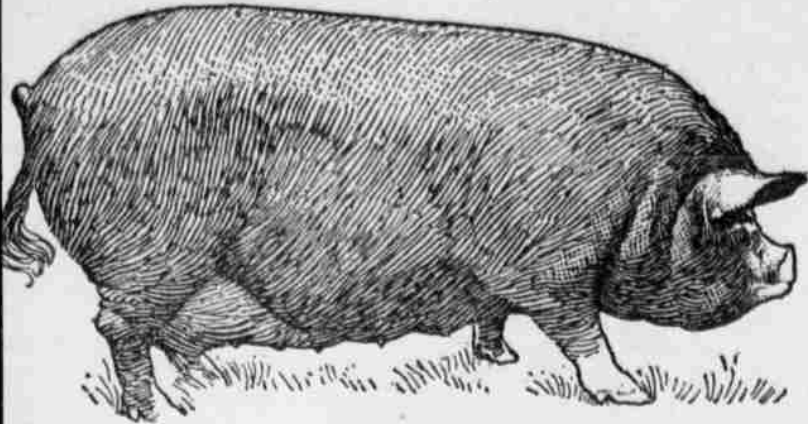


TWO INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN FATTENING MARKET HOGS

North Dakota and Wisconsin Stations Make Tests With Barley as Feed for Swine and Produce Some Quite Valuable and Interesting Results—Corn Is Not the Only Thing.



First Prize Sow at the Royal Show, England.

With corn plentiful and cheap, farmers in the corn belt will not be easily tempted in any other kind of feed for fattening hogs and cattle, but as the price of corn as it stands today is only the part of wisdom and good management for farmers to study the value of other grain for feeding at its cost.

In many countries where corn cannot be raised the finest pork and beef are produced from barley, other grain and roots. In Denmark, for instance, where the finest bacon in the world is made, farmers feed their hogs entirely on barley.

Frequently in this country the price of barley becomes very low when the demand is oversupplied and it then that the shrewd farmer can plant corn with this grain and sell it to better advantage than by feeding it.

Farmers in the northwest where barley is grown to a large extent are coming more interested in this grain and the experiment stations up here have done some excellent work proving its value as compared with corn.

An experiment began by the North Dakota station four years ago to show the value of barley as compared with corn for fattening hogs, has produced some very valuable and interesting results.

A dozen eight-month-old pigs were divided into two lots of six each. The animals in each lot were uniform in age, thrift and general condition. The average weight of each lot was at the beginning of the experiment, practically identical, 127 pounds.

Those in lot one were fed a ration composed of four parts ground barley, one part of shorts by weight. The pigs in lot two were given four parts ground corn and one part of shorts.

The pigs were fed for a period of 83 days, the grain being soaked in water and fed in the form of a thick mash.

The feeding value of a pound of corn proved to be 18 per cent greater than a pound of barley, but much of the barley was inferior in quality and

if it would have been good, sound grain, might have made a better showing. The difference in price of about seven cents per bushel between barley and corn must also be taken into consideration.

The Wisconsin station, which has a fine reputation for careful feeding investigations, some years ago made a test between corn and barley and reported that the value of corn was only eight per cent greater than that of barley. The barley was figured at 48 cents a bushel, corn at 55 cents and shorts at \$14 per ton. The hogs in this test sold at \$6.20 per hundred, the barley fed hogs netting a profit of \$1.00 per hundred pounds and the corn fed hogs netted \$1.59.

In this test the price of barley at 48 cents was too high as that was the regular price for best grade malting barley while the average price of common barley was 37 cents per bushel. Taking these figures it would have been cheaper to feed barley and sell corn.

Investigations that these two stations have made shows that barley makes more lean meat than corn. Of course corn is the greatest fattener in the world when fed to hogs, but a better grade of bacon can be produced by feeding barley than corn.

When hogs are fed for weight alone there is no doubt that corn has the slightest advantage, but where bacon is produced for the best special markets barley will turn out the best product. The result of the two experiments show:

That it required 18 per cent more barley by weight than corn to produce the same gain in feeding pigs when both grains were fed in the proportion of four parts of grain to one of shorts by weight.

That it is profitable to feed barley to hogs if pork is selling at an average price.

That the carcasses of the pigs fed barley and shorts showed a greater distribution of lean and firmer flesh than the carcasses of pigs fed corn and shorts.

That pigs fed on corn and shorts will dress a higher per cent than pigs fed on barley and shorts.

POULTRY

BREED CHICKENS FOR PROFIT

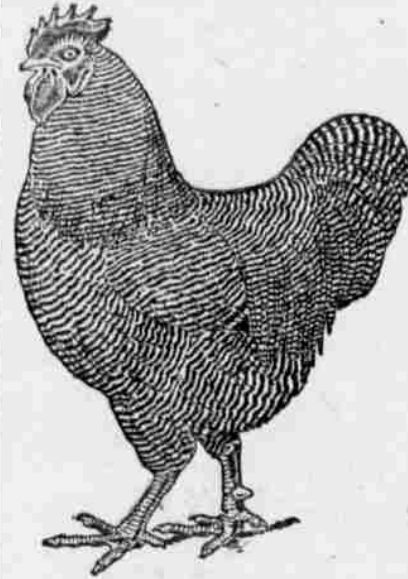
In Making Selection One Must Be Governed to Great Extent by Market—Cockerel Is Important.

In making the selection of breed, one must be governed somewhat by the market. Birds that sell best on the block, should be medium in size, plump condition, with yellow skin and legs. Most all our American breeds have these requirements, and by careful selection at breeding time one can build up a profitable laying strain from this class of birds, such as the Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes.

The common practice of breeding from the flock as a whole has done more harm than anything else in making the flock unprofitable as egg producers. Breeding from birds that produce but one or two clutches of eggs during the year will produce birds of like nature, and breeding a sire that has not the laying quality and characteristics bred in him cannot but help to make the situation worse.

The success with egg production must begin with breeding. When you have a hen that will lay a large number of eggs each month during the winter, breed from her. The trait of superior egg production is a habit that may be acquired and transmitted. A hen whose ancestors were poor layers cannot be expected to be a good layer. No amount of coaxing or coddling with mash or feed will induce her to produce an unusual number of eggs, because the trait of superior egg production was not acquired by her ancestry and could not therefore be transmitted to her.

The selection of the male to head the flock should not be neglected. He should have been bred from productive ancestry. The male is half



Plymouth Rock.

the flock, and if his dam and granddam were good producers, he should be worth much more as a sire than those whose dam produced only a limited number of eggs.

He should have a good constitution, showing short beak, broad head and bright eye, neck short and stout, breast of good width carried well forward and of fair depth. The matting of such a sire to a flock of hens bred from laying ancestors cannot but help to give good results with proper feeding and housing.

The breeding pen should be yarded separate from the whole flock, selecting for this pen only the very best egg producers, and this should be done each year. One male with 10 or 12 females will give best results and eggs will be of stronger vitality for incubating purposes. The breeding pen should be well cared for. Quarters should be roomy, well lighted and ventilated. The quarters should at all times be kept clean and disinfected. A variety of grain feed, green cut bone and green feed is absolutely necessary to insure fertile eggs, and grit and water should be kept before them at all times.

Lay Good Sized Eggs.
Hens that produce not only a goodly number of eggs, but eggs of moderate size, (eggs weighing two ounces each on an average) are Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, Minorcas and some strains of Leghorns.

POULTRY NOTES

Never wash eggs. The hen must have a variety to lay well.

Feed gives small returns when given to a lousy hen.

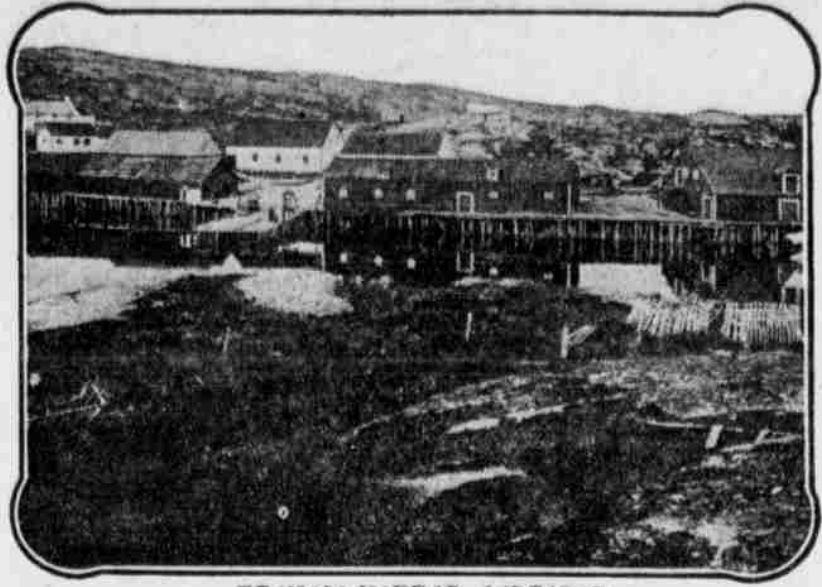
The egg should be perfect in shape, with fresh, clean appearance.

The feed is the first thing to be considered if one is to obtain fertile eggs. Give ample feed and see that every hen has plenty, but see that she works hard for it.

The flesh of the guinea is white and tender and they are often served in city restaurants as game birds. There is money in poultry culture as there is in gold ore, but either takes science and labor for its extraction.

It is a difficult matter to keep lice and mites from attacking and multiplying on the sitting hen. These pests won't germinate and grow fat to wood and metal.

COD FISHER EVER CALM



FRANCIS HARBOR, LABRADOR

In the conditions surrounding the industry of cod fishing there is a fascination for the inlander that takes him back year after year.

And most interesting of all is the fisherman himself. I am not certain, writes W. Lacey Amy in the Toronto Globe, but it really seems to be his supreme indifference to everything but the fish that makes him so attractive.

I have wandered in and out among them where they do not see a visitor in a month; I have seen them empty a boatload of shiny cod that equaled a fortnight's ordinary catch; I have watched them lift a large horse into a tiny skiff where nothing save prayer appeared to offer any hope of its reaching its destination; I have helped them carry into the steamer's hospital men sick unto death, and have bade "good luck" to a patient returning from the hospital legless and helpless in life's fight; I have handed out food to the starving from the steamer's stores, and have heard them refuse to accept well paid work until the cod ran again. But I have never seen a cod fisherman excited.

The nature of the fisherman's life is strenuous enough to relieve him of the necessity of overexertion to prevent falling asleep in inopportune moments. Although it requires but a small cloud and a tiny clap of thunder to keep him from the fishing grounds, scarcely a week passes that he is not forced to meet the terrible machinations of storm and wave to compass his destruction. In his dizzy bobbing little boat he fights the sea, the most apathetic of men against the most relentless of nature's forces.

Open Waters in June.
The fact that he cannot swim seems not to throw into his struggle any sign of fear; so long as a plank holds between him and water he can weather anything that blows. In the early spring, long before the cod begin to run, he risks his life a thousand times across the treacherous ice floes in chase of the seal. In May, while the winds are still icy, he makes a few extra cents in herring off the Magdalens. A month later the Labrador fisherman may succeed in catching a few salmon if the ice is open. But when the cod run there is nothing but cod, except of late years, when the Magdaleners have taken a liking for mackerel, however scarce they be.

Around the Magdalen islands and at Gaspe there is an interval of lobster catching that means money, but along the Labrador coast there is nothing from July until the ice forms again in October but cod, or, as they call it, "fish." The Magdalener is a motley fisherman—herring, cod, mackerel, haddock—but the Labrador fisherman lives, sleeps and smells of cod.

His home is in Newfoundland, the many quaint towns of the east coast sending out almost all their men to the north country just as soon as the ice opens a little in June. Early in that month the fishing schooners start on their long run down the coast, dodging through the ice fields, running into port in face of a storm or a threatening ice floe, and trusting more to Providence than to aught else for their safety.

It is a fearsome run, that first trek northward, staking wooden bottom against grinding, inexorable ice, and many a Newfoundland home is empty from a losing risk. But the seemingly indolent, passive fisherman is willing to take the chances to secure an early choice of fishing ground. All summer through he spends his days on the water, his evenings splitting the day's catch, and his nights in the makeshift shacks that are deemed sufficient covering for the three or four months season in that northland.

A few women now venture north, the fishermen must perform all their own work in the treatment of the fish. They are unable to leave the fishing to attend to the drying, with the result that many of them tempt the fate of a winter sail along an inhospitable, deserted coast by remaining north until the middle of November, spending the last few weeks in carefully utilizing every ray of sunshine to make the best sale for their wares. And then the fight back through the ever thickening ice and increasing storms is worse than the spring run.

Oddities of Fishing Villages.
A fishing village is the quaintest, meekest spot on earth. City planning does not even reach the location of the house or the road rights. In the Magdalen islands, where the land is more level and there is soil enough to make it a consideration, the fish houses are placed with some common regard for a roadway. The bait and tackle and other odoriferous material are kept in the lower story, and the

family sleeps, dines and sits in the single room above.

In Labrador there is no such thing as a road to consider. There has never been a horse nor an ox to use it, nor has a traveler attempted to make one settlement from another by any other method of transportation than a boat. There is practically no soil, the bare, uneven, mountainous rock sinking abruptly into deep water. The fish houses are built wherever a ledge of rock offers a foothold, and a staging of rough poles projects from the water by a rickety ladder work of poles, perhaps ten, perhaps forty feet high.

In Newfoundland the fishing villages are clustered so closely to the water's edge that the village is built upward instead of horizontally. A fisherman could spend his whole life at his work without touching ground. Up the side of the cliff the stagings, fish houses, paths, cod flakes and houses will run, occupying, as at the battery adjoining St. John's, not more than forty or fifty feet or horizontal surface for a large village. Land residence is an unfortunate necessity that is simplified to its limit.

There the fishermen live and die as their fathers did before them for generations. Their work, their homes, their lives, they themselves, will always be absorbing to the visitor with a love for the picturesque. Indifferent and phlegmatic they may appear, but they take chances that would mean certain death from heart failure or rashness to the most active. And through all their trials and perils they go on fishing, never really satisfied with the catch or conditions, but thoughtless of any other occupation than the catching of the cod.

MEET DEMAND FOR ODD SHOES

Manufacturers and Dealers Prepared for Need, and There Is No Difficulty in the Matter.

When a one legged man buys a shoe the dealer sends to the factory for a shoe to match the one left remaining. In these days of the use of machinery in every process of their manufacture shoes are made with the utmost exactness and precision and it is easily possible to mate that remaining shoe with the greatest nicety in size, style, material and finish.

Few people have feet exactly alike, commonly the left foot is larger than the right, so that one shoe may fit a little more snugly than the other. Commonly, however, people buy shoes in regularly matched pairs, the difference in their feet, if it is noticeable to them at all, not being enough to make any other course desirable.

But there are people who buy shoes of different sizes or widths, in which case the dealer breaks two pairs for them, giving them, to fit their feet, one shoe from each. In such cases the dealer matches up the two remaining shoes, one from each of two pairs, just as he would where he had broken one pair to sell one shoe to a one legged man.

But a man doesn't have to be one legged or to have feet of uneven sizes or shapes to have him ask the dealer to break a pair of shoes for him. Here was a man with two perfectly good feet who came into the store where he was accustomed to buy and who wanted on this occasion one shoe. Traveling in a sleeping car his shoes had been mixed up with others and he had got back one of his own and one of some other man's; a fact which he had not discovered until he was too far away from train and station to make return and setting things right possible; and now he came in to buy one shoe to match his own.

Woman's Wit Saved Situation.

While a crowd of several hundred men and women lined the banks of the Park river, Hartford, Conn., offering futile suggestions for three hours one recent afternoon, as to how to rescue a poor little puppy that had become marooned on an ice floe, the water had frozen on his hair and he yelped piteously as he ran snuffing at the open water on all sides of his ice island. Human Society agents were attracted by the crowd and got long planks with which to bridge the water to the shore. The puppy started over it, only to fall in to the water, from which he scrambled back onto the ice floe. Then a woman solved the problem. She ordered the men to strap two planks together and sent her own pet dog across the planks to fetch a stick which she threw onto the floe. After she had repeated this twice the lonely terrier understood and cautiously followed the other dog to shore and safety.

MANY COURT DEATH

Hunters Every Year Venture Forth on Niagara River.

Nimrods Caught in Running Ice Jam Observed by Man With Glass, Who Watches Them Plunge Over the Falls.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The fascination of hunting must be very great when it will lure men out onto the Niagara river in the winter to an almost certain death trap. It seems that the duck hunting is especially good but very dangerous about a mile above the falls. Every winter adventurous duck hunters put out in small boats and dodge the ice cakes while they hunt their favorite game. As a rule, however, most of the hunters perch themselves upon a ledge of ice and hunt from it. They take a terrible risk even by this method, for the ice jam that is constantly moving down stream is at any time liable to dislodge the hunter's perch and down he goes a victim to the merciless cataract.

Not many years ago two men were observed in a duck boat trying desperately to row out of a running ice jam which had carried them down the Canadian channel from far up the river. Their terrified efforts were closely followed by a man with a spy glass, who had discovered them from the windows of one of the large shore factories on the American side. The unfortunate men had already drifted too near the first roaring cataract to admit of any possible rescue, so the watcher could only helplessly wait for their pitiful death.

In describing the incident afterward, he said: "God, what could I do to help them—what could any man do? The Almighty alone seemed to hold them in his power. One man seemed to be wrenching his shoulders from their sockets with the oars; the other stood in the stern, desperately plying a pike pole. An oar broke, and was replaced by a third. The man didn't lose a second in its replacement. Then, in a mighty stroke, the other oar went, and he fell sprawling back in the boat. He stood up, pulled the good oar from its pin, and began paddling insanely from the side.

"They made little progress. Slowly the great field of ice swept them down, down toward those snarling, angry cataracts below. I writhed in agony before the hopeless vision. Into the rapids swept the fore part of the ice jam. Then the first great wave seemed to rise up and hover hungrily



On the Ice Field at Niagara.

over the little boat. Both men saw it and rushed toward each other. Locked in each other's arms they disappeared into the curling swell. That was the last I saw of them."

Niagara also plays the death trap to hunters as well as hunters. Hundreds of wild fowls are swept each year over the falls. During densely foggy nights strange ducks often stop to roost in the upper waters of the river. Drifting unconsciously toward the brink, they are suddenly hurled down into the abysses of plunging water.

END OF HISTORIC HOUSE

Residence of Mme. de Sevigne of Paris to Be Turned Into Homes for Workmen.

Paris.—One of the residences of Madame de Sevigne, whose letters revealed so much of the inner history of France during the days of "le grand monarque," is about to lose its historic character. It is a country house near Livry, on the way to Gargan, and it used to be called Madame de Sevigne's "folie." "Folie" was a name given in the days of Louis XIV., and in later years to any country seat over which an owner indulged an uncommon fancy in the matter of its design.

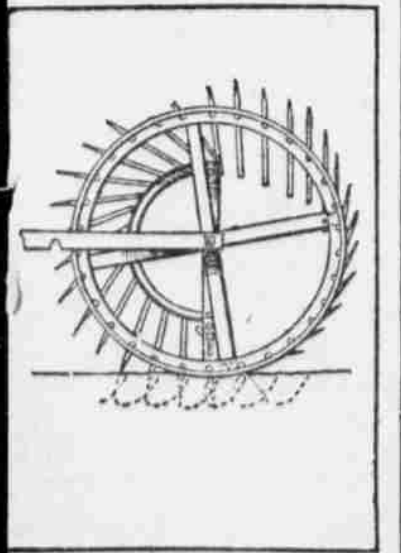
One of the characteristics of Madame de Sevigne's "folie" was a quaint, little chapel, and near it a curious sort of belfry, which long ago fell into ruins. The rest of the chateau is fairly well preserved. It was in this quaint residence that Madame de Sevigne is believed to have written many of her letters to her daughter.

It is now sharing the fate of many a similar relic of the past. It is being transformed into a modern resort of utility. An association providing cottage accommodations for the working classes has obtained possession of the house and grounds. The old hall has already been converted, and, with the additions in progress, it will become a vast caravansary of about 100 rooms, with as many kitchens and offices. Most of the old walls will remain standing, but the transformation will be such that future visitors will hardly recognize any vestige of Madame de Sevigne's "folie."

NEW PLOW IS QUITE UNIQUE

Runs Up Earth as Wheel on Which They Are Attached Is Revolved—Work Done Effectively.

Something novel in the plow line has been invented by a Louisiana man. Instead of a fixed blade that rides up the earth, this apparatus is a wheel in which are pivoted steel rods. Inside this wheel is a small circular part set close enough to the rim of the wheel to throw the rods into such position that when they reach the ground, in the course of the revolution, they will be aimed



New Kind of Plow.

thrust downward and forward into the earth instead of merely dragging scraping along. The weight of the plow, too, is sufficient to insure its doing the work effectively. As the rods come up out of the ground they pop into vertical position, points upward, until they come around to the other again.

Agricultural Clubs.
Boys and girls who desire to organize an agricultural club can obtain free bulletins giving them much valuable information by writing to the secretary of agriculture at Washington.

LANDS USUALLY NEEDING LIME

When Soil Is Sour It Will Turn Blue Litmus Paper Placed in Contact With It Red.

(By DR. W. P. BROOKS, Massachusetts.)
Those soils on which, when seeded, timothy and clovers fail, and where sorrel comes in largely together with red top, usually need lime. It should be pointed out, however, that the presence of sorrel is not a proof that lime is needed. This weed will flourish even in soils which have been heavily limed; but on such soils the grasses and clovers are likely to crowd it out, while on soils which are in need of lime, they are unable to do so.

When soil is sour it will turn blue litmus paper placed in contact with it red. To carry out the test, make about a tablespoonful of the soil into a thin mud with pure water and after it has stood for a short time lay a piece of blue litmus paper on it and cover with the mud. Be careful not to handle the papers with the fingers. After about ten minutes remove the paper, washing it if necessary to show the color. If it has turned red, the soil is sour and needs an application of lime. Practically all druggists keep litmus paper.

The most certain evidence of all as to whether lime will prove beneficial is afforded by a simple experiment which may be carried out as follows: Lay off two square rods in a part of the field to be tested which seems to be fairly representative and even in quality. To one of these apply twenty pounds of freshly slaked lime. After applying at once work it in deeply and thoroughly. A few days later apply to each plot liberal quantity of either manure or fertilizer, precisely the same amount to each. Plant table beets. If the soil is much in need of lime these will make a better growth upon the limed plot.

Horses of Norway.
The horses of Norway are chunky little animals about 60 inches in height, hardy and gentle and very strong. The average price for a good working horse is from \$190 to \$220.