

FARM AND ORCHARD

Notes and Instructions from Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations of Oregon and Washington, Specially Suitable to Pacific Coast Conditions

Preparing Chickens for the Poultry Show

"As the judges at poultry shows award premiums on appearance of the fowls on judging day," says Professor Lunn of the Poultry department of the Oregon Agricultural college, it is necessary that the boy or girl who is going to exhibit poultry at the county or state fairs not only give them the best of care in getting them ready, but also in cooping and shipping them. As the final wind up of the boys' and girls' poultry raising contest is at hand, in a short time these birds will be shipped to compete for prizes. The appearance of their plumage and vigor upon the home farm will not be a factor. The judge will not consider the care spent upon them nor make allowances for distance traveled.

"Here are a few points which may mean the winning of a premium otherwise lost. Every boy and girl should send for a premium list of the show where the birds are to be exhibited, decide what premiums are to be tried for, then select and prepare the birds accordingly. The more nearly mature the fowls are the better. They should have maximum strength and vigor. They should be in good flesh and healthy, showing no signs of disease, especially scaly leg.

"In preparing fowls for the show it is necessary to wash the white colored ones about four days before the birds are shipped. Use three tubs. The first should be half full of warm water, the second tub of luke-warm water, and the last tub with water from which the chill has been removed. Put the fowl into the first tub and hold it under the water until the plumage is soaked. The head may be held under a moment or two. Place the fowl on a clean table, thoroughly soap with a good white soap. The plumage is now ready to be scrubbed, which is done gently with a small brush, in the direction the feathers grow. The bird is then rinsed in the second tub, removing all the soap so that the feathers will web out properly. The legs should be scrubbed and if necessary the dirt under the scales removed with a toothpick.

"The third tub is used for the final rinsing. If blueing is used in this water there should be not too much of it and it must be thoroughly mixed with the water or it will stain the plumage. The feathers are dried by hand, rubbed with towels, and the bird placed in a well-heated room until thoroughly dried. It should then be placed in a clean coop with four or five inches of chaff on the floor so that the feathers will not be soiled. Dark colored birds may have their plumage rubbed with a silk handkerchief and their legs washed as above. Now train them to handling and to exhibition coops. Stroke and speak to them, as this will make them pose better when the judge is looking them over. If dull, the comb and wattles may be rubbed with an equal mixture of sweet oil and alcohol.

"In shipping, the coops should be large enough to give the fowl ample room, about thirty inches for the tallest birds, grading down to a foot for the tiniest bantams. The comb should never touch the top of the coop. The width should be such that the plumage will not be cramped. A single coop should be provided for each male, but females may be placed two or three together. A little grain may be sprinkled in the chaff, but it is not best to put drinking water in the coop. A few vegetables or apples will answer the place of water very well and will not soil the plumage. It is not necessary to put grit or other food than grain in the coop."

Topping Herds May Be Done by Grower.

Growers of beef cattle may escape the disappointment of having their herds topped, by making the classification themselves, and then offering only what the buyer wants, thinks Prof. E. L. Potter, animal husbandryman of the Oregon Agricultural college. Buyers are operating under orders from their employers to get only a certain grade that is wanted for the trade at that time, and must comply. "When you enter a grocery and ask for a certain grade of coffee," says Professor Potter, "you are not offered a mixed lot of fifty cent and thirty-five cent and twenty cent grades, and urged to take it. The salesman tries to sell you exactly what you want. If you want a fifty cent brand and take no other you are not condemning the other two brands. They are all right for the purpose intended but you do not want them.

"Now, that is precisely the situation in which the buyer finds himself.

If told to get prime beef he is not at liberty to include butcher stuff, or feeders or stockers. Mind, he is not condemning the other grades; they are only what he doesn't want."

The professor then read from market reports the Chicago quotation on fat steers ranging from \$7.50 for culls up to \$9.15 from primes. "How can buyers be expected to pay the same price for the lot?" he inquired.

"The most profitable thing to do is to study the market and produce just that demand. The fat stuff should be cut and made up into carload lots, and shipped on the days, two each week in Eastern Oregon, when cattle trains pass. Two carloads are best, as then transportation is issued for the return trip. This will guarantee quick shipments, which means money, as shrinkage takes place faster the longer the journey. If the grower hasn't enough to make two carloads he can generally find a neighbor to go in with.

Professor Potter thinks that it is more profitable for the growers to ship.

Silos in Washington.

The extension department of the State college at Pullman has received reports on more than sixty silos in the state, the figures being furnished by the silo owners. Some have furnished definite data while others could only give estimates. The reports will be tabulated in complete form. While they can not be considered absolutely accurate, as figures from silo owners they serve as a valuable guide. Included are 47 stave, 3 hoop, 3 concrete, 2 brick, 1 Gurler, and several square silos. The square silos are not considered in the statements below.

Of the stave silos 40 are home made and 7 factory built. Factories have only recently entered the field.

In western Washington the average cost of stave silos reported was \$2.20 per ton capacity. Of those exceeding 45 tons capacity, average cost \$1.69 per ton capacity. Of those less than 45 tons capacity, average cost \$2.98 per ton capacity.

In eastern Washington the average cost of stave silos reported was \$2.25 per ton capacity.

Of those exceeding 45 tons capacity, average cost was \$2.08 per ton capacity.

Of those less than 45 tons capacity, average cost was \$2.41 per ton capacity.

The small silo is more expensive in proportion to its capacity. A silo should be not less than ten feet in diameter. The height should be at least twice as great as the diameter. On the average farm two medium sized silos are more satisfactory than one extremely large one.

After-Harvest Cultivation For the Dry Farmer

The moisture supply for the growth of plants in dry land agriculture comes from the natural precipitation. The greater portion of our rainfall comes during the winter months. Plants are not growing at this season and can not make use of the moisture as it comes. How best to hold and conserve the winter precipitation is the problem. It has been found at the agricultural experiment station at Pullman, Wash., that soil which is in a loose, open condition will take in and hold from 15 to 35 per cent more moisture than one which is in a hard, compact condition. Soils which have been thoroughly loosened up during late summer and early fall, before the rainy season, either by thorough discing or fall plowing, give yields of from five to ten bushels per acre more than the same type of soils that are allowed to go through the winter untouched after harvest. Discing to a depth of four or five inches as soon after harvest as practicable, is just as efficient and beneficial as fall plowing, and is easier and more economically accomplished. More of the winter rainfall will be held, run-off and washing will be prevented and the soil will be benefited, where the stubble land has been given a thorough discing during late summer or early fall. Try it!

Feeding for Fertile Eggs.

For a breeding pen I use from 15 to 20 large, early-hatched pullets, with two large, vigorous cockerels. I have one cockerel in the pen each day, changing each night, thus giving one a day's rest. This makes them more vigorous and the eggs are more fertile. I feed in the morning a mash of one quart corn meal with one-tenth part beef scrap; at noon one pint of wheat or oats; at night one quart corn. I keep oyster shell before them. On this feed they lay plenty of fertile eggs in cold weather. I feed the chicks dry prepared chick feed till about 12 weeks old, then feed the above ration, except that I use about one-twentieth part of beef scrap in morning mash.—E. S. Boss in Farm and Home.

MOTOR-DRIVEN LAWN MOWER

Small Machine, Operated by Means of Gasoline Engine, Differs Little From Hand Devices.

Many lawn mowers of the large type have for some time been equipped with gasoline engines as motive power, but the accompanying illustration shows a gasoline engine-driven lawn mower of the small type, ordinarily pushed over the lawn by the operator.

The actual mowing machine differs but little from the hand-pushed device, but attached to the handle is a frame work bearing a small air cooled engine, gasoline tank, ignition device and the gears required for harnessing the power to the mower proper. The weight of the power plant is disposed on the



Small Lawn Mower.

frame in such a manner as to be balanced in respect to the center of gravity of the mowing mechanism.

The operator walks behind the machine, grasping the handle in the same manner as if he really had to push it. All that is required of him is to keep it balanced and control the engine.

ELIMINATION OF BIG VALUE

Sufficient Attention Not Given to Cutting Out Process for Betterment of Farm Products.

(By A. O. CHOATE, Illinois.)

The road to much of the comparative perfection in live stock, etc., leads through elimination.

By the elimination of weeds of inferior specimens, in the thinning of poor seed and poor plants in planting we do away with most of the chances of failure and the production of rubbish.

I believe we have not given sufficient attention to this elimination process for the betterment of our stock and crops.

This year, for instance, I have found that the elimination of poor seed potatoes and of course selection of good seeds in their places, has increased my potato crop fully 20 per cent.

When we carry this same principle of elimination into other lines of farming, and disposed of the scrub hens that barely lay 75 eggs a year, and the cow that gives but little, or poor milk, the unprofitable mongrels or no particular breed of stock, then, and not until then, will be on the road to a more satisfactory outcome generally and soon see loss turned to profit.

Summer Feed Experiments.

The animal husbandry department of the University of Illinois is feeding 75 steers experimentally in dry lot. Ten breeding heifers are being carried through the summer in dry lot on silage and cotton-seed meal.

There are also 30 head of breeding heifers being carried through on pasture; one lot on blue grass alone, one lot on clover alone, and another on blue grass supplemented with silage. The object of the summer experiment is to obtain a comparison between blue grass pasture alone, clover pasture alone and blue grass pasture supplemented with silage for breeding heifers.

Clean Feed for Horses.

Don't feed dirty grain to your horses. The dust, weed seeds and other foreign matter in the grain is disagreeable to the animals and injurious.

Use a sieve to measure the grain and give it a few shakes to allow the dirt and seeds to fall out before feeding. Some pour water over the grain in the sieve or dip the sieve of grain in a bucket or tub of water a few times. This is a good plan, as it removes all dust and smut. The feed boxes are kept cleaner by treating the grain in this way before feeding.

Don't Crowd Poultry.

Shippers of live poultry should never use coops which are too small to carry the poultry properly. Poultry arriving in a cramped and wretched condition will not command satisfactory prices, and furthermore the commission man is apt to get himself into serious trouble with the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals unless the stock is removed immediately into other coops, and these are not available at all times.

GLIMPSES of SIBERIA



YAKUTS BARTERING FURS

THURSDAY morning found us in another world. The pretty, if squalid, Chinese villages—thatched roofs and embowered in billowy foliage; the endless stretches of plowed grain land dotted with laboring natives in blue overalls and straw lampshade hats; the great herds of cattle and horses and the browsing camels had gone. Our train was rolling slowly through a wooded hill country, Virginia to the eye, though the map called it western Manchuria, writes Bassett Digby in the Chicago Daily News.

Here and there we cut athwart a water meadow, skirted by a noisy little creek that foamed and frothed its way through half a dozen channels in the pebbly bed. "A smiling meadow" is a popular figure of speech that you can understand when, after many weeks' sweltering in the hot, treeless plains of the Liaoyang peninsula you wake up among the hills of Tsaitsear. The flowers!

I sat on the step of the end platform of the coach as we tolled up a steep gradient and counted over four dozen kinds in full bloom—wild roses, red, pink and white. Flaming acres of peonies; shoals of Iceland poppies over the rocky hillsides and along by the track—yellow Iceland poppies as big as those unattainable ideals in the seedman's lists.

Vetches, yellow and mauve. A kind of double daisy, now blood red, now snowy rimmed. Waving edges of yellow and blue and the little pale blue Chinese ground sedge. Hemlock, starwort and bedstraw. Wild strawberry in profusion. Dandelion, thistle, buttercup and feathery marsh flowers, bushy heads on stout stems that overtopped the rushes. Lilies of the valley, pink stock, yellow trumpet lilies. In the meadow grass, up on the dry hills, great drifts of deep blue forget-me-not.

The brakes ground, and we came to a standstill at a tiny wayside station. On a parallel siding lay a long train of windowless horse boxes, dark and filthy horse boxes packed with Russian emigrants bound for Amurland and the Pacific coast near Vladivostok.

It costs nothing to emigrate to Siberia, even though you do not journey as a convict. In consequence, some half a million peasants come out every year, while 40,000 return. An annual emigration—by far the most gigantic the world has ever known—of twice the bulk of that to Canada, yet one of which the nations have no cognizance.

On an Emigrant Train.

On the emigrant train you see what purports to be civilized humanity at its very lowest level. You do not equal at the housing and surroundings of the black races, but you will be unprepared for this degree of degradation among whites.

During long waits on the sidings—an emigrant train is sidetracked to let coal trucks pass!—the poor creatures risk a call-down from the station police and slide open the middle door of the horse box for a breath of air and a ray of light.

There are trucks for families and

trucks for single men. Both are stables. In the former three human generations, the grandparents, the man and his wife in their prime, and their children, herd together with the population of their little farm yard back in Russia. Three cows and half a dozen sheep—quaint black and white sheep that seem to have been hand-painted by a Beardsley enthusiast—lie in knee-deep straw, munching hay and green stuff. Bales of hay and straw are stacked to the roof and among them wander ducks and fowls and turkeys. A couple of big dogs crouch in a corner.

Room for Everything.

Now, a Russian log hut has not much furniture. It all fits comfortably into a horse box, even when cows and sheep, backed by a small haystack, swell the family circle. Goods and chattels are disposed here and there. The chairs are set around a table. A lamp and even a pair of crude framed prints of saints are tacked to the wooden side of the truck. Baby is installed in her swinging cradle at the end of a spring. The peasant cradle in Russia is like a meat scale and rocks upward and downward.

The single men's quarters contained an intimidating band of ruffians, one's conception of a shipwrecked crew after ten strenuous years on the desert island. Bareheaded, barefooted, shaggy-bearded creatures, with flat, animal faces and wild, bloodshot eyes. Very dirty, in rags and tatters, shirt-tails streaming in the breeze. In one truck a fierce fight was going on. A dapper military policeman, hearing the din, strode over to a pair of yelling, scratching combatants, their faces streaming with blood, and put curt inquiries. A grinning fellow emigrant made answer.

"He says," translated my companion, "that they do not like each other"—a not improbable thesis from appearances. However, this satisfied the policeman and off he strolled.

Toward the tail of the train was a coach of dazzling white—the hospital, a very necessary adjunct to the emigrant train on a journey undertaken under such conditions and lasting from two to three weeks. Through the open door I caught a glimpse of a brass and white enameled bedstead, a spotless white counterpane across it and surrounded with all the speckless fittings of a good city nursing home. The uniformed nurse sat embroidering on a chair by the window.

Here the clean, white little room and next door the bleeding, shaggy brutes, living shoulder to shoulder with their cattle in the filth of the dark, miasmatic horse boxes.

All afternoon there had been the growling of distant thunder and now jagged lightning flickered and spurted in the coppery clouds. Suddenly the heavens opened and poured marbles of ice that drove at a long cutting glide across the plain and rattled like shrapnel on our steel cars. And, unnoticed in the din, in glided the palatial international sleeping car express de luxe. I caught a glimpse of a gay throng around the piano in the drawing room car as it shot by.