INTEREST IN POULTRY

No Visible Sign of Over-Supply in Products.

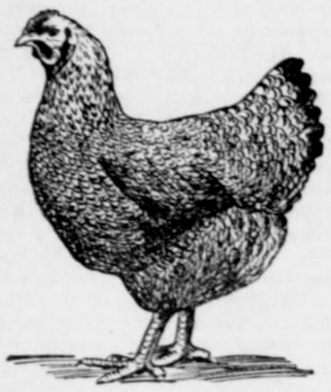
Farmers' Wives Study Details of Business and Are Eager to Learn of Better Ways to Care for Fowls—Conditions Change.

(By J. WELDER.)

The farmer's ideas of poultry-raising have changed considerably from what they were a few years ago. Everywhere on the farms a more intelligent interest is being taken in the subject.

The farmer at last has realized that the poultry is a good source of income, and is willing to take some trouble and spend a little money to make it even more so, instead of leaving the womenfolks to struggle along with the fowls as best they may, without any help or conveniences.

Not much in the way of eggs was expected of them, and they fully realized these expectations. Usually they



A Pure-Bred.

did not supply what eggs were needed in the farmer's family, and the farmer often remarked to his wife: "Your chickens are a perfect nuisance. I can't set a thing down but they are into it," (poor things! it was that or go hungry!) "and they don't lay an egg."

Conditions are changing. The most of the responsibility for the poultry on the farms still rests on the women, but instead of being considered a nuisance, the fowls are treated with respect and consideration, as an important part of the business of the farm. They have neat, comfortable houses, and yards, and scratching sheds, where they can be contented and happy, and keep industriously at work in cold as well as warm weather. The farmer and his wife both now feel it to be a reflection on their management if the hens do not lay more eggs than the family uses, in winter as well as summer.

It is a common thing to see a beautiful flock of pure-bred poultry on a farm and when farmers or farmers' wives meet, it is seldom they part without asking: "How are your hens doing? Are they laying well?" and unless it is already known, they are sure to ask each other: "What breed of hens do you keep?"

They are studying the poultry business in all its details, and are eager to learn of better ways of caring for their fowls, and of conveniences to use about the work.

In some neighborhoods the women of the farm meet on certain afternoons, to talk over their experiences with their poultry; to discuss the questions of feeding and caring for them, and to read together the poultry helps to be found in the agricultural sections of the newspapers.

This interest is not confined to the farms, but is also felt in the small towns and villages At the meetings of the aid societies you will hear discussions on how to care for the hens to make them lay, and many a woman living in a small town helps out her husband's income by nearly, or quite paying the grocery bills with eggs and poultry from a small flock of pure-bred fowls kept in the yard.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

A good cow is the best milk machine.

* * *

One of the farm teams should be brood mares.

* * *

It is best for the average farmer to handle the draft breeds.

* * *

Strong, vigorous cows are more resistant to disease than their weaker sisters.

* * *

Protein may now be bought cheaper in cottonseed meal than in any other purchased feed.

* * *

Spasmodic salting, a handful in the manger when you happen to think of it, is not the best way.

* * *

Much depends upon the early training of the colt. Teach a rapid walk the first thing when the colt is put in harness.

* * *

In the cold parts of the country, every window should have a tight board shutter to close over the window on cold nights.

* * *

Prof. A. A. McDowell of Wisconsin says it is easily possible for farmers to double or even treble their crops by better cultivation and diversifying.

AVOID DAMPNESS IN HOUSES

Usually Caused by Moisture Exhaled by Fowls and Can Be Got Rid of Only by Ventilation.

Often the poultry man finds his poultry house covered with frost inside and as the sun comes up and the house warms it melts and makes the whole building damp, uncomfortable and unhealthful. In many cases the owner tries to prevent this by making the house warmer and cutting down the ventilation. In most cases this is just the opposite of what should be done.

This dampness is usually caused by the moisture exhaled by the birds and can be got rid of only by thorough ventilation. This means that a certain amount of fresh air must constantly enter the house and pass out again. To permit this without causing a draft, an opening in the south side of the house should be covered with cotton cloth. This will not make the temperature of the house much lower, and it will make the house more comfortable and the hens more profitable.

TREE INSECTS ARE NUMEROUS

Over 30,000 Species on Record of Which Over 400 Are Known to Affect the Apple Tree.

(By E. M. PATCH.)

There are very many different species of insects ranging in size from less than one-fiftieth of an inch to about eight inches in length. From the United States alone over 30,000 species have been recorded of which over 400 are known to affect in greater or less degree the apple tree or its fruit. Though there are many that are, it must not be supposed that all insects are injurious, for by far the larger number are either harmless or actually beneficial. Ruthless destruction of insects by means of trap lanterns and the like is to be deprecated since these methods are as apt to capture the beneficial and the harmless as the injurious. Poisons, traps, and other repressive measures must be used with caution, and at the right time and place in order to be most effective.

Before it is possible to combat an insect pest intelligently we must learn something of its habits and of its

Winter Stages of Insects:—1, Eggs From Which Tent Caterpillars Hatch. —2, Cocoon of Cecropia Moth—3, Winter Nest of Brown Tail Moth—4, Eggs of the Antique Tussock Moth on Cocoon.

vulnerable points. When these are known proper remedial measures may then be taken for its extermination or repression.

Protect Fruit Trees.

The following method of poisoning was used successfully in an orchard near Fort Collins, Colo., last winter, 50 jackrabbits being killed in one night:

Cut a slit in an apple and insert strychnine alkaloid, powdered, the right amount being what the tip of a knife blade will hold, close the slit and wipe the apple to remove the bitter drug on the outside. Scatter the poisoned bait through the orchard at the base of the trees.

Canada Thistles.

If you have any Canada thistles or quack grass on your farm, start early to prevent them from growing above the ground. Plants cannot gather food without the tops to change the plant food to plant tissue, and by keeping the tops cut off you can gradually starve them out.

A Good Windbreak.

A windbreak in the form of trees, such as cypress, willow or maple, is a very good thing to have around an orchard, especially in the winter, because this will keep the cold winds off and very often protects the buds from freezing in spring.

Keep Things in Order.

Put the home and farm in order and see how it pays. There is a vast difference in the way farms are kept. Do you ever notice this when you drive along the road?

Value of Milk.

One hundred pounds of separator-skimmed milk is worth about as much as a half-bushel of corn for feeding pigs.

Bad Practice.

Breeding from immature stock has a tendency to weaken the race, no matter what it may be.

Old Lady Number 31

By
LOUISE FORSSLUND

Author of
"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

Copyright by The Century Co.

14

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

His face lightened. The weight of the shock passed. He threw off the awe of the glad news. He smiled the smile of a happy child.

"Naow, mother, we kin buy back our old chair, the rocker with the red roses onto it. Seems ter me them roses must 'a' knowed all the time that this was a-goin' ter happen. They was jest as pert an' sassy that last day—"

Angy laughed. She laughed softly and with unutterable pride in her husband.

"Why, father, don't yer see yew kin buy back the old chair, an' the old place, too, an' then have plenty ter spare?"

"So we kin, mother, so we kin;" he nodded his head, surprised. He plunged his hands into his pockets, as if expecting to find them filled with gold. "Wonder ef Sam'l wouldn't lend me a dollar or so in small change. Ef I only had somethin' ter jingle, mebbe I could git closer to this fac'." He drew her to him, and gave her waist a jovial squeeze. "Hy-guy, mother, we're rich! Hain't it splendid?"

Their laughter rang out together—trembling, near-to-tears laughter. The old place, the old chair, the old way, and—plenty! Plenty to mend the shingles. Aye, plenty to rebuild the house, if they chose. Plenty with which to win back the smiles of Angy's garden. The dreadful dream of need, and lack, and want, of feeding at the hand of charity, was gone by.

Plenty! Ah, the goodness and greatness of God! Plenty! Abe wanted to cry it out from the housetops. He wanted all the world to hear. He wished that he might gather his wealth together and drop it piece by piece among the multitude. To give where he had been given, to blossom with abundance where he had withered with penury!

The little wife read his thoughts. "We'll save jest enough fer ourselves ter keep us in comfort the rest of our lives an' bury us decent."

They were quiet a long while, both sitting with bowed heads as if in prayer; but presently Angy raised her face with an exclamation of dismay:

"Don't it beat all, that it happened jest tew late ter git in this week's 'Shoreville Herald!'"

"Tew late?" exclaimed the new-fledged capitalist. "Thar hain't nothin' tew late fer a man with money. We'll hire the editor tew git out another paper, fust thing termorrer!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Our Beloved Brother."

The services of the "Shoreville Herald," however, were not required to spread the news. The happiest and proudest couple on Long Island saw their names with the story of their sudden accession to wealth in a great New York daily the very next morning.

A tall, old gentleman with a real "barber's hair cut," a shining, new high hat, a suit of "store clothes" which fitted as if they had been made for him, a pair of fur gloves, and brand-new ten-dollar boots; and a remarkably pretty, old lady in a violet bonnet, a long black velvet cape, with new shoes as well as new kid gloves, and a big silver-fox muff—this was the couple that found the paper spread out on the hall table at the Old Ladies' Home, with the sisters gathered around it, peering at it, weeping over it, laughing, both sorrowing and rejoicing.

"This 'll be good-by ter Brother Abe," Aunt Nancy had sniffed when the news came over the telephone the day before; and though Miss Abigail had assured her that she knew Abe would come to see them real often, the matriarch still failed to be consoled.

"Hain't you noticed, gals," she persisted, "that thar hain't been a death in the house sence we took him in? An' I missed my reg'lar spell o' bronchitis last winter an' this one tew—so fur," she added dismally, and began to cough and lay her hands against her chest. "That was allus the way when I was a young'un," she continued after a while; "I never had a pet dog or cat or even a tame chicken that it didn't up an' run erway sooner or later. This here loss, gals, 'll be the death o' me! Naow, mark my words!"

Then followed a consultation among the younger sisters, the result of which was that they met Abe in the morning with a unanimous petition. They could neither ask nor expect him to remain; that was impossible, but—

"Hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!" cried Abe, waving an imaginary flag as he entered. "Sam'l dropped us at the gate. Him an' Blossy went on ter see Holmes tew dicker erbout buyin' back the old place. Takes Blossy an' Sam'l tew dew business. They picked out my clothes between them yist'day arternoon deown ter Injun village, in the Emporium. Haow yew like 'em? Splendid, eh? See my yaller silk handkerchief, tew? We jest dropped in ter git our things. We thought mebbe yew'd want ter slick up the room an' git ready fer the new—"

He was allowed to say no more. The sisters, who had been kissing and hugging Angy one by one, now swooped upon him. He was hugged, too, with warm, generous congratulation, his hands were both shaken until they ached, and his clothes and Angy's silently admired. But no one said a word, for not one of the sisters was able to speak. Angy, thinking that she divined a touch of jealousy, hastened to throw off her wrap and display the familiar old worn silk gown beneath.

"I told Abe I jest wouldn't git a new silk until you each had one made tew. Blossy sent for the samples. Blossy—"

"All I need's a shroud," interrupted Aunt Nancy grimly.

Angy and Abe both stared at her. She did look gray this morning. She did seem feeble and her cough did sound hollow. The other sisters glanced also at Aunt Nancy, and Sarah Jane took her hand, while she nudged Mrs. Homan with her free elbow and Mrs. Homan nudged Ruby Lee and Ruby Lee glanced at Lazy Daisy and Lazy Daisy drawled out meaningly:

"Miss Abigail!"

Then Miss Abigail, twisting the edge of her apron nervously, spoke:

"Much obliged to you I be in behalf o' all the sisters, Brother Abe an' ter Angy tew. We know yew'll treat us right. We know that yew," resting her eyes on Abe's face, "will prove ter be the 'angel unawares' that we been entertainin', but we don't want yew ter waste yer money on a cartload o' silk dresses. All we ask o' yew is jest enough tew allow us ter advertise fer another brother member ter take yer place."

Who could describe the expression that flashed across Abe's face?—hurt astonishment, wounded pride, jealous incomprehension.

"Ter take my place!" he glanced about the hall defiantly. Who dared to enter there and take his place?—his place!

"This is a old ladies' home," he protested. "What right you got a-takin' in a good-fer-nuthin' old man? Mebbe he'd rob yew er kill yew! When men git ter rampagin', yew can't tell what they might dew."

Sarah Jane nodded her head knowingly, as if to exclaim:

"I told yer so!"

But Miss Abigail hurriedly explained that it was a man and wife that they wanted. She blushed as she added that of course they would not take a man without his wife.

"No, indeed! That'd be highly improper," smirked Ruby Lee.

Then Abe went stamping to the stairway, saying sullenly:

"All right. I'll give yew all the money yew want fer advertisin', an' yew kin say he'll be clothed an' dressed proper, tew, an' supplied with terbaccer an' readin' matter besides; but jest wait till the directors read that advertisement! They had me here sorter pertendin' ter be unbeknownst. Come on, Angy. Let's go upstairs an' git our things. Let's—"

Aunt Nancy half arose from her chair, resting her two shaking hands on the arms of it.

"Brother Abe," she called quaveringly after the couple, "I guess yew kin afford ter fix up any objections o' the directors."

Angy pressed her husband's arm as she joined him in the upper hall.

"Don't you see, Abe. They don't realize that that poor old gentleman, whoever he may be, won't be yew. They jest know that yew was yew; an' they want ter git another jest as near like yew as they kin."

Abe grunted, yet nevertheless went half-way down stairs again to call more graciously to the sisters that he would give them a reference any time for knowing how to treat a man just right.

"That feller 'll be lucky, gals," he added in tremulous tones. "I hope he'll appreciate yew as I allers done."

Then Abe went to join Angy in the room which the sisters had given to him that bitter day when the cry of his heart had been very like unto:

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!"

After all, what was there of his and Angy's here? Their garments they did not need now. They would leave them behind for the other old couple that was to come. There was nothing else but some simple gifts. He took up a pair of red wristlets that Mrs. Homan had knit, and tucked them in his new overcoat pocket. He also took Abigail's bottle of "Jockey Club" which he had despised so a few days ago, and tucked that in his watch pocket. When he bought himself a watch, he would buy a new clock for the dining-room down stairs, too—a clock with no such asthmatic strike as the present one possessed. All his personal belongings—every one of them gifts—he found room for in his pockets. Angy had even less than he. Yet they had come practically with nothing—and compared with that nothing, what they carried now seemed much. Angy hesitated over the pillow-shams. Did they belong to them or to the new couple to come? Abe gazed at the shams too. They had been given to him and Angy last Christmas by all the sisters. They were white muslin with white cambric frills, and in their centers was embroidered in turkey-red cotton, "Mother," on one pillow, "Father," on the other. Every sister in the Home had taken at least one stitch in the names.

Father and Mother—not Angy and Abe! Why Father and Mother? A year ago no one could have foreseen the fortune, nor have prophesied the possession of the room by another elderly couple.

Angy drew near to Abe, and Abe to Angy. They locked arms and stood looking at the pillows. He saw, and she saw, the going back to the old bedroom in the old home across the woods and over the field—the going back. And in sharp contrast they each recalled the first time that they had stepped beneath that roof nearly half a century ago—the first home-coming—when her mother-heart and his father-heart had been filled with the hope of children—children to bless their marriage, children to complete their home, children to love, children to feed them with love in return.

"Let's adopt some leetle folks," said Angy, half in a whisper. "I'm afeard the old place'll seem lonesome without—"

"Might better adopt the sisters;" he spoke almost gruffly. "I allers did think young 'uns would be the most comfort tew yew after they growed up."

"A baby is dretful cunnin'," Angy persisted. "But," she added sadly, "I don't suppose a teethin' mite would find much in common with us."

"Anyway," vowed Abe, suddenly beginning to unfasten the pillow-shams, "these belong ter us, an' I'm a-goin' ter take 'em."

They went down stairs silently, the shams wrapped in a newspaper carried under his arm.

"Waal, naow,"—he tried to speak cheerfully as they rejoined the others, and he pushed his way toward the dining-room—"I'll go an' git my cup an' sasser."

But Miss Abigail blocked the door, again blushing, again confused.

"That 'Tew-our-Beloved-Brother' cup," she said gently, her eyes not meeting the wound in his, "we 'bout concluded yew'd better leave here fer the one what answers the ad. Yew got so much naow, an' him—"

She did not finish. She could not. She felt rather than saw the blazing of Abe's old eyes. Then the fire beneath his brows died out and a mist obscured his sight.

"Gals," he asked meekly, "would yew ruther have a new 'beloved brother'?"

For a space there was no answer. Aunt Nancy's head was bowed in her hands. Lazy Daisy was openly sobbing. Miss Ellie was twisting her fingers nervously in and out—she unwound them to clutch at Angy's arm as if to hold her. At last Miss Abigail spoke with so unaccustomed a sharpness that her voice seemed not her own:

"Sech a foolish question as that nobody in their sound senses would ask."

Abe sat down in his old place at the fireside and smiled a thousand smiles in one. He smiled and rubbed his hands before the blaze. The blaze itself seemed scarcely more bright and warm than the light from within which transfigured his aged face.

"Gals," he chuckled in his old familiar way, "I dunno how Sam'l Darby 'll take it; but if mother's willin', I guess I won't buy back no more of the old place, 'cept'n' jest my rockin'-chair with the red roses onto it; an' all the rest o' this here plagued money I'll hand over ter the directors, an' stay right here an' take my comfort."

Angy bent down and whispered in his ear: "I'd ruther dew it, tew, father. Anythin' else would seem like goin' a-visitin'. But yew don't want ter go an' blame me," she added anxiously, "ef yew git all riled up an' sick abed ag'in."

"Pshaw, mother," he protested; "yew fergit I was adopted then, naow I be adoptin'. Thar's a big difference."

She lifted her face, relieved, and smiled into the relieved and radiant faces of Abe's "children," and her own.

(THE END.)

YEAR'S SUPPLY OF BABIES

Facts Compiled by Statistician Will Come to Many as Something of a Surprise.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about 70 per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statisticician, that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe.

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,200 an hour, during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a cclose there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

AVOID INDIGESTION

It is a sure enemy to health, strength and happiness. It robs you of your appetite, causes constipation, bilious spells and a general rundown condition. You can help Nature conquer it by the timely aid of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It will help you bring back the appetite, aid digestion and promote health in a general way. For over **60** years it has enjoyed public confidence.

Try it Today. Avoid Substitutes

Use for Anthologies.

The mistake is in thinking that all poetry is for all readers. On the contrary the realm of poetry is as wide as the world, for the very reason that each man may find there just what he needs and leave the rest. The thing is to discover the poetry that was meant for us, and perhaps the best way to do that is to turn over the pages of some well-made selection, and see where our eyes get caught and held.—Richard Le Gallienne.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

The Vast World.

A student of Erfurt, desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered: "'Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question another half mile farther on, and getting the same answer, he said: "Let's give up the journey and go back, since the world's so vast!"—Luther's "Table Talk."

Got His Answer.

He—"Why are you women always going to bargain sales in the hope of getting something for nothing?" She—"For the same reason you men are always going to your poker clubs."—Dallas News.

Some Indication.

Mary—"I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife." Helen—"Why? Has he proposed yet?" Mary—"No; but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her."—Liverpool Mercury.

All the Difference.

"In India a lac of rupees is a fortune." "And in America a lack of dollars is a misfortune."—Boston Transcript.

Daily Thought.

The gods will give what is most suitable rather than what is most pleasing; man is dearer to them than he is to himself.—Juvenal.

Another One.

"What are the two sexes, Alec?" asked the teacher. "Masculine and feline," answered Alec.—Woman's Home Companion.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa. — "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.