

# FARM POULTRY

## BUCKWHEAT GOOD FATTENING FEED

Buckwheat is a pretty good fattening feed for turkeys. Some prefer barley and corn, however. Either barley or oats, if mixed with buttermilk and the hulls removed, would be a preferable mixture. The buckwheat has the objectionable quality of having a woody, fibrous hull which is not good feed. A mixture of all three or four would do pretty well.

Some records sent in give the costs of feeding one part ground oats with hulls removed and two parts buttermilk as being 6 1/2 cents per pound, while the cost of feeding on equal parts ground barley, oats, and corn, with the oat and barley hulls removed and with the same relative amount of buttermilk, averaged about the same. A mixture of 200 parts corn meal, 100 parts ground oats, hulls removed, 50 parts red dog, 3 parts tallow, 706 parts buttermilk, averaged a cost of about 5 cents per pound.

Using equal parts ground oats and barley, hulls removed, one part beef scraps and eight parts buttermilk, the cost was shown to be 4 3/4 cents per pound. Of course, these costs were not figured lately, but the comparisons remain. L. B. Cornell fattening ration of 100 pounds corn meal, 100 pounds buckwheat middlings, 100 pounds oat flour, 30 pounds beef scraps, and one part charcoal, is considered, too, a very fattening ration.

## Sodium Fluoride Best for Destroying Vermin

Sodium fluoride is one of the best substances to use for getting rid of chicken lice. It can be purchased at almost any drug store. It can be applied by the "pinch" method, or by mixing with four parts of talc or fine dust and using a dusting can or by making a dip. The pinch method is most commonly used. In this method the hen is held in such a way that the feathers loosen up and one pinch is applied to the head, one on the neck, two on the back, one on the breast, one below the vent, one on the tail, one on each thigh and one on the underside of each wing. This application should be repeated in about eight days so as to kill the lice that were in the egg form during the first application.

Blue ointment is usually mixed with equal portions of grease. Three pea-sized portions are rubbed into the feathers—one around the vent and the other two under each wing.

If head lice are present it is usually better to apply some lard with 10 to 20 per cent kerosene thoroughly mixed with it or with 5 per cent of carbolic acid.

## Producing Capons for Consumption at Home

The matter of producing capons for home consumption has not had proper emphasis. Everyone is aware of the superiority of meat from unsexed larger animals and as a rule such male animals are never used unless operated upon. But the fact that capon meat is as superior to rooster meat as steer beef is to bull beef is not generally realized. The farmer and poultryman should not be content with a low grade food stuff when it is very easily possible to have the best. The time will come, no doubt, when we will insist on quality in food as much as we do now for steer beef.

## Poultry Hints

Man has to hustle, but a hen makes money "laying around."

Sick birds should be segregated and proper remedies applied. Probably vaccination is as good a remedy and preventative as can be used.

The value of clean feed in preventing poultry disease is being realized more and more by poultrymen. All feed should be given to chickens in clean troughs or hoppers.

It is a good plan, when starting into the turkey raising business, or if in it now, to plan the production program over a period of more than one year. If this is done yards can be planned so that they may be rotated and so that the poulters can be raised on fresh ground.

Poor layers have the opposite characteristics of those given to be used in the selection of breeders. They have thick, rigid pelvic bones; but two or three finger widths spans between these and the rear of the keel bone.

If a strict separation of turkeys and chickens is to be secured, as is vitally necessary for success with the former, the producer is obliged to raise his poulters in confinement. In addition to the value of this method in preventing disease it also has its merits in that the poulters can be given closer supervision.

Hens don't stop laying to molt. They molt when they stop laying. Of course, it's natural for them to let up on egg production, so they can grow their new winter coats.

## FIRST ROMPERS FOR FIRST STEPS

### Baby Should Be Unimpeded by Skirts of Any Sort.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When the historic day comes on which baby takes his first steps alone, let us hope it will find him suitably attired for so momentous an occasion. That is to say, unimpeded by skirts of any sort, his sturdy little legs free of all encumbrances, his arms, too, without restricting bands when he reaches up to the chair that steadies him, pulls himself up, balances on his feet for a moment, and starts off.

From the time a baby's activities extend beyond his crib to a play pen, the best garment for him to wear is a romper. It must be somewhat different from the rompers he will wear later, for practical reasons. The fact that diapers are still worn must be given consideration both in the cut of the garment and in its method of fastening. His need for incessant activity also influences the design of his rompers.

In planning rompers for children of various ages, the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture has given especial attention to "the needs of the

ly, or the buttons burst off when the child stooped and if the diaper required changing the opening was unimpeded to handle.

The sleeves of this romper are short, cut kimono style, in one piece, with the romper, and finished with a



Rear View of Rompers.

loose band of machine embroidered edging. The same trimming is used for the loose collarless neck.

If a "dress-up" garment is wanted, the romper can be made of washable pongee, but ordinarily the soft cotton prints such as chambrasse, zephyr, or broadcloth, will be found most practical.

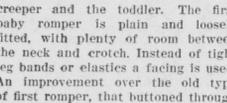
## Make "Marble" Cake Same as Ordinary One

"Marble" cake is a mixture of chocolate and yellow cake batter baked so that each can be identified and tasted when the cake is cut. The ordinary method of mixing a plain cake is followed until it is time to fold in the egg whites. The latter is then divided into two parts, and melted chocolate is added to one-half. Sifted beaten egg whites are added to each part. Here are the full directions from the bureau of home economics:

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup butter
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 cups sifted soft-wheat flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/2 squares chocolate, melted
- 2 tablespoons milk

Cream the butter and the sugar together, and add the well-beaten egg yolks. Sift the dry ingredients, and mix them alternately with the milk into the butter, sugar, and egg mixture. Add the vanilla. Divide the batter in half. To one portion add the melted chocolate and the two tablespoons of milk. Divide the well-beaten egg whites, and fold one-half into each portion of the batter. Grease a tube pan. Place one-half of the chocolate-flavored batter in the baking pan, and cover with a layer of the yellow batter. Over this pour the remaining chocolate batter, and then the rest of the yellow. Bake the cake for one hour in a moderate oven, at a temperature of 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

## When Baby Takes His First Steps—Front View of Rompers.



## Creeping and the Toddler.

The first baby romper is plain and loosely fitted, with plenty of room between the neck and crotch. Instead of tight leg bands or elastics a facing is used. An improvement over the old type of first romper, that buttoned through the crotch is the large triangular flap that closes the garment. This is attached to the front section and laps over the back, where it is held by a single flat button well up the back. It is made fairly large so that if accidentally left unbuttoned the mistake will be noticed and remedied. The crotch opening in the other type of romper was always unsatisfactory because it came unbuttoned too eas-

## FARM WOMEN LEARN BASKETRY FOR PROFIT



Farm Women of Calloway County, Missouri, Learn Basketry.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Among the major activities carried on in home demonstration work for farm women are all of those phases of home making on which a full, satisfied, farm home life depends—a better knowledge of foods and nutrition, of household management, of selection and construction of clothing, of home furnishing, and beautifying the surroundings of the home. Incidental to these main lines of study are also a number of activities which are popular either because they enable club members to add charm and interest to their homes, or to increase their incomes in some way.

Basketry is one of these lesser projects which the women like both because through it they can make attractive things for their homes, and because they can often sell at a fair profit what they do not use. The picture which was taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, shows rural women in Missouri who are learning to make baskets of dif-

## HER BIG, IMPORTANT JOB

(By D. J. Walsh.)

STELLA MARLOWE was walking in a garden. At ten in this garden she had made hollyhock dolls. At sixteen by this trellis she had dropped kisses on the sweet peas. At twenty among the ancestors of these snapdragons, she had bade a good-by to her friend, Mary Knowlton, to Mary Knowlton's cousin, Philip Mase, to the garden, to the village, and gone forth on her quest for fame. Now at forty she walked again in Mary Knowlton's garden. The sweet peas were the same dainty, demure, bonneted ladies, the snapdragons the stately princesses she remembered in pastel robes, the hollyhocks gorgeous bourgeoisie mesdames. Mary Knowlton was the same. She had the same soft pink face, the same "knack" with flowers, the same cheerful enthusiasm for small everyday things. Only Stella Marlowe was different. The restless, adventure-seeking, cyclonic girl had become the cool, slow-moving woman, accepting admiration as her due, ironically acknowledging that a "career," while well enough, might not be all, but that life was an interesting spectacle. Happiness? Happiness, here she yawned gracefully—happiness was not for the many. She confessed that Mary's garden, her white green-shuttered house, exquisitely kept, were dear. But let herself desire a garden like Mary's? No. She had learned. Stella Marlowe, not to desire too much. Desire was the cause of pain. Pain was uncomfortable.

For two weeks she intended being quite comfortable visiting Mary Knowlton. She would rest, would humorously enjoy the village, her vacation, go coolly back to her "job," that was becoming each year increasingly important.

Stella dipped her face among the dew-fresh sweet peas and was borne back by their scent down the years. Phil? Phil Mase? What an intense, slow, serious boy. How she, Stella, had laughed at him. He had come once to see her in the city—no twice. He had come home after that second visit and married the village school teacher. Now at forty-four, he was a widower; successful, Mary said, obviously proud of her cousin. Hadn't he, the boy, the sweet peas whispered, had nice eyes? What might he be like now?

She heard the kitchen door slam, heard Mary go swiftly about. Oh, perhaps she ought to be helping Mary. But, no. No. She must rest, walk in the morning air, feel free, get ready for the bigger job. But why, suddenly, was the idea of job, of city, unalluring, distasteful? The garden, color and fragrance and bird-song, the wide, sleepy village street, the arching elms, soft gray walls and roofs with spire visible now and again among the playing leaves.

What a good-looking car. She sauntered lightly among the tall snapdragons toward the gate. The car stopped. A man got out, walked up the path. Of course, Philip Mase. What a man! If she had dreamed that from the gawky, solemn boy would evolve this assured, keen-eyed, competent-looking man! She was glad her short hair curled naturally, that she knew how to dress for a morning in a country garden, how to dress for any occasion.

"Stella!" The man's voice was low, vibrant, of a certain compulsion. His hand clasped hers. The strong, firm, quick pressure was not unrecognizable. He stood away when she had withdrawn her hand, his eyes appreciative of her, of her dress, her hair, the picture she was among the flowers.

"Philip Mase! You? Why?" She laughed. But the laugh was not the kind of laugh that had bubbled up from her throat twenty years ago. It was not, as that other had been, a laugh at Philip Mase. It was the laugh of an absurdly embarrassed, uncertain woman trying to hide herself behind something, anything.

Philip Mase cast a quick glance about the garden, toward the house. "You and Mary are through early," he said and admiration glowed in his fine eyes.

"Oh, I didn't help. I came to rest—" she began and knew she had said the wrong thing.

A look again at her from the dark eyes. But they had lost their glow. Philip Mase could be as cool, as impersonal as any woman of the world. He could be quite uninterested.

She flushed with an anger that was rooted in a childish shame and she stood, like a child, twisting her hands.

"I must see Mary a moment," he said, and bowing, went toward the house under its Dorothy Pekinese.

of by Philip Mase, once her adoring slave! Her vacation was to be ruined, was it, by that patronizing husband of a country school teacher? Bah! She would get away from here—tomorrow.

A frantic calling from the house. She looked toward the porch. The washday was wildly waving her apron. The hired man was gesturing with his hoe. Disgusted, vaguely alarmed, she hastened to the house.

Mary Knowlton had fainted. She had fainted in her kitchen on wash day with dinner half ready and a crate of cherries on the back porch demanding rescue from threatening inutility. Stella and the landlady and the hired man carried her to her immaculately ordered bedroom, laid her on her small austere bed. The doctor came and ordered her to stay just there for three days. She said she couldn't, the cherries—Stella hastily assured her with a cheerfulness entirely simulated that she would attend to the cherries, would be glad to. Mary, looking at the same moment doubtful and grateful, turned her white face away and closed her eyes.

"No, I sure can't stay," the indignant washday reiterated. "I'll try to finish the wash, though I got a whole of a big wash waitin' for me to Miz Judge Perkins'. No, I donno' you could git anybody to do them cherries up. Busy time—folks has got their work all planned out. Naw, the cherries won't keep. Course not. Not in this heat."

Stella removed her garden-in-the-morning gown, dropped over her head a faded "bungalow" apron she found on a nail and "pitched in." Oh, she knew how. No girl could have lived until she was twenty in the village and not have learned to "do up" fruit.

At seven o'clock that evening she was washing bowls and funnels and spoons and the huge preserving kettle. She heard a car purr by to the gate and stop. Involuntarily she glanced at the mirror above the sink. Her eyes were staring dull, dark, circled. Her skin was scarlet, glistening. The wrinkles at the corners of her eyes "showed." Only her hair was at all pretty, curling in soft dark rings above her ears. But it didn't matter in the least how she looked. She turned to comfort her bored eyes with the sight on the kitchen table of rows and rows of pint jars aglow with luscious pitted red cherries in a translucent crimson sirup. These were just about the finest cherry preserves she had ever seen. She smiled, her head over her shoulder so. And as she smiled the screen door opened and her smile met the smile of Philip Mase blinking in the light.

"Why, Stella!" he almost shouted, but Stella's finger at her lips made him pause.

He had come close, while Stella, scouring the outside of the preserving kettle, told him of Mary. His eyes as he listened were dreamily on the curls of Stella. Once he put out a finger as if to let a tendril entwine it, but bethought himself in time, flushed and sighed.

"Now," he said, when she had displayed the cherries, "come out to the garden—the moon is there and a mockingbird—it needs only you—"

The dark eyes smiling at her were not impersonal. They were liquid and adoring and a little bashful, like the eyes of the Phil Mase of twenty years ago.

That job, that big important job in the city? Somebody has it—but not Stella Marlowe.

German Cooks Cling to Established Ideas

At Woods, the magnate of the theater, was talking about Germany, where he had been looking for new plays.

"Germany's morals are milder since the war," he said, "but her cooking remains the same. She still serves preserves with meat—preserved plums with chicken, preserved peaches with beef, and so on. By the way, our habit of serving apple sauce with duck and cranberry sauce with turkey is a heritage from our German ancestors. Germany still boils everything. Even the delicious trout of the Black forest are always boiled. Boiling is good enough for carp, but boiled trout!"

"They tell a story about a fruit ship that was wrecked off the German coast a century ago. The Germans treated the shipwrecked mariners very kindly, and the captain gave them a couple of barrels of oranges to show his gratitude."

"The next day he asked one of the Germans how the people had liked the new fruit. The German shook his head and said: "Baked, sir, they were tough, and even boiled they weren't the kind of food a hungry man would banker after."—Detroit News.

## Says He Had Taken a Wagon-Load of Physics

"In November, 1920, I wrote you for advice as to the use of Milks Emulsion. I had been bothered with my bowels for a long time. They would not move unless I took something all the time. If I neglected that, I would get bedfast, dizzy and take with fever."

"Since writing you, I have taken your Emulsion regularly and have found it a great remedy. It sure does all you claim for it and more, too. It is a fine medicine, and I will gladly recommend it to anyone."

"We are now handling it in our store and I am selling it right along and recommend it to all of my customers. I thank you for the instructions you gave and the results that I received from same."

Yours truly, W. A. CLUCK, Mgr., Globe Mercantile Co., Greenwood, Ark. Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

## Checker Player "Trained"

John Cumming, an eighty-year-old checker player of Philadelphia, has ideas of his own about physical training for mental exertion. When he competed in a checker tournament in that city, he brought his trainer with him. After Cumming had disposed of his first opponent, the trainer went into action. He gave the octogenarian a sip of water and made him recline in his chair while his second fanned him with a hat. After each match the performance was repeated and each successive opponent proved easier picking. At the end of the tournament Cumming was fully able to step forward to receive the winner's cup.

## A Sweet Outlook

Friend—I am sorry to hear you are in financial trouble. Perfume Manufacturer—Yes, but I'll never give up so long as I am able to make a scent.

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## Songs of the Frog

An English poet speaks feelingly of the "dreary song of the frogs." Perhaps in England the choral effects of the frogs are sad, wearisome, a wet blanket to optimism. But we can't help wishing that this British litterateur would come to live for a time on the Kansas prairies, where the croaking of the frogs in the swale following a rain means like a psalm of triumph in the ears of the wheat farmers.—Arkansas City Traveler.



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Rabbit. The old trick of lighting fires under stubborn mules and affixing sugar loaf to a pole just ahead of the horse's nose finds a modern counterpart in the increasingly popular sport of dog racing where decoy rabbits speeded ahead by electric trolleys lure greyhounds to lightning speed.

Speakin' a Progress. The old-fashioned girl who liked a man to have a mustache because the tickle gave her a thrill, now has a daughter who wouldn't let a man with a mustache kiss her because the darn brush would smear up her complexion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Worst Unbelief. The worst unbelief is unbelief in yourself.—Atchison Globe.

The emptier the head the easier it is to fill it with foolish ideas.

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