

POULTRY NOTES
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PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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THE OLE BAR'L CHURN.

The old wooden bucket
Has had a big puff,
That nose covered bucket,
You bet, was the stuff.

But, say, there be others
That should have their turn;
By golly, now, there's
My Sal's ole bar'l churn!

'Twas made of ole hickory,
The staves thick an' strong,
An' the smooth, rounded handle
Was straight an' real long.

But, oh, when sweet Sally
Turned that crock of cream,
An' it poured in the churn
In a rich golden stream,

An' she worked that long handle
With her dimpled, plump arms
My heart was upset,
With her thousand sweet charms.

When she patted that butter
Into sweet golden rolls
My heart was a-plutter,
I just up an' told—

"Oh, Sally, my sweetheart,
What butter you churn!
Oh, won't you come 'long
An' my butter turn?"

"Why, of course I'll go 'long!"
An' her face she upturns,
"An' we'll take along with us
The ole hickory churn."
C. M. BARNITZ.

NOT SO LOONEY AFTER ALL.

What would your storekeeper say if instead of your asking, "Are these eggs fresh?" you should inquire, "Are these eggs sweet inside?"

Like as not he would whisper to the bookkeeper: "That woman's getting looney. Ha, ha! Asking me what's inside the eggs!"

But, say, that question's not looney, but legitimate, and not a laughing matter either.

Yes, there's that date on the egg. It was laid yesterday, perhaps.

If it was laid this second that wouldn't prove it fit to eat.

It's what the hen eats and drinks mostly decides the flavor and wholesomeness of an egg.

Rot begets rot. Yes, and lots of eggs that were laid yesterday are rotten.

A hen drinks filthy water, eats moldy grain, decayed vegetables and old slaughter house refuse. Is she a machine to work over garbage so that it comes forth pure and a strengthening, health giving, finely flavored food?

The man who feeds fertilizer factory dead horse and lets his hens drink from oozy barnyard pools will say yes, but the housewife, anxious for pure food and solicitous for the family health, will shiver and say no. Looney or not looney, demand pure, sweet tasting fresh eggs and buy only where they guarantee them.

WHY HENS DON'T HATCH.

There is general complaint that early clucking hens were scarce. This shows that lots of people didn't get winter eggs, for hens seldom sit until after they lay. But it's different now from grandma's time. In those days the whole shebang went broody in the warm months.

The big barn was lined with them. But the incubator gave the cluck a black eye. People want eggs, not clucks, and the broody quality is being bred out of them.

In grandpa's time hens would sit on a corn cob, a doorknob or a fence post, but most hens now are hatched by machinery and "just grow" and don't know how to sit.

Just so with Pekin ducks hatched in incubators. They seldom hatch, and even love for swimming has been bred out of them.

Then there are the breeds that seldom brood—the Mediterranean class, such as Leghorns and Minorcas.

These are the great layers, and, thinking to get more eggs, poultry raisers cross these nonitters with others and thus change the characteristics of the stock so they don't sit.

Millions of live day old chicks are now shipped all over the United States to people who don't care to set clucks, but want their chicks ready made.

DON'TS.

Don't get scared about chicks getting white diarrhea if you hatch, brood and feed right. We don't have it here. Follow "Poultry Notes" and you'll be clear.

Don't think you are the sum of it all. Oh, what a bluff! Oh, what consummate gall!

Don't stuff your chicks with yellow corn if you want them crystal white; 10 per cent will do all right.

Don't think because a fancier is a judge that his birds are always the best ever. Judges are made, not born, and most of them are homemade or made by a paid puff in a poultry journal.

Don't let grass grow and go to waste under your feet. Turn it into gander meat.

PIANO BOX COLONY HOUSES.

The chicken man is on the lookout for bargains in lumber for this "saw and hatchet carpenter" system building coops and is steadily putting on a patch here and there.

There was a day when the old planing mill had slats and boards to give away, but knotholes now sell at a premium.

The storekeeper often helps out with empty boxes, crates and barrels, and the egg farmer's wagon is often piled with "empties" on return from market.

A piano box is a special prize to the lumber bargain buyer.

It generally sells for 25 cents to \$1.50, is made of good mortised boards and



PIANO BOX COLONY HOUSE NO. 1.

is so shaped that a window and door added convert it at once into a good colony house, or, if cut lengthwise into two equal parts, two nice size colony coops may be made of it.

The ordinary piano box is just right to accommodate fifteen to twenty-five weaned chicks, according to breed, and is about right size for handling.

A large window in front, with screen and a glass to slip over to keep out rain; ventilators high upon ends for air; and an outlet in front make it bountiful.

Cover outside of coop, bottom and all, with tar paper, tightly tacked and



COLONY HOUSE NO. 2.

well tarred, and nail thick slats across bottom to keep off the ground.

Truck wheels or runners may be added to facilitate moving from place to place.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

A farm of 173 acres has been purchased for a poultry plant near Espy, Pa., by George B. Markle, the millionaire coal operator. Electric incubators will turn out 170,000 chickens a year. Next!

When Paul Bergenstock, a Pennsylvania farmer, reached a limekiln ten miles from home he was surprised to find one of his hens roosting on the pole under the sled box. She had gone to roost there the night before.

California sends \$500,000 in poultry and eggs across the Canada line into British Columbia annually. The Canadian poultry crop has decreased 26 per cent, and she has ceased to export.

Fine male birds often break down or die in the breeding pens during the hatching season, and it is a great mystery to their owners. It's nearly always a case of starvation. The gallant fellows deny themselves of food which the heavy laying hens quickly gobble. Better feed that rooster by himself once a day during the breeding season.

When a new incubator is heated up a chunk of solder will sometimes drop down into the lamp burner and cause a big smoke, and on discovering the melted solder the operator may conclude that the heater leaks, but not so.

Where a dog is kept and bone cutter is used, the dog, thinking to lay up something for a rainy day, will carry off the meaty bones and hide them. This attracts crows and cats, and they will make regular trips to the premises for feed, and when young chickens appear they help themselves.

We are told that 100,000,000 bugs are now known to science. John Bughouse has gobs of these on his place. Tommy Tumbledown has a big bunch, and many of the rest are on those farms where no chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese are raised to keep down crawlers.

Young Leghorns are extremely curious and get into the old birds' quarters in spite of you and of course get a dose of lice. They are especially expert at jumping into open water vessels.

When a flock is repeatedly visited with disease it is time to change stock. Before beginning anew it is wise to locate the pens on new ground or to fumigate the old coops and plow and sow the yards and keep no fowls for a season.

"Where does all the feed go?" asks the chicken raiser whose hens are skinny, though fed well, and lay no eggs to eat or sell. That feed is likely making blood for mites and lice to suck.

Archbishop Whately once asked the question, "Why can a man never starve in the great desert?" and answered it himself as follows: "Because he can eat the sand which is there. But what brought the sandwiches there? Why, Noah sent Ham, and his descendants mustered and bred."

C. M. Barnitz

The Scrap Book

An Innocent at Large.

A Philadelphia young man whose pocketbook is of a bulging size visited the exposition in Seattle in 1909. He had a good education and was out at Seattle alone, away from the eyes of his loving mother.

Concluding that he could not go home without buying her a present, he went to a store, selected the gift and asked the price.

"Four bits," was the answer of the storekeeper.

"Wrap it for me, and I'll call for it later," said the gentleman.

Going out of the store, he walked to an old junk shop where for a small sum he purchased four horse's bits and had them wrapped up.

Returning to the store, he deposited the package upon the counter and picked up the souvenirs with the remark, "I have read about the south sea islanders using shells and the Indians using wampum, but this is the first time I ever knew that the westerners used bits for money."—Cleveland Leader.

God Bless Us Every One!

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim, Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so full of soul we tiptoe earth to look on him, High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world nor dreamed, indeed, That it at best could give to him the while But pitying glances when his only need Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"

Infoling all the creeds within the span Of his child heart, and so, despising none, Was nearer saint than man.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Mixed His Poetry.

Mixed metaphors, absentmindedness and inattention have caused many laughable incidents. Teachers in the elementary grades of the public schools especially hear many of these amusing "breaks."

One day a bright youth in one of the higher grades of a Kensington school during an elocution period furnished an addition to the long list. He mixed up two poets with a result that provoked much laughter in the school. He quoted, or, rather, misquoted, as follows:

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
But, seeing too oft, become familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—Philadelphia Times.

A New Case of English Humor.

Two southerners were entertaining an Englishman when one of them told the following story:

"There was a poor white in our county named Yarrow, whom every one thought dishonest, but who had never been caught stealing. At last he got too bold, and through the testimony of a Mr. Brown he was sent to jail. Soon after Yarrow served his sentence Mr. Brown was obliged to go to Baltimore and have his eyes operated on. A much exaggerated account of the operation reached the county and was told to Yarrow.

"I wish ter gracious," said that worthy, "that when the doctor took out that old Brown's eyes he'd dropped 'em on the floor and the cat had got 'em!"

At the conclusion of the story the other southerner laughed heartily, but the Englishman was horrified. "Just think," he said, "of having a cat in the room when such a serious operation was being performed!"—Lippincott's.

The Highest Court.

When Tom Bagnell was justice of the peace at Altman, the highest incorporated town in the country, standing 12,000 feet above the sea level, he had occasion to fine a disorderly character \$10 and costs. The victim of the operation of justice objected to the finding of the court and announced that he would take an appeal.

"What! Appeal, would you?" asked the astonished court. "You can't make any of that, now. This is the highest court in the United States, and you can't appeal."

The Prisoner Escaped.

Old colored Joe had for many years been man of all work for the Gordons. When the family moved to another town Joe remained in Reading. Several years later, when Mr. Gordon returned to Reading on business, old Joe heard he was in town and went at once to the home of Mr. Gordon's sister. They were at dinner, and at one of the open windows Joe took his stand, a pleased grin on his face. After Joe had asked about each member of Mr. Gordon's family Mr. Gordon said, "Where's Harve now, Joe?" Harve was Joe's brother.

"He's dead, suh," returned Joe. "A woman in Folt Smith shot him."

"What did they do to her?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"They put her in the penitentiary for life. She didn't stay her time out, though," said Joe.

"She didn't? Why not?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"She said," said Joe. — National Monthly.

A Clerical Conundrum.

Archbishop Whately once asked the question, "Why can a man never starve in the great desert?" and answered it himself as follows: "Because he can eat the sand which is there. But what brought the sandwiches there? Why, Noah sent Ham, and his descendants mustered and bred."

PREPARED.

Witness Was Forehanded and the Lawyer Accepted Defeat.

The propensity of some lawyers to ask witnesses questions not only irrelevant but bordering on the absurd had been known to a humorous fellow called as a witness in a Buffalo court recently. His testimony had been clear and direct—the entire case was simple, in fact, but the lawyer doing the cross-examination began an apparently endless string of questions.

"Now, exactly how far were you from the post to which the horse was hitched—remember, you are on your oath!"

"Nineteen feet, seven and three-quarter inches," the witness responded promptly.

"You seem very sure of the exact distance," the lawyer sneered. "How do you know you were just that distance from the post?"

"Well," the witness replied in a good-natured tone, "knowing that I'd be called as a witness in this case, and thinking it likely some fool lawyer would ask me just that question, I measured it."

"Step down!" the lawyer growled.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.



Fond Mother—To be quite frank, doctor, the poor girl has been eating her heart out—

Brusque Old Physician—Ha! When will young people learn to eat prudently?

Church and Stable.

The new clergyman in a little Southern town was an elderly and unsophisticated man, ignorant of the fact that among his flock were many horse-raisers. At the request of one of his deacons, prayers were offered on three successive Sundays for Lucy Gray. On the fourth Sunday he was told that the prayers might be omitted. "She is not dead, I hope," said the clergyman. "No," was the reply; "she has won."

He Returned It.

"And so you have quarreled with your girl, and it is all off?" asked Anderson of Gray.

"Yes, she has sent back all my presents. But I got even with her. I had no presents to return, so I sent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my coat since I had known her."

Just a Theory.

Professor—Suppose an irresistible force encountered an immovable body, what would be the result?

Student—I don't know exactly, but I imagine it would be something like the meeting of two rival Arctic explorers.

Frills.

Mrs. Crabshaw—The new girl I have said she had taken a course in domestic science.

Mrs. Crawford—Is she different from the other girls you had?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Only in one way: she wanted five dollars a month more.

A Will and A Way.

The law class was studying wills. "Young gentlemen," said the instructor, "I will give you one maxim that every lawyer needs. 'Where there's a will there's a way' to break it."

C. Q. D.

Wanted—A young gentleman on the point of marrying a lovely girl is most desirous of meeting with a man of experience who will take the responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step.

Cause for Surprise.

Belle—Mr. Huggins started to kiss me last night.

Beulah—And weren't you surprised?

Belle—I should say I was. He didn't do it!

A Fair Offer.

Cook—And sez I, "I think I'll find another job."

Friend—What did the missus say? Cook—She sez, "Bedad an' O'll give you twenty-five dollars when yez lave if yez don't go!"—Brooklyn Life.

Valuable Collaterals.

Dyer—How long have you had your butler?

Ryer—Twenty-five years.

Dyer—Where did you get him? Ryer—From the Duke de Broke as security for a loan.

He Knew the Facts.

The Stranger (triumphantly)—Four aces, old son.

Shuffling Pete (gloomily)—All right; take the money. But I'll be shot if that was the hand I dealt you.

Put to the Test

"Do you believe in leap year proposals, Mr. Barclay?"

Eileen Melchor's brown eyes looked mischievous. If there was a depth of wistfulness underneath the mischief, David Barclay was not in the mood to notice it.

"Do I believe in their existence, or in their results?" His smile was somewhat scornful. "Why, I suppose if a girl wants to ask a man to marry her she sometimes does it. As for the result, I presume it's a question of temperament as to whether he throws the bait or catches it."

This wasn't at all what Eileen Melchor meant. Her eyes grew more earnest. "But why shouldn't a woman have the same right as a man, honestly? It's always puzzled me abstractly."

David Barclay laughed good-humoredly. "It's the propriety you're questioning, is it? Oh, you women with your interminable whys! Custom is custom, I suppose, and I fancy that's your answer. Man began it, didn't he? Who made the first proposal, anyway?"

Eileen shrugged her shoulders. Evidently his questioning was more abstract than hers. "You are making fun of me," she said, "and I was a little bit in earnest."

He was a chivalrous fellow in spite of his contempt for a style of girl which he thought she was affecting, and when he detected a hurt tone in her last words he melted at once.

"My dear Miss Melchor," he answered. "I never make fun of honest questions, but yours didn't sound like you."

"I know it," said little Eileen, "but I honestly wanted information and a man's idea. Cousin Lettie and some of her friends were talking about it last night, and they found three cases where the girl had proposed to the man and a happy marriage had followed. I've been wondering if the men were weaker minded than the average, or the women stronger minded, or if neither of them had to be different from other people."

David Barclay was thinking. He began to realize the little girl beside him was in earnest. Could she be in love with someone of whom he did not know and did she really want his advice?

They were old friends, he and she, almost enough so for him to ask her why she wanted his opinion. Once, a long time ago, he had asked her a question that was more important than this, one that she had not answered as he wished. She was very young then, so young that now when they met again after a long absence on his part they each fancied the other had forgotten. He found he could meet her again calmly, even be alone with her and act like a friend merely; but in the depths of his heart he knew he had not forgotten, that he never would forget.

"Your words still surprise me somewhat," he said, and she wondered why his voice had grown gentler, "and yet I don't see, honestly, why the woman shouldn't have the chance when she wants to use it, as well as the man. I don't think she need be stronger minded, necessarily, nor be of weaker character. I think they might be just ordinary people like, for instance, you and me."

How had he dared? The blood seemed to have rushed to his heart and to be pounding there unmercifully.

Eileen Melchor had grown pale, or no, was it his fancy?

"I wonder now—I don't believe—the woman wouldn't have the courage," she said, and he believed her voice trembled. "If—the man didn't care, wouldn't she just want to die of shame? Wouldn't she have to?"

"Why any more than a man in a similar position?" he questioned. "Remember, we were putting them on an equal footing."

"But a woman's shame is terrible," she faltered.

"A man's may be," he persisted. "Don't you believe men can suffer?"

"And if a woman has made a man suffer, you think the man ought to be given the same chance—in the abstract?"

"Perhaps direct, too. Why not? Was he helping or hindering her? What did she want to say?"

"But men are braver than women when it comes to putting affection to a test."

"I'm not so sure. They have the advantage of custom and conventionality. A woman who dared it with those obstacles would be far braver than the average man."

She caught her breath sharply and the crimson color came sweeping over her face and neck. "Mr. Barclay," she said, and her voice was almost inaudible, "I—I don't know how to say it. Will you marry me?"

He looked straight into her eyes and kept his arms away from her by force of will. "Yes," he said gently, "I will. When?"

"Any—any time," she faltered, and when her eyes brimmed over and the drops fell on her dress he knew her woman's pride had broken for the time being, and the love of his manhood need be held in leash no longer. But the thought that was in his mind found expression in words as well.

"You were always the dearest woman I ever knew," he said. "Now I know you are the bravest one."

But they both knew that she had been brave only because love had carried all before it and conquered the woman's shame in her heart before she could show it to him.—MARION S. WILSON.

YOU SHOULD FEAR BOWEL POISON.

Bowel poison means blood tainted by foul secretions absorbed from the bowels. Here are the symptoms:—

If your skin is disfigured by eruptions, humors, pimples, blotches, sores or eczema; if you itch and burn and your skin is scaly and rough; if you feel tired and worn out, your nerves weak, constipated, cross and depressed; if your head feels heavy and aching, your eyes blur and specks float across your vision; if you have cold feet and your hands get sweaty and sticky—if you have these danger signals they point unerringly to bowel poison, impure blood, and show that your stomach, liver and bowels are not working right.

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