

# POULTRY FACTS

## COCCIDIOSIS IS CAUSING LOSSES

Coccidiosis is a parasitic disease of chicks over two weeks old and is causing unnecessarily large losses to poultrymen, states J. J. Black, assistant poultry pathologist, New Jersey agricultural experiment station.

The disease is picked up from contaminated soil or from brooder houses that have not been properly cleaned. The parasite that causes it may be carried on the feet of attendants or on feeding vessels.

Coccidiosis may be prevented by raising chicks in confinement, using a concrete slab for a run in front of the house, advises Doctor Black. Only new equipment or that which has been disinfected by a high degree of heat should be used. When a person is entering the poultry house, he should slip on a pair of rubbers kept for that purpose or clean and disinfect his shoes in a box of wood shavings saturated with a pure, coal tar disinfectant.

It has been found that losses from coccidiosis may be checked by cleaning the brooder as soon as disease makes its appearance. A small amount of litter should be used and the brooder cleaned every day for three days and then every third day until losses stop. All visibly affected chicks must be removed and the carcasses of those that die should be burned. It is of great value to keep the floor of the brooder house warm and dry. This prevents the development of the parasite.

California milk mash is advised for feeding. It consists of dry skim milk or dry buttermilk, 40 pounds; wheat bran, 10 pounds; yellow corn meal, 30 pounds; ground barley or rolled oats, 20 pounds.

This mash should be furnished as soon as disease appears. Grain is fed twice daily, but is restricted to one-third the amount of mash consumed. This system of mash and grain feeding is continued as long as there is any indication of the disease. The grain is supplied in the usual manner. The change back to the regular ration is made gradually. All mashes should contain 2 per cent of cod-liver oil.

Where liquid milk is used, all mash and water are withheld, and grain is fed sparingly—a little in the morning and more at night. It is often difficult to get the chicks to consume enough liquid milk, especially if it is not of good quality.

## Habits of Guineaes

For some reason the mother guinea does not seem to realize that her little ones are frail creatures, unable to withstand extremes of heat and cold, moisture and long tramps afield. Their habits seem to be about as senseless as their noise, which probably accounts in a large measure for their culture having been neglected. They make their nests in remote places, under hedges, bushes, brush heaps or wheat shocks, and if their nests are disturbed they will move to another place.

## Poultry Items

Wood shavings make better poultry nests than hay or straw.

The first of the roosts in the morning and the last to roost at night are the best layers.

This is the season when mites and lice multiply so fast that one of 'em becomes a grandma of hundreds in just a few days.

Poultry should always be fattened before killing. This means better quality, more weight, and a considerably higher price per pound.

For fattening broilers a good ration is made up of seven parts of corn meal by weight, three parts wheat middlings, and one part bran. Wet with milk until it will pour like batter, and feed to the birds in shaded pens.

Mold is one of the commonest troubles in sprouting oats, and moldy feed is dangerous.

Follow directions and handle the incubator correctly if the best hatch of healthy chicks is to be secured, say poultry workers.

Hens must eat plenty of mash. If they are to lay their best. Have you made enough hopper room so that every hen can get their fill? There should be a foot of space for every five or six hens.

Keep the chicks that are raised in a brooder pretty close to the heat during the first three days.

High-priced seeds that produce high yields are cheaper than low-priced seeds that produce low yields.

It takes 21 days for a hen egg to hatch, about 28 days for ducks, from 30 to 34 days for a goose egg, and 28 days for turkey eggs. The time may vary somewhat according to conditions.

# The DAIRY

## POOR ECONOMY TO GRIND DAIRY FEED

Grinding soy bean and coarse alfalfa hay, in an attempt to make them better feeds for dairy cattle, is of doubtful economy, judging from the results of investigations carried out last year by the dairy department of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois.

Comparison was made with whole hay and with hay chaffed by means of a silo filler. About 14 per cent of the whole soy bean was refused, the refuse being coarse stems, while only 2.5 per cent of the chaffed hay and 2 per cent of the ground hay were refused. The gain in digestible matter through chaffing and grinding was estimated to be about 50 pounds a ton, or about 5 per cent for each process. This small gain was due to the fact that the stems were so much lower in nutritive value than the other portions of the hay. The labor and power required were about five times as great for grinding as for chaffing.

There was less advantage in grinding and chaffing the alfalfa hay than in the case of the soy bean hay. Only 5 per cent of the whole hay was left un eaten, and chaffing and grinding resulted in the refusal of only 1 per cent of the hay prepared in these ways. Here again, grinding proved a much more expensive process than chaffing.

The results of the feeding trial showed that, in both the soy bean hay and alfalfa hay trials, the amount of milk produced a ton of hay fed was practically the same regardless of whether the hay was fed whole, chaffed or ground. The Pennsylvania Experiment station has reported that digestion trials carried out with alfalfa hay showed practically no effect of grinding upon the digestibility of the hay. It is concluded, therefore, that grinding of hay is of doubtful economy unless labor and power are relatively cheap and hay and other feeds relatively high priced. The chaffing of soy bean hay having coarse stems proved to be a fairly economical procedure.

## Self-Feeders Not Good for Calf, Says Expert

Dairy calves do not have sense enough to balance their ration for suitable growth. After three years, the South Dakota agricultural college finds that calves given access to a self-feeder get too fat or eat such expensive feeds as to make their gains too costly.

The self-feeders were filled with corn, ground oats and whole oats, linseed oil meal, bran, alfalfa and the minerals salt and bonemeal. During the experiment the calves developed rickets. This is a result of insufficient minerals or poor assimilation. As plenty of minerals was supplied, it was assumed that the calves could not assimilate what they ate. The calves were kept in a barn rather than in a field, and the sunlight came through the ordinary glass. Calves should be exposed to the direct rays of the sun at least one hour daily, says Thomas Olson, who conducted the experiment.

## Registered Animals Not Always High Producers

Too many farmers seem to be of the impression that if the animal is registered it will bring about the necessary improvement in their herd. But such is not always the case. Many a pure-bred animal is a scrub for the reason that there has been very little improvement in the family for several generations. The average farmer, when he buys a bull, looks only at the pedigree and thinks that if the animal has the papers it is just what he wants. The pedigree should be studied to note the records of the dam and the grand-dams as far back as the fifth and sixth generations. The records of the females are the first things that should interest, then consider the bull. If the pedigree is satisfactory, then study the bull to determine whether or not he will do for the herd.

## Rich in Minerals

Milk is very rich in mineral matter and the milk producing organs of the cow are so constituted that they can produce milk of only a certain definite composition. That is to say the milk of a given cow, when she is in normal condition, always contains certain definite percentages of protein, sugar, fat, mineral matter and water. Through breeding and selection we have produced cows that yield several times as much as nature's cow.

## Dairy Squibs

Fall freshened cows give more and cheaper milk and butter fat.

Two muffs in any dairy herd are the masculine cow and the effeminate bull. Both are far too common.

Dairy stables must be properly ventilated in winter or cows will not produce so well nor keep healthy.

# THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE  
(By Dodd, Mead & Company.)

## Von Moltke

"SIRE," said Napoleon III's minister of war, "all is in absolute readiness for the Prussian campaign, down to the last button on the last garter of the last soldier."

Now, this was one of the most monumental lies ever uttered.

Napoleon III was well aware that Europe distrusted him. He knew the French were naturally restless, that they had had a long era of military glory, and that a few years of undrummed peace might lead them to weary of him. So he went on the principle that a war every four years would keep them content, swell France's martial renown and make safe his own crown.

In the first decade of the Nineteenth century Napoleon the Great had crushed Prussia to the dust and humiliated her king. The son of that king was on the Prussian throne in 1870 and the great Napoleon's nephew ruled France.

Bismarck, Von Moltke and other Prussian statesmen had foreseen trouble with France and were well prepared for it, even if they did not (as many think) secretly bring about the conflict. France, on the other hand, was totally unready for any such clash. Prussia's revenge for the sixty-year-old injuries was at hand. The overt occasion of the Franco-Prussian war was as follows:

Queen Isabella of Spain was deposed. The Spanish crown was offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a relative to King William of Prussia. Napoleon III at once declared that such selection would destroy the "balance of power" and leave France exposed to Prussian attack on east and south. He therefore demanded that Leopold's candidature be withdrawn. King William meekly obeyed. Utterly deceived by such submission, Napoleon went a step further and demanded a pledge from William that no Prussian prince should ever sit on the Spanish throne. William promptly refused to grant so absurd a request and publicly snubbed the ambassador who transmitted it. This was such an excuse as Napoleon had longed for. France at once declared war on Prussia (July 19, 1870) and rushed a body of troops to the German frontier.

So far, so good. But, owing to graft and incompetency, France's army was in wretched condition. Yet France went mad with patriotic zeal. The feats of the first Napoleon against Prussia were recalled. Everyone expected a triumphal march to the Prussian capital. The cry "On to Berlin!" was on all lips.

In contrast to this, Prussia's troops were in splendid preparation. The north and south German states (on many of which Napoleon III had been told he might rely for neutrality or even aid) unanimously joined Prussia, sinking internecine grievances in a common cause; 477,000 men were mustered, as against France's 310,000. The German forces were divided into three armies, which at a signal crept unchecked across the Rhine like a huge three-headed snake, preceded by a cloud of Uhlanes, sweeping all before them and striking at France's very heart. King William was commander in chief, with Marshal von Moltke, the peerless tactician, as his chief of staff. The French armies, commanded by Napoleon III in person, made Metz their headquarters.

On August 2, part of Napoleon's northern army drove a handful of Prussians out of the town of Saarbrück. But thereafter Prussia acted over on the offensive. The French, individually fought like heroes, but they were no match for their stronger foes. In two armies France's incompetently commanded, ill-equipped forces were hurled back and prevented from uniting. One of these armies was led by Bazaine, former conqueror of Mexico; the other by MacMahon, afterwards president of France. Bazaine was successively beaten at Courcelles, Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte (August 14, 16 and 18) and was penned up in the city of Metz. MacMahon moved forward to aid him. But on September 1, was surrounded at Sedan, and next day was forced to surrender with forty generals, 4,000 lesser officers and 84,000 men.

Napoleon III, who was with MacMahon's army, was also captured and packed off a prisoner to a German fortress. At news of his capture and the disgraceful failure of French arms, France, Napoleon was deposed; his wife and son were compelled to flee secretly to England; and, September 4, a republic was proclaimed.

On September 10, the Germans besieged Paris. On September 28 Bazaine surrendered at Metz. The latter city, snatched from Germany in the days of Charles V, once more was held by its original masters. Paris fell after a long and gallant siege; armies sent to relieve it were beaten. France was at Prussia's mercy. On March 1, 1871, the victorious Germans entered Paris; passing through the mighty Arc de Triomphe, which had been erected to commemorate the martial triumphs of France; thus adding a climax to perhaps the grimmest irony in the annals of warfare.

The provinces of Alsace and Lorraine and an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 were exacted by the conquerors—a fairly cheap fee for curing France of Napoleonism!

# Whitsuntide In Rothenburg

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE traveler in Germany who, at Whitsuntide, is within reach of Rothenburg o-b-der-Tauber, should set aside all other plans and visit this perfect medieval-walled town to witness a unique festival, so picturesque and so pleasantly diverting as to have no equal in continental Europe. On this occasion the city does honor to the man who took the biggest drink in all history, bar none! Thereby he saved the lives of Rothenburg's town council and obtained mercy for his fellow citizens.

This is the story: During the Thirty Years' war Rothenburg felt secure behind her great wall, with her towers well placed for defense; with her wide and at that time very wet, moat; with her citizens trained to arms and loving nothing better than a good fight, and with a garrison of professional soldiers, a Swedish force sent to help the Rothenburgers against the enemy. But the city was besieged by no less a general than Tilly himself, who brought up his whole army of 40,000 and swore to capture the town and deal with it as he had already dealt with hapless Magdeburg.

Tilly's cannon battered at the walls, and the light artillery of the city's towers was powerless to silence the heavier guns of the besiegers; but whenever a breach was made and Tilly's soldiers attacked, in hand-to-hand fighting, they were beaten off by the intrepid townsmen.

Tilly warned the city that capture was inevitable, and that the only salvation of the citizens lay in surrender; but they would none of it. At last one of the assailants' cannon, by a lucky shot, exploded the Rothenburg powder magazine. Even then the doctored burghers refused to surrender, but with dauntless courage continued the hand-to-hand fighting. It was left to the garrison of mercenaries to hang out the white flag.

Saved by a Huge Drink. Tilly was so enraged at the prolonged resistance of the town that, after he had taken possession of it and allowed the surrendering Swedes to march out in safety, he summoned the members of the town council and informed them that they were all to be hanged. But, moved by the pleas of their wives and daughters, the conqueror at length mitigated this sentence and announced that he would hang only four. He gave the council permission to cast lots to see who of their number should die.

Whereupon the undismayed council stood up and refused the marshal's "mercy," saying they would all live or they would all die, but there would be no lot-casting among them at Tilly's bidding.

At this point in the proceedings, a diversion was created by the appearance of the town Pokal, the state beaker, a huge three-quart glass, filled with the town's best wine. Tilly and his seven aides drank and drank again. The Pokal went around twice and still it was not empty.

Perhaps the wine softened Tilly's heart: At all events, he cast a grimly humorous eye over the council and swore that if there were any man among them who could empty the famous Pokal at one draft the council would be spared and mercy would be shown to the citizenry.

The proposal did not seem to offer much of a chance to the staunch patriots, even though the Rothenburgers were supposed to be as good drinkers as fighters; but at last one brave soul, ex-Burgomaster George Nusch, said he would make a try, and intimated that if he failed he'd just as soon be hanged drunk as sober.

The keeper of the town cellar refilled the beaker, and George Nusch lifted it—and drank—and drank—and drank—and drank. One quart, two quarts and a half, three quarts—down it went to the very last drop! And with the last drop Nusch fell senseless at the feet of the conquering general, while a cheer went up from those he had saved from the hangman's noose.

It is gratifying to relate that Nusch came to presently and suffered no ill effects from his draft.

Tilly was as good as his word—nearly. He spared the Rothenburgers' lives, but he made them pay him heavily in cash for his leniency, and he turned the town over to his soldiers for a week of looting and pillage. But George Nusch had won a place in history and in the hearts of his countrymen that well deserves the annual Whitsuntide party the city stages for him.

Re-enacted in the Pageant. This is the pageant of Whitsuntide which the tourist must not miss. Each year some thousand or more of the town's inhabitants don the costumes of 1631 and re-enact the whole drama of the siege, the capture, and the emptying of the Pokal—with the exception that the George Nusch of today doesn't have to drink the whole three quarts. It is all done with superb accuracy of detail, with spirit, gusto, and rare histrionic power.

It would not be possible, of course, to give this drama as it is given, were not Rothenburg itself still very much as it was in medieval times. To be sure, the moat has been drained, save for a pond or two, and peaceful gardens and orchards grow where once its turbid waters flowed. But the wall is still there, repaired and complete, and the very towers where once the arquebuses fired futilely at Tilly's men at arms.

Moreover, the townsmen of Rothenburg, with splendid appreciation of their native place, have refused to let any modern innovations creep into the architecture or the city's streets. When a house or a highway within the walls needs repair, it is done in a way to preserve its ancient appearance. Rothenburg today looks as it must have looked long before Columbus discovered America. Indeed, parts of the city date from two centuries before that time.

This fascinating town is the sort of place to drive an artist mad, since every corner, every shop, every tiny red-tiled house, is a picture. As for the Rathaus, with its beautiful Renaissance doorway in the inner court, the Jakobskirche, the Franciscan church, the Burgturm, the romantic Toppler-schlosschen, and the small Gothic Kobolzellker church, built in 1472, with its amusing double spiral staircase, which two persons can ascend at once without seeing each other—all of these can be, have been, and will be painted again and again, for the delight of all those who find pleasure in medieval beauty.

Ancient Torture Chambers. Below the Rathaus are torture chambers and dungeons, without which no medieval town hall would be complete. The Rothenburgers did nothing by halves; so their dungeons and torture chambers are the last word in horror even now, though the rack and the Iron Maiden have been removed. Criminals were executed here by the sword as recently as 1804, in which year Bavaria stepped in and revoked the city's rights to deal out such bloody punishments.

The civic pride of the old-time Rothenburgers was a splendid thing. They dug down into their pockets and built the Rathaus just after a war tax of 80,000 guildens had been levied on the town. They built the Jakobskirche, a high and handsome basilica. In one of the chapels inside this church is the tomb of Heinrich Toppler, an even greater hero in Rothenburg than Nusch. He was a burgo-master of the earlier days, for he died in 1408, and to him the town owed much of its prosperity and many of its fine buildings. There are two dice carved on Toppler's tomb, because he cast dice for the city with the Burgrave of Nuremberg and won!

When the traveler is weary of churches he will do well to go out into the park and enjoy the views of the town's steep red gables, white below in the valley may be seen Toppler's own castle, where he used often to entertain his friend, the Emperor Wenzel.

After a visit to the park, a walk around the city on top of the old wall is in order. This may be reached by staircases at the city's gates. The wall has a roofed pathway some 4 feet wide, open on the town side only. The Spitalbastei, the great bastion at the extreme end of the town, is an epitome of medieval defense, with its 5-foot walls, wide ramparts, and frowning old guns.

As a last and pleasing touch, one should read the old Latin motto on the near-by Kobolzellertor, the most picturesque of all the city's gates: "PAX INTRANTIBUS SALUS EXEUNTIBUS" which may be translated as "Peace to those who enter; safety to those who depart."

## Told Them Something About Fence Building

Quite a crowd was gathered round the stove in the grocery. As Bill Tompkins concluded his tale of his wonderful achievements in fence building, there came a lull in the conversation. It was very evident that all were deeply impressed by Bill's recital, for silence is to the soap box orator what applause is to the politician.

Finally the silence was broken by an old character known as "Wrinkles."

"Wall," said he, "that thar was some fencein'—leastwise for these days. But let me tell you that if you want to know anything about fence making, you want to ask some of us old fellows. Why, back in '68, when we and Dick Potter was working for the railroad, the boss sent us out one morning to build a four-board fence along both sides of the right-of-way, and, sir, by quitting time that night we had made so much fence that it took us three whole days to walk back to where we started from."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Shake Hands With Self

When you meet a friend, why not shake hands with yourself instead of clasping the other's hand? The Ohio Health News makes the suggestion, urging adoption of the Chinese method of handshaking as a hygienic measure. Many infections are transmitted through the medium of handshaking by the American method, while the Chinese custom obviates this danger.

# TWO WOMEN FOUND HELP

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Mrs. Nina Mattsson, Box 206, Oxford, N. Y., writes—"If it had not been for your medicine, I could not have done my work as it should have been done. Mother told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I had read in different papers more than half a century, this reliable medicine has been used by women with very satisfactory results. If the Vegetable Compound has helped other women, why shouldn't it help you?"



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## Object in Holding Particle of Land

What would you do if some friend died and bequeathed you a trillionth of an acre of land? You couldn't build a summer home, but you might start a microbe farm. Although land is not partitioned out in such minute parcels today, transactions involving pieces of property ranging in size from a trillionth of an acre to a square inch were common in Contra Costa county, Calif., 38 years ago. The trillionth of an acre, probably the smallest piece of described land on record, was purchased at a tax sale. The land was a portion of the Tar ranch at San Pablo. The purchaser paid \$24.80, which represented tax delinquency and costs of sale. The small piece of land would be merely large enough to place the point of a fine needle on. In accepting minute pieces in the center of large ranches, the bidders secured a lien which would be paid before a private sale could be transacted.—Oakland Tribune.

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