this is built a frame the length of the house and high enough to hold a 14x24 inch pane of glass, the sash bars being set at right angles to the foundation. The top of the side frame is made of 4x14 inches stud, planed and finished like a hot bed sash frame, to hold the sash bars. The ridge, made of 2x4 inch material, is supported on iron pipe posts, which are strong and light. There are two rows of sash on each side of the house. Half of the distance between



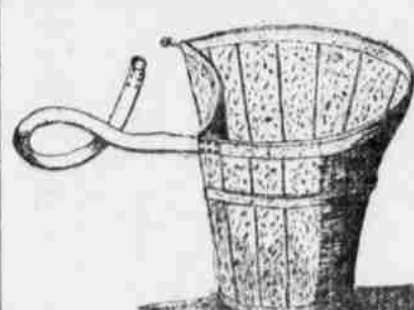
END VIEW OF GREENHOUSE.

The ridge and the side there is a 2x4 running the length of the house and supported in the same manner as the ridge with pipe posts. The sash, 6x3, glassed with 10x12 panes are just laid on and then held on place by two wood screws, which pass through the sash and take hold of the wood beneath.

Provision is made for ventilation by making every third sash of the upper row on each side of the house movable at its lower end. This admits fresh air just over the walks on both sides of the house. These ventilating sash are hinged to the opposite sash at the upper end, says the Country Gentleman. The joints of the sash are covered with weather strips to keep out the cold, and along the peak of the roof where the sashes come together there is nailed a strip of roofing paper, which turns the rain and snow. The beds are made directly on the ground, three in number, separated by sunken walks, a little over a foot in width and a foot deep. From the top of the middle bed to the peak is six feet.

Harrow and Cultivate.

Weeds grow, rain or shine, hot or cold, so the man who has neglected his corn ground for two weeks will have a mighty big job on his hands before the corn is up, the harrow will destroy millions of these tiny weeds. Keep it going, and then cultivate just as soon as you can see the rows. Don't stop at three times over; keep at it until the corn gets too big. These frequent cultivations will keep the corn humping, and you are saving moisture every time you go over the field. And don't forget the orchard. It needs cultivation and lots of it. No matter how much rain has fallen during May the trees will need all the moisture they can get for August and September growth.



PICKING BASKET FOR PEACHES.

Watercress.

Watercress can be easily grown in the shallows of any pure water stream that has a sandy or gravelly bottom, a steady flow and a moderate current, if the seeds are sown at once in the moist soil at water level; or a crop may be secured quickly by pugging down cuttings in an inch or two of water until they take root. After planting no cultivation is needed except to keep free from weeds and aquatic grasses.

Replanting Corn.

Making every hill contain at least two stalks, and each stalk contain at least one average sized ear is the secret of successful corn raising. As soon as the corn is an inch high re-plant every hill that contains no plants. While this may be a little later than the first planting, and some may not get out of the way of frost, it will make a good cattle feed, if nothing more.

Birds' Wages.

In the garden there are a thousand small offenders that he who tills the soil for pleasure would willingly forgive. If it be granted that the thrush and the blackbird steal a certain amount of fruit, still their presence is so beautiful and their song so sweet that what they take may gladly be accorded as wages.

She Repudiated the Charge.

At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in 't' house instead of goin' art to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.

"Then I'm not a heroine, an' I'll thank 't' vicar to mind what he's sayin'," snapped the wife. "I go to his church 's much as 't' other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in 't' bonnet I wore last Sunday!"—London Spectator.

Wellington's Coolness.

The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"I am Apollyon and must put you to death."

"Billed to do it today?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again or write me word. I'll be ready for you."

The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room and in half an hour was in an asylum.

A Legend of February.

Here is the pretty legend which tells why February has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they say, February was a gambler, and he was so unlucky that he soon lost all his money. Like other gamblers, he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions that if they would lend him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally associated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer, and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed each of them acquired one of his days. That is why January and March have each thirty-one days and February has only twenty-eight in ordinary and twenty-nine in leap years.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE DENTON COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



KRAFT & CONGER INSURANCE
HONESDALE, PA.

Represent Reliable Companies ONLY