

POULTRY NOTES
BY
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RIVERSIDE
PA.



CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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THE DORKINGS.

If there was a dispute as to which cock crew thrice when Peter denied his Lord, the Game or the Dorking, we rather think the evidence would say the Dorking, for, though the Game is of great antiquity, the Dorking was in particular a Roman favorite, borne by them side by side with the Roman eagle and made the fowl of the land added to the empire by conquest. A peculiarity of the Dorking is the fifth toe, and this peculiarity is one reason for their mention in ancient history by Pliny and Columella.

The fowl's antiquity was attested by the excavations at Pompeii, destroyed by earthquake 79 A. D. There a large mosaic was unearthed containing the perfect picture in stone of the



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.
SILVER GRAY DORKING COCK BIRD.

Dorking, showing that it was a favorite with those ancients. England is the modern home of the Dorking. Caesar bore it there 55 B. C., when he conquered the ancient Britons, and, though they hated Caesar, they esteemed the fowl and made it the national breed, naming it after Dorking, now Dorking, in Surrey.

Ancient pictures and the mosaic from the ruins of Pompeii show the fifth toe and shape characteristics of the Dorking as they appear today.

The varieties are the Colored, Silver Gray and White, the last with rose comb.

All along down the centuries the Dorking has been prized as a meaty,



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.
SILVER GRAY DORKING HEN.

market fowl, and, well bred and well fed, it is hard to beat.

It is large, with a long, broad, low set body, full wide breast, deep keel and is short legged, solid, compact.

It has white slanks and the white skin and pink flesh so popular with the English. It seems specially constructed for meat development and the production of big eggs.

The Silver Gray is most popular, and the Colored Dorking is largest.

DON'TS.

Don't be weary of the way. Remember the hosts who have passed on who thought not of themselves alone, but tried to make the path smoother and brighter for those to follow them. We pass this way but once, so let it be with good cheer and noble deeds.

Don't forget that there is a golden mean in feeding. It's not the amount a hen eats, but what she digests and assimilates, that brings the profit.

Don't tackle poultry on a large scale until you have made it pay on a moderate plant.

Don't expect bony, skinny stock to escape the detection of the city buyer. He will often class the whole shipment by a few such poor birds.

Don't ship live poultry in undersized crates. It is cruel, poor business policy and unlawful.

Don't use any kind of an old box for shipping dressed poultry nor old, stained, musty crates for eggs. They detract from the appearance of the goods and put the shipper in the bughouse class.

EASTER HATS CHEAP.

Easter comes but once a year, And many men are glad, For, though it should be otherwise, Easter makes them sad.

Because those Easter hats are high, And women, don't you know, Must be in style—here, don't you smile?— If hats are high or low.

But Johnny Doe of our row Has ceased to be the goat. It costs him not a single red If wife wants hat or coat.

And John has seven daughters too, Oh, fathers, think of that— If each one took you by the ear And hollered for a hat!

John bought his wife some Leghorn hen And gave each girl some too, Well, now, you ought to see the fun! Oh, goodness, what ado!

Those women have an egg contest And egg money—ahem! They do not need to ask for cash From "these tight laced men."

John's women folks—my, how they dress! John has cash in the bank, And no one but the humble hen Has Johnny Doe to thank.

Friend, when your wife comes cooing round, About that Easter bonnet, Just throw your arm around her neck And read her this sweet sonnet.

Then give her some nice Leghorn hens, And hats will come like fun, These hens will jump right on the nest, And, pop, they'll lay her one! C. M. BARNITZ.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q.—What is wrong when a cock's comb turns dark? A.—It's a sign of indigestion, weak heart, diseased liver, sluggish circulation or frostbite.

Q.—I have a Leghorn cocker with a lop comb. How can I make him carry it straight? A.—If misshapen, thin at base or has deep finger marks, you can't change it. This trouble is often the result of weakness from lack of nutritious food, the inroads of lice or loosening of comb through roup. In these cases removal of cause generally makes comb correct.

Q.—If you were to start a goose farm, what variety would you choose? A.—The White Embden.

Q.—What do you think of moth balls for louse killer in winter? A.—The laying hens aren't on the nest often enough to get any benefit from them and only touch them with the underbody. The worst lice are on the neck and head. Moth balls are apt to favor the eggs.

Q.—What is meant by a top cross of Rhode Island Red and White Leghorn? A.—Mating a Rhode Island Red male and White Leghorn females.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Twelve dozen chickens are killed and dressed every Saturday by the poultry class at the Kansas experiment station. This certainly beats the lessons on "How to Dress Poultry by Mail" issued by the correspondence school. Yes, practical work tells in every department of life.

Many do not realize what a hard worker the hen is. From dawn to twilight she is on the go, and all for food to keep up her body and manufacture her product. If a dairy cow does not get suitable and sufficient feed she does not produce quantity and quality in milk, and just so with the hard working hen—she can't make something out of nothing.

The latest convert to poultry culture is Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate. He is building a concrete, steam heated, electrically lighted poultry plant on his farm at Loretto, Pa. We remind him that it takes good strains, great pains, good grains and burnished brains, as well as huddle, to get there with cockadoodle.

The Cimix lectularius, commonly known as the bedbug, alias the crimson rumbler, in slang the B flat, is branded a transmitter of tuberculosis and other contagious diseases, and humans afflicted with 'em should dispose of them quickly without a trial by jury. The Dermansysus gallinae, the red mite or bedbug of the hen tribe, as it crawls from hen to hen, also is a carrier of microbes and often spreads a disease whose presence is hard to explain.

The old story that the cackling of geese saved Rome is old evidence of their watchdog quality. A stranger, a strange dog or a hawk comes in sight and without fail the old gander and his whole crowd start to honk. They have been known to sound the fire alarm and to sound the Alamo when chicken thieves appeared, and such rubberneck cops are good to have around.

The farmer is very careful that the hog, sheep or beef he sells is in fine condition for market, but he seldom prepares his poultry for sale and often just grabs the chickens off the roost at night and starts with them for market the next day before daylight. This slipshod way of doing business has led to the establishment of great fattening plants near Chicago, where the farmer's thin chickens are finished and sold at a big profit that goes into the other fellow's pocket.

Mr. John J. Sweeney of 172 East Ninety-fourth street, New York, bought a cold storage egg and wrote to a Miss Clara Baker of Bellefontaine, O., whose name was on the egg. She had been married four years and recalled that six months before the wedding she had packed the egg for shipment. This is rather an old egg, but there are others.

While glass lets in the light and sun's heat it is also a rapid conductor of heat, and this is why henhouses with big glass fronts get cold so quick at night and Jack Frost covers the big windows with ice.

C. M. Barnitz

A Call For Recognition

Are there any hero medals applied for up to date? Is there one to fit a man obscure and humble in his fate, Yet one who risks his life and does the very best he can To obviate the dangers that beset his fellow man; Who faces icy gales and never flinches from the blast; Who saves men, women, children, thinking of himself the last? Upon that simple citizen some passing thought bestowed Who puts ashes on the sidewalk after shoveling off the snow.

Oh, kind philanthropist, white honoring those whose records claim A public's admiration and a monument of fame, Conceive some decoration that will cause the family's eyes To look on dear old father as a hero and a prize! Think of the many mortals who, as they passed on in life, Were saved from fractured foreheads or concussion of the spine. In letters all unfading write it that the world may know, "He put ashes on the sidewalk after shoveling off the snow." —Washington Star.

TELLS WHY IMMIGRANTS FAIL IN MENTAL TESTS.

At Worst Upon Arrival, Says Federal Surgeon—Illiteracy Negligible.

The difficulties confronting the men who examine immigrants for the purpose of discovering their precise mental qualities, and especially whether they are defectives, are discussed by Dr. E. K. Sprague, surgeon of the United States public health service, in the Surrey. Where a doubt exists the alien should receive the benefit of it, he says.

These immigrants, says Dr. Sprague, are packed into box cars and rushed to the port of embarkation, where they are either subjected to an examination of more or less rigor before boarding the steamer or crowded into detention pens to await the sailing. Once embarked, new horrors await them. They suffer all the torments of those unaccustomed to the sea. After ten days or a fortnight they arrive in port, where a trial, in many respects the climax, awaits them. While they are in a condition of half fright and half sickness, with nerves shaken and courage at the lowest ebb, they must undergo a thorough medical examination. Many of them have also to undergo a test to prove that they possess sufficient intelligence to face the struggle for existence in their new environment.

Dr. Sprague observes that it would be well within bounds to say that many of these new immigrants are in a state of mental frenzy when they come up for examination and that the attitude of the interpreter may be such as to excite or even frighten the subject, placing him in such a state that he is far from able to do himself justice.

"The examiner must discriminate," warns Dr. Sprague. "It is necessary to differentiate between ignorance, mental dullness or stupidity, psychic depression and congenital mental deficiency. Is the depression temporary? Is the subject capable of mental development, and will he avail himself of opportunities to that end? Such are the difficulties and questions arising daily."

Concerning the question of illiteracy, Dr. Sprague says: "Illiteracy is almost always a negligible consideration in this and in other countries where psychic research has been carried on. Among Americans if one cannot read or write and any intelligent attempts have been made to acquire these elementary accomplishments the case is of easy solution. Illiteracy runs very high among the immigrants—35 to 40 per cent. The fact that they cannot read or write is no criticism of their ability, but it renders them more difficult to handle."

A THEATER FOR THE FARM.

North Dakota College Plans Model For Homes, Schools and Churches.

A new force for culture in rural communities has been initiated by the North Dakota agricultural college in the "little country theater" enterprise, according to Dean W. T. Sumner, clergyman and sociologist of Chicago.

"The plan is original and I predict it will extend over the entire United States," he said.

The idea, which was advanced by Professor Arvid, in charge of public speaking and debating at the college, calls for the establishing of a model theater in miniature, suitable for use in large farm houses, country school houses, village halls, churches and elsewhere. The scenery is simple, readily and cheaply constructed by the inexperienced from a set of rough plans. The idea is to have one act productions in order to make the expense small.

Dean Sumner says the enterprise will be an incentive to communities to organize consolidated rural schools and social centers in order to have larger and more convenient halls.

Fossil of Pliocene Man?

The first seeming proof that man lived in the Pliocene age, when the earth's surface began to assume its present form, has come to view in the La Brea (Cal.) clay beds, where Dr. Frank S. Duggett, director of the Museum of History, Science and Art, has men at work uncovering prehistoric bones. The find is declared to be the skeleton of a man who lived on earth hundreds of thousands of years ago.

'The Heart of Oregon'

Continued from first page.

region into such rugged harmony—Black Butte, the old landmark that guided the travel-weary pioneers along their way. Today it is the Mecca of anglers, for at its base flows forth the clear, limpid waters of the Metolius river, the home of the finest trout in Oregon.

The Deschutes Canyon is one of the scenic wonders of America. The river flows down this deep, narrow canyon, with its terrace-scaled walls, through a channel cut in a solid lava bed the greater part of its way to the Columbia.

The river has many beautiful falls along its upper course. Cline Falls are the best known of these. Along opposite banks of this weird river, Hill and Harriman have rival railroads that were built as trade arteries to Oregon's heart.

Up the Ochoco valley near Look-out Mountain is another of Crook county's wonders. This is Stein's Pillar, a great shaft of rock 160 feet in height, standing on a beautiful mountain spur.

We feel very near to glory-land when we watch the master painter pass his magic brush across the western sky, and in a few minutes give us a vast view of nature's art gallery. Such colorings Titian never saw, or if he saw them, never put them on his canvas. There are rarest opal tints, changing gold and orange, elusive harmonies in violet and crimson, and, in the foreground, reflecting back to the wonderful lights from their crowns of snow, rise our guardian mountain peaks, pointing the way to eternity. Over all the great, splendid stretch of country falls the golden glow of sunset and we feel that here we know what it means to "walk the hills with God." Come to our beautiful Heart of Oregon and watch the sun go down.

On Better Acquaintance.
I'd like to see the girls who write The articles on style, For each must be a dazzling sprite With a bewitching smile. And those who tell us in a book Of recipes so fine— Oh, how I wish that when they cook They'd ask us in to dine!

I like the writers who put stress On admonitions wise, Who teach us all about success And how to win the prize. I'd like to meet the chap whose cheer And resonant refrain Announces earth is full of cheer And no one should complain.

SEQUEL.
The fashion girl is plain of dress, The cook eats ham and beans, The man who writes about success Lives much beyond his means. The optimist to whom applause Went out in all a bluff, He has a steady groch because He has to write the stuff. —Washington Star.

To get results from the setting hen, exterminate the enemy. Lee's Lice Killer, Insect Powder, Carbolineum and Little's Dip. 3-19 O. C. Claypool & Co.

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Thoroughbred Holstein bull for sale. \$100 on time and \$90 cash takes him. T. F. McALLISTER. 4-2-imp

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TO SEA!

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er. The wanton water leaps in sport And rattles down the pebbly shore; The dolphin wheels, the sea cows snort, And unseen mermaid's pearly song Comes bubbling up the weeds among. Fling broad the sail; dip deep the oar. To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! Our white wing-ed bark Shall, billowing, cleave its watery way And with its shadow, feet and dark, Break the caved Triton's azure day, Like mountain eagle soaring light O'er antelopes on Alpine height. The anchor heaves; the ship swings free; Our sails swell full. To sea, to sea! —Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

STATE RIGHTS.

I solemnly believe that our political system is, in its purity, not only the best that ever was formed, but the best possible that can be devised for us. It is the only one by which free states, so populous and wealthy and occupying so vast an extent of territory, can preserve their liberty. Thus thinking, I cannot hope for a better. Having no hope of a better, I am a conservative, and because I am a conservative I am a state rights man. I believe that in the rights of the states are to be found the only effectual means of checking the overaction of this government, to resist its tendency to concentrate all power here and to prevent a departure from the constitution or, in case of one, to restore the government to its original simplicity and purity.—John C. Calhoun.

THEOCRITUS.

Demeter, rich in fruit and rich in grain, may this corn be easy to win and fruitful exceedingly. See that the cut stubble faces the north wind or the west; 'tis thus the grain waxes richest. They that thrash corn should shun the noonday sleep. At noon the chaff parts easiest from the straw. As for the reapers, let them begin when the crested lark is waking and cease when he sleeps, but take holiday in the heat. Lads, the frog has a jolly life. He is not cumbered about a butter to his drink, for he has liquor by him unstinted. Boli the lentils better, thou miserly steward. Take heed lest thou chop thy fingers when thou art splitting cummin seed.—Songs of the Reapers.

More Generous.
When little Bennie brought the milk in off the front porch one cold morning he found a pillar of the frozen fluid sticking up out of the neck of the bottle. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "I like our new milkman." "Why?" asked the mother. Showing her the bottle, Bennie exclaimed: "Our old milkman hardly filled the bottle, but this one heaps it up."—Youngstown Telegram.



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Get your stamp book full by May 1st. To the party bringing the first filled stamp book after May 1st, we will present in addition to the regular premium, goods to the amount of \$5.00. To the party bringing in the fifth book we will give in addition goods to the amount of \$3.50, and to the party bringing the tenth book we will give a beautiful silk summer parasol. Books must be filled. Be sure and get your stamps.
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Notice of Publication.
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or., March 24th, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that Jessie Gray of Prineville, Oregon, who, on August 9th, 1909, made desert land entry No. 05153, for 1/4 sec. and 1/2 sec. SW 1/4 section 18, township 16 south, range 19 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final desert proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Timothy E. J. Duffy, U. S. Commissioner, at Prineville, Oregon, on the 1st day of May, 1914.
Claimant names as witnesses: Homer Norton, John H. Gray, both of Prineville, Oregon; William H. Post, Wallace Post, both of Post, Oregon. H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register. 3-26

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