



POULTRY NOTES

BY C.M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE PA. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

INCUBATOR BARGAIN COUNTER.

When you buy that incubator, steer clear of the bargain counter. Good machines aren't found in "Cheap John" shops. We haven't time to figure how far all the different style machines in a straight line would reach, but we know that we could view all the dependable incubators in a day without doing stunts and have plenty of time to get to bed with the chickens.

Incubators and brooders are of two types, hot water and hot air, but many of them are all hot air. Many of our correspondents in writing about hatching machines begin their letters, "I've been stung." They got it at the bargain counter.

The exchange columns of the poultry journals are full of fellows who are anxious to trade machines on chickens. They will give you a gilt edge guarantee with the machine, but the only way they can get chickens is to swap. Such machines always incubate—lots of trouble.

Now, it's pecks of fun to sit up nights with an incubator full of high priced eggs and monkey with a smoky lamp and a cranky regulator and, after twenty-one days of such nervous prostration, to just get left. And this all turns to bushels of fun and tons of amusement if you have invited all your relatives and friends around to behold the wonderful miracle of nature when those beautiful, fuzzy balls of chick activity break from their irksome environment to begin the voyage of life.

In such a case New Year resolutions, antimarriage pledges and church vows often prove a failure like the hatch, and even the company's guarantee gets a black eye. Then what do you suppose happens when the company lets him down easy by saying, "In such a case it is the result of poor management and infertile eggs, and we, of course, are not responsible and will not return the purchase price!" Tableau.

Please remember that the best hatching and brooding machinery isn't just so much lumber and carpenter work. The practical incubator that turns out the big brood of livable chicks wasn't hatched in a pile of sawdust and shavings by some mongrel that stole her nest.

It is the result of costly experiment and scientific thinking. If a reputable incubator holding 150 eggs costs you from \$20 to \$25 and a brooder to match is quoted at \$18 to \$20, don't twist your face to say, "Whew!"

That's cheap for good brains and successful hatching and brooding. You'll see it later in fine eggs and stock. When you buy your chicken machinery, always consult a reputable poultryman. He knows and is always in touch with new inventions and improvements in the hatching and brooding business. As you are asking the favor, inclose a stamp. This is only common decency.

Don't get the idea that a larger machine at a cheap price is better than a smaller reputable machine at the same price. Hungarians always buy boots for the amount of leather for the price, not according to the fit. Better have a safety device incubator that costs \$20 and hatches eighty chicks to the hundred eggs set than a 200 egg machine that costs \$20 and burns your house down.

Large machines are harder to regulate, more difficult to keep filled with eggs, and many of them burn more oil than two half the size. They are hard to sell secondhand, and a poor hatch is a big loss. The 150 egg size is our measure for best results.

A big nuisance in incubating is a half dozen different style incubators. This often comes from attending rummage sales. Some are hot air, others hot water; some have water pans, others not; some have automatic ventilation, others slides, and all the instructions are different.

If you are a train dispatcher or have taken a patent memory developer, you can do the stunt, but never leave the variety show in charge of your wife, for there will surely be a fire or a divorce.

QUACKERY.

Are you a chicken quack? Shake! We are glad you aren't a hatchet fiend. They tell you "It seldom pays to doctor a sick chicken." Well, here are 100 big Rocks. They show signs of roup. You may lose a half dozen in treatment, but the hatchet remedy cleans up the coop. Yes, that was civil war surgery. "Saw off that leg," and off it came till legs and arms piled even with the window sill. Oslertize your chickens? Well, we don't. The investigation of disease has led to a system of symptoms, causes and cures for poultry ailments that's a blessing to poultryman and fowl alike.

DON'TS.

Don't quote Scripture to the man who swindles you. It's casting pearls before swine. Don't feed your chickens rot and expect them to be fit to eat and lay pure eggs. It's rotten. Don't carry chickens by the legs. It's barbarous business. Ducks are carried by the neck. Rubber!

Don't sell salt, lime, glass or storage eggs for fresh stock. It's a mighty sneaky fox that never gets caught. Don't let your wife get the reputation of having all the chicken knowledge on the place. It shows you're lazy.

Don't pretend that you have good stock to make a sale. Chickens of that breed always come home to scratch.

Don't get crazy if your neighbor's hen flies over the fence, especially when your "yaller" dog tracks all the porches in town. Hiss!

Don't get chicken crazy and mortgage your house to buy incubators. When the sheriff comes in at the door chicken fever flies out at the window.

Don't get the chicken fever simply because the other fellow won a silver cup. Not every honest fellow gets a silver cup, and all is not silver that shines.

Don't get the blues if eggs drop in price. The farmer's pullets are making their debut. But, if a manager, you are getting more eggs now than ever, and the quantity makes up for lower price.

THE BACK YARD FANCIER.

Is he a new bird? No; he is older even than his oldest hen, and she is related to the cock that crew thrice. Is he restricted to any locality? No; he is everywhere. His rooster challenge in Maine is answered by a Shanghai in Porto Rico. His Plymouth Rock's clarion to the sun as it rises from the Atlantic is shouted back by the cocks of Honolulu and Manila bay, where they raise game chickens for religious purposes. You have the back yard fancier in your own town. He is so near that when his hen cackles over a new laid egg it wakens the baby. His roosters crow so loudly on a Sunday morning that you are cheated out of a half day's sleep.

This gentleman of back letters has thus far succeeded in confining the chicken fever to a small area. If it succeeds in reaching the solar plexus, he will soon have a bad case of poultry farm. His stock is "fair to middlin'" and generally provides eggs for the family cakes and custards and an occasional roast for the preacher.

Does poultry pay him? It does. If he makes a little profit, his investment is small, and he can rejoice. If he just makes the feed, he can buy eggs and roasts no cheaper, and his principal has waxed fat. If he falls a little back, he must remember that eggs from his own hens and roasts from his own pens are more delicious and valuable than an unknown quantity.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

When you look round for eggs for hatching, don't get the cheap kind. Too many Canadian chickens are crossing the line to suit some northern fanciers.

California business men are offering inducements to poultrymen to settle in that state. A fine flock of White Leghorns would look mighty pretty in an orange grove.

If you have done your best to get a hatch from that old claptrap incubator and only half succeeded, what's the use to try, try again? Buy a dependable machine and you'll quit swearing.

"I'm dirty, and John's dirty, too," replied a lady when asked the age of herself and husband. In her case she was dirty and yet clean, but some poultrymen are never above being dirty and yet are overdirty.

Pennsylvania raised over 400,000 green ducks in 1907. Old Jeff and the University of Pennsylvania turned out a drove of young green quacks, but they are now outdone. Cornell has established a chair of poultry husbandry. Will Old Jeff and the U. of P. still keep their slow waddle, or have they enough quack specialists?

When strictly fresh eggs are taken to the store the grocer should allow an even trade at the retail price. If the poultryman drops below the retail egg price, then the grocer should lower the price on goods exchanged. No fair dealer will demand two profits. A dog in the manger is bad, a hog in the hen's nest is worse, but a cross of dog and hog in a business deal is a blue ribbon hybrid.

The prevalence of soft corn is affording a problem for farmer, miller, stock raiser and poultryman to worry over. In some states half the corn is moldy. We have saved ours by running it through the power cutter and feeding it cob and all. But where's the corn to come from next summer? The duck men will yell the loudest, but these soft roaster fellows ought to leap for joy.

C. M. Barnitz.

STANDARD PATTERNS KLINE'S Dress Goods

Established 1864

WASH GOODS SALE

Every piece of summer wash goods in our store greatly reduced in price. 3000 yards of the season's newest Wash Stuffs. Here are a few of the main bargains; take advantage now:

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|----------------------------------|--------|
| 8½c Elite Batiste, sale price | 6½c yd | 25c Broderie de Soie, sale price | 19c yd |
| 10c Hortensia Organdie " | 8c yd | 25c Pointelle de Soie " | 19c yd |
| 12½c Melrose Batiste " | 9c yd | 50c Princess Silk Tiesue " | 38c yd |
| 20c English Cheviot " | 14c yd | 60c Sarsanet Jacquard " | 47c yd |

CLOTHING SPECIALS

Our entire stock of "snappy styles" in Men's and Young Men's Suits at Special Prices. This is a busy week in this department and we have extra help to serve you.

Here are some of the choice offerings:

| | | | |
|----------------|---------|----------------|---------|
| \$25.00 values | \$19.75 | \$15.00 values | \$11.85 |
| 22.50 " | 17.90 | 13.00 " | 10.80 |
| 10.00 " | 15.35 | 12.50 " | 9.95 |
| 18.00 " | 14.40 | 10.00 " | 7.85 |
| 16.50 " | 13.20 | | |

Remember, this sale includes the snappiest new styles in the Senior College Brand. If you're keen on style and quality and want 'em both at little cost, come in.

PHILOMATH SNAPSHOTS

News Notes Held Over From Last Issue but Still Newsy.—Social and Personal.

The public school of Philomath closes the last of this week and the pupils are very busy with their final tests for promotion into advanced grades.

The Misses Blanche and Nellie Moses, who have been quite ill with pseudo-diphtheria, are now convalescing. Mrs. S. H. Moses is ill with an attack of tonsillitis.

Mrs. H. C. Wyatt, nee Myra Sawyer, formerly of this place but now of Bellevue, Yamhill Co., is in a hospital at McMinnville, where she has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. H. C. Wyatt, who was operated upon for the removal of a tumor some weeks ago, is recovering his health and strength.

Mesdames A. J. Williams, Wilson Scott and Mary Felger were in Corvallis last Monday in attendance at the funeral of the late Mrs. Nancy Felger, whose remains were taken to Portland for burial beside the grave of her daughter, Mrs. Emma Hemphill, who was buried there a number of years ago.

Arlo Armstrong of Eddyville was the guest of Philomath friends from last Saturday until Monday.

Announcements of the marriage of Nellie Alberta Clark to Harry A. Kinch at Ostrander, Wash., on the 29th ult., have been received by Philomath friends. The bride is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Clark, who, with their family, were residents of Philomath a number of years ago. Hearty congratulations are extended by Philomath friends.

Prof. E. L. Keezel, a native of Kansas, but a foster son of Philomath, is a candidate for superintendent of schools of Columbia county. Mr. Keezel has been engaged in teaching in that county for some time.

The board of school directors of Philomath district will employ the following instructors for the next school year: Principal, Prof. Miller from an eastern state, and assistants, Misses Neva Kiser, Ebba Cronquist and Evadna Springer. Prof. Miller is married and has several children.

Miss Alice Pimm, who is employed as teacher at the new district at Harris, came home last week quite ill with tonsillitis, an affliction to which she is subject. She has returned to her school work.

Misses Edith and May Jenkins, who have been visiting with friends in the burg for a week or more, returned to their present home at Alsea last Tuesday. Their parents have leased a ranch over in the little valley and are now settled there. Miss May is a member of the high school class and was working with the class while here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bennett, who have been visiting their former home in Nebraska for several months, returned home to Philomath about two weeks ago.

Ed Allen, while carrying the mail from this city to Big Elk about six weeks ago, captured a young bear, which he has confined at his home in this place. Young "Teddy" is a fine specimen of the bear family and would be a splendid adjunct for some society "leddy" addicted to the craze of "Teddy." It was only a few days old when captured and has become quite gentle.

Melvin Miller and his sisters, Misses Ola and Pherne, who are students of Philomath College, are entertaining their father, who is a guest at their rooming quarters from their home at Sunnyside, Wash. Mr. Miller is a brother of Joaquin Miller, "The poet of the Sierras."

Miss Ebba Cronquist will teach a summer term of school in the Coast Range west of here when the Philomath school closes.

A number of Rebekahs from Corvallis came to Philomath last week and helped to revive the Rebekah lodge at this place. The attempt was successful and we congratulate the sisters in their work and wish them every success.

F. A. Woods has retired from the real estate firm of Woods & McConnell. A Mr. Patterson, who is a recent arrival in Philomath, is now a partner, the firm name being McConnell & Patterson.

The Philomath creamery was opened for business on May 1st and contemplates receiving a good patronage.

The political kettle is simmering in this burg but no doubt it will soon be boiling furiously as only about three weeks remain for the "dirty" work to be done.

While en route to the burg from Corvallis one night the forepart of the week, a Philomath wayfarer noticed a mysterious brilliancy in the Archibald poultry yards. Upon investigation it was found that a brooder had caught fire, burning a number of Silver-spangled Hamburg chicks.

Mrs. Frank Wyatt has some three hundred turkey eggs in the process of incubation, but by natural methods, on the Wyatt ranch north of town. Over a hundred eggs are to hatch this week.

Mr. Kittridge, who recently purchased the old Osburn ranch from Dr. Pernot, contemplates starting for Eastern Oregon this

week to bring back a bunch of horses in the course of a month or so.

Mrs. Eakin received a telegram from Eastern Oregon last Monday announcing that her daughter-in-law was not expected to live. Mrs. Eakin departed for her bedside last Tuesday.

Mr. Eakin and family recently moved into their new residence erected in the east end of town.

The blacksmith shop recently erected on the B. F. Ellsworth lot is open for business with A. B. Newton at the stand.

Clarence Ellsworth was called away to take a position on the railroad last Monday.

The property acquired by Rev. C. C. Bell of Eugene, lying about a mile north of Philomath, is beginning to take on a habitable appearance. With the land cultivated and garden plats laid out and building sites leveled for house and barn and some lumber on the ground, it looks as if things will soon be a "do-in'."

Mrs. O. V. White departed for Portland last Monday to remain for a time. She has not been in good health and it is hoped that her stay will benefit her.

Rev. Herbert White of The Dalles and his father of Portland were recent visitors at the home of Prof. O. V. White.

Miss Eva Pugsley is employed at the W. A. Gellatly home at Wrenn.

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.