

Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Ah, these proceedings are legal, then!" exclaimed the stranger, with what appeared to be an air of genuine relief. "In that case—"

"Miner's law. Best law that is. But you'll get a trial," cut in Shorty; and the captive's eyelid flickered. "That will be all from you just now. Tie his arms, boys, and bring him along." Back toward the clearing we started, led by the group conveying the captive. He had an easy, athletic walk. Everything about him, in fact—the accent, the precise speech, the cool, formal manner—suggested the gentleman. Perhaps almost too much the gentleman.

We were well out in the clearing before I looked ahead; so much did this man whom I had captured for death hold my insane attention. Out of the woods came the cowboy, leading that little black horse on which the posse had mounted the gagged and helpless Charlie Meek. The saddle was empty. I saw then that a figure lay slumped and huddled across its pommel. The leading group stopped beside it. The whole frame of the captive gave a jerk and then settled back, as by effort of the will, into a pose of easy nonchalance. I hurried forward.

Charlie Meek. He was bleeding from a hole in the chest; the side of his head was all asmeared with another wound. The gag still stretched his jaws; over it ran a bloody foam. But his wounded torso heaved; and there was a pleading intelligence in his eyes.

"Better get that thing out of his mouth," said Shorty with a touch of softness. "Taint needed no more."

Some one untied the gag. His eyes rolled until they showed only the whites; the muscles of his face drew; his jaws moved as though the last instinct in him, the talkative, was for speech.

Then his throat rattled and: "He's gone!" said Shorty. I looked up at the captive. And other eyes, now that the curtain had fallen on Charlie's tragedy, followed mine. He was perhaps a trifle pale; but so, I suppose, were we all.

"Would one of you gentlemen mind slipping that rope a little farther up my right arm?" he asked. "It will hold me just as securely and won't chafe so much—thank you."

They led him on; seated him by the clump of trees. But Shorty, looking down at the body, vouchsafed unasked a word of explanation. "Darn thoughtless of me," he said. "Ought to tied him to a tree up by the horses. Had some loony idea of keeping him where we could all watch him. When those road agents come out by the cabin, the boys there on the ridge showed a little excitement. I guess. Anyhow, Matt, that fool cowboy from the slaughter house, lost his head and let go the bridle. And this—Shorty dropped his contemptuous pronoun unthinkingly—took his chance and dug his heels into his horse. Matt got him here—he pointed to Charlie's breast—"and—somebody in the posse got him here. Then the boys down below had to shoot—Hey! Here comes the Killer!"

Over the ridge marched another captive—tall, rangy, bearded. Vaguely I had been trying to account for the fifth bandit. This evidently was he. Led toward the clump of trees, he passed me. He had a pair of strange, staring, light-brown eyes, which seemed to look through and over the members of the posse, crowding round or following like little boys. Shorty ran forward, barking an order. Left alone, I followed. The tall man and my captive were facing each other; and their eyes showed no recognition; only faint curiosity. Then they were led away, made to sit down under separate trees. Shorty, all executive force again, sent one squad up for the horses, another down for the bodies.

A half-score of us, temporarily unoccupied, withdrew beyond earshot of the captives. Tongues began to wag. They questioned me about my feat; for I, who had gone on this hunt a suspected person, was now a hero. I had taken my man with my naked hands. I evaded answer. Then the posse fell again into boasting and reminiscence; and to me, as reporter for the Courier, all addressed their narratives. Never did journalist hear any story less curiously, for my own moment of exultation in tragedy was passing. But I heard nevertheless, and absorbed half consciously the background to the night's events. I have heard it many times since from better authority, have put it together in logical detail. And because I have much more to tell, let me here finish with that.

Even before the robbery of the Cottonwood stage, the bank and express company had taken serious thought concerning the raids on their treasure shipments. From their own funds—for an appeal to the county was worse than useless—they had hired Mike the bartender and two other detectives who never then or thereafter showed their hands or revealed their identities. The criminals and extortionists of our camp were all roughly interlocked; one group knew the gossip of the others. Moreover, they had grown careless with impunity. Every night Mike the bartender plucked gems from drunken lips. Suspicion fastened on the five men who worked occasionally—that remote, unpromising claim above Forty-Nod. One of them had followed the futile chase of Marshal McGrath after the latest stage robbery and the hold-up of the Stewell Jackson pay roll, and, catching notes with his fellow who watched the claim, had learned "some one's" code of signals by gunshot.

The place of Marshal McGrath in this criminal scheme of things long remained a matter of doubt. Finally

the detectives and their employers rated him for what he was—an anachronism, a back number, representative of an era from which Cottonwood camp had emerged.

Meantime Mike had plucked another gem of information from the tipsy gossip of the Silver Dollar. The "Killer," that member of the gang who had wanted to torture the Stewell Jackson paymaster, had grown dangerous. On any big job he was likely to shoot prematurely, recklessly. The rest of the bandits had quarreled with him. What pressure they could put upon a wild man like him, unless it was knowledge of his manifold crimes, I know not. At any rate, they subdued him to their policy. The next time they went out they would leave him behind to guard the cabin and watch the approaches.

On the night of action, a band of eight men, picked from the vigilance committee for nerve and marksmanship, hid in the bushes above the claim. After supper, they saw four of the inmates start through the moonlight to the little horse corral on the hillside above. A candle still burned in the cabin; by which they knew that things were going as expected. Two expert plainsmen stalked the claim—this, it seems to me yet, was the most valorous deed of that night. Luck served them; the Killer went out presently for a pail of water. When he returned, his right hand occupied, they rose up behind him, poked two muzzies into his ribs. Having satisfied themselves that he had not talk, the squad moved and gagged him and, disposing themselves in the cabin or in the woodpile, waited for dawn. When the bank robbers, having received the double signal for "all safe," should return to the cabin, the vigilantes intended to let them enter, to get the drop, and to capture them alive.

By prearrangement, Charlie Meek was not arrested with the marshal. Marcus wanted to see what he would do. As Marcus expected, he turned on the marshal, announced his own virtue, asked to lead the posse. Letting him fire the signal, thereby putting in our hands the last piece of convincing evidence, was an afterthought, a final detail arranged between Marcus and Shorty before we started.

So far, the elaborate program had gone through with machine-like smoothness—not a break or slip. I marvel yet that in taking possession of the town and arresting so many dangerous characters the vigilantes never had to fire a shot before Charlie Meek was killed.

The horses had come. Up from the hollow, men had borne the three corpses. All, by virtue of good marksmanship, had mercifully died in their tracks. They rolled Charlie's body over, roughly composed it, laid out the others beside it. The first was that man with a short black beard whom I had seen giving orders to my captive in the Black Jack the night before. Last night—every time my mind formed that phrase, I had a kind of vague wonder to think that years and ages had not passed since the setting of yesterday's sun. He had been struck squarely in the forehead by two heavy bullets at once, and mutilated most horribly.

Shorty was bellowing orders—"Git those bodies onto horses! Tie up the prisoners and mount 'em! You, Matt, rustle back to camp and tell Mr. Handy we're comin'—ride! Don't any other else go ahead—this job ain't over."

Glad for anything that would break my tumbling, fluttering thoughts, I hurried to my horse.

CHAPTER XII

The sun had fully risen over the Pyrites, was dancing even on the westward slopes, when from a grove of dwarf pine our shoddily solemn procession emerged into the straggling litter of cabins bordering Cottonwood. Horsemen were swinging round the line of shadows which marked the rear approaches of Main street. Behind them ran pedestrians. One man had recognized Charlie Meek, was shaking his fist at the dead bandits. . . . he would know better presently. . . . Before and behind, riders of the posse were slipping bits of news from the corners of their mouths to friends in our fringe of camp-followers. . . . my own name. . . . Men were pointing me out. . . . "And never even went to his gun," I heard. . . . My captive ahead rode with his back straight, his head up. . . . if he would only sag or drop. . . . his spirit defied mine. . . . This was Main street. How the vigilance committee had grown! A cordon of armed guards stretched on both sides of the way. . . . A woman looked from a cabin door, raised a hand to a pale forehead, crossed herself. . . . I must not look at the crowds again. . . . I might see—what matter if I did see. . . .

Men crowding about me. . . . congratulations on my nerve. . . . Marcus repeating: "It's great, boy!" . . . Buck reassuring me that he always said I ought to have been in the game from the first. . . . others the touch of their wrists were loathsome. . . . would they ever let me alone? . . . Ah, now the committee had gone into conference. . . . flashes of light on their intentions. . . . "He won't take long," I heard from Shorty. . . . Mayor Brown was to be judge. . . . "Well, come on! Let's get it over with!" Marcus commanded. Then his sharp, strained countenance turned my way and he seemed again aware of me. . . . "Coming along to the proceedings, boy?" And that inquiry jerked me out

of the haze into the light. I would not, I could not attend that trial because of what I knew and would not tell, but mostly because that softening picture rose again—the blue eyes of Constance Deane. Guilty she might be; guilty of course she was; nevertheless, I could not face her reproach. And Marcus, peering into my face, must have guessed something of this; for his expression softened and: "All right!" he said. Then, as though finding for me a logical way out, he added: "Suppose you stay here on guard."

Others were listening now; and for their benefit he went on with a jocularity I knew to be assumed: "You brought him in, and you keep him. Hey, McNeill, Bowles! You're to stay here on guard. Mr. Gilson's in command." The door had opened again. The Killer emerged between two guards, his hands now unbound. There was a wait above his wrist where the rope had cut. . . . But he walked straight.

Some one had given me the key. Some one had commanded that I was to open the door only on signed order or personal demand of the central committee. Down the street walked the captive and his guards. The beelie swarm about the courthouse became active, moved, shifted. Heretofore it had been silent or nearly so; merely buzzing with subdued conversation. Now, its members broke into audible speech, even into vociferation. A large squad of guards had detached itself, marched away; it disappeared into that alley which led to the Pioneer corral. Ten minutes later it emerged—augmented. Between the ranks I discerned the tall form of Chris McGrath, framed by an unranked crowd. Ah, there were the prisoners of the Pioneer corral, they who were held for deportation. There was Collier; there was Red Nell. The squad aligned itself and its captives before the log assay office beside the courthouse. From the peak of its gable extended a new timber. It had not been there before.

A horse was being led into the crowd—a barebacked bay horse. The guards were beating men away from him; and the babble had stopped. The only sound was the shuffle or thump



My Captive Rode With His Back Straight, His Head Up. If He Would Only Sag or Drop—His Spirit Defied Mine.

of feet on the board sidewalks. Men had come through the courthouse door. Above them emerged a form, bareheaded, blindfolded, hatless—they were lifting him on to the horse. They were leading the horse toward the beam. The Killer's head was wagging as though he was talking. There seemed no benefit of clergy—and Marcus had summoned a clergyman for the gambler who lost his nerve. I knew then that his speech was but blasphemy; that the Killer, on whose departing soul lay the blood of twenty men, was dying as he had lived. There was a man on the beam, trying a rope. . . . Some one standing on a chair had dropped the loop over the Killer's neck. His head wagged; was still. The horse gave a violent leap out from under him. . . . A murmur that was a wall from the crowd. . . . A man on the outskirts pitched over on to his face. . . . The heaving shoulders, the blinded head, visible above the spectators, were spinning. . . . And a voice wailed and choked in my ear: "Oh, G—d—oh, G—d—"

The prisoner stood at the window. His hands clutched the bars. His eyes stared. His loose mouth had fallen open. His head was wobbling on his shoulders. And his despairing glance clutched at mine. "Let me go!" he pleaded. "Let me go!" I shook my head.

"Then send for my wife"—the words came out of him in spurts, in jerks. "She'll—she—might get me out of this. For G—d's sake, send for my wife!" "Who is your wife?" It was as though some one else spoke. "Mrs. Deane—Mrs. Constance Deane—Mrs. Barnaby's place"—he was sagging from the bars now. "She came to get me out of this. All the way to make me stop this. My God, if I'd listened to her, I'd have been a decent man"—and then, as though the sense back of his emotion warned him that he was making a fatal admission, his mouth snapped shut, something like intelligence returned to his eyes, and he finished weakly: "Send for my wife." Mechanically I repeated, I do not know why:

"Get back from the window!" For I was Robert Gilson again, like a naked soul at the judgment seat I saw what those leaders had made of me, what I had done to the woman I loved, what a thing I had been. . . . And I turned, as though the motion would relieve me of my thoughts, and saw her; and thought for an instant I was seeing a vision. She stood at the jail door. One hand rested on the latch. The other clasped round her head a black shawl. Her blue eyes, swimming in anxiety while I took for reproach, seized mine, clutched them. "You!" she said. "You!"

"Is this your husband?" I asked. "Yes. Quick! Have you the key?"

"Yes." "Then give it to me!" Her hand, her eyes pleaded. "You say you love me—"

"No," I said. "I will do it myself." And while I was saying that—so quick is thought—I had formed both a determination and a plan. All save us stood watching that drama of a passing soul, their eyes captives of horror. My fellow guards were not watching. My soul, with his trick of speed, stood at the door. I moved forward to act. She raised her hand as though to protest, dropped it as though realizing that she would waste time. I threw the reins over my saddle horn. I turned the key in the lock. It grated. I glanced involuntarily over my shoulder. McNeill and Bowles had not heard the sound. My captive was crouched on the floor, half collapsed. As I entered his eyes went wild.

"Listen," I said, "and get yourself together if you want to live! There's a horse at the door. Here is my hat. It's a different horse from yours. Follow me out. Get on to the horse as quietly and quickly as you can—"

Instantly control came to his face. His limbs. But I staggered the six steps to the door. "Wait a moment!" I said. I placed myself by the saddle, on the side toward the crowd. A tiny practical consideration troubled my mind for an instant and was instantly dispelled. I was tall, he short—but I rode still with the short eastern leather—he could reach my stirrups. He mounted so suddenly that his foot, crossing the saddle, struck my back. The beat of a trot, a lope—he was gone. I looked back toward the crowd. McNeill had turned his head. . . . But this phenomenon of a galloping horse appeared neither to warn nor to interest him. His gaze turned back toward that suspended torso, again moving and swaying toward those bound, convulsed arms. No one else had seen.

I was facing Constance now. "Oh, you must go, too!" she cried.

"And you?" said I. "I am responsible for this—I will face the responsibility!" she said simply. And her eyes were superb.

"No, I am responsible," I said. "It was I who caught him. It is you who must go. I will face it."

"And I will not go!" she replied simply, firmly. I saw I could never move her.

"Then we will both stay." Looking into my eyes, she must have read a determination equal to her own. Her look lightened a little. "Perhaps I can find a way out," she said.

For her, I knew there was a way out. They were not hanging women. Marcus had elected only to deport Red Nell, and had withheld even that punishment from Constance herself, suspecting though he held her. For me—the vigilance committee had only one punishment for such as me. It was immunity or death.

The Killer was gone at last. He had been a long time dying. Some one, probably one of the doctors, had announced this, I felt. For the crowd buzzed again in talk. Now the guards were carrying a way between the courthouse and the jail; and I filled my lungs and squared my shoulders for my ordeal. If I died—I must carry one thing across with me. And as a slow-moving body of men emerged from the courthouse, moved between the lines, I spoke it like a last request. "Constance, you love me, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said simply, and pressed my hand before she released her hold. "But I have tried to do my duty. And how I have blundered—"

Her delicious voice, broke here. But she controlled herself and smiled reassurance into my eyes. So we stood until the central committee reached us, and Shorty, marching with two guards, said:

"Give me the key!" And as he said this, he cast at Constance a frown of surprise and disapproval. I had been forming my plan. I had not dared confide it to Constance. It would give the refugee more time—all or nothing for me now! I saw that Taylor was not with the central committee. And swallowing my sickening fears, I lied.

"The key?" I said, affecting surprise as well as I could. "Why, the door's unlocked. No one's in there. Mr. Taylor came and took him away—with a guard!"

"Sounds to me like a d—n lie!" said Shorty, his eyes traveling from me to Constance. "What—" but Marcus cut him off.

"Taylor was in the courtroom last time I saw him. One of you guards—no, Robertson—go look for him." The face of Marcus seemed ten years older. His bright eyes had gone dim; the dark bristles of his unshaven cheeks emphasized the waxen yellow of his complexion. And through my anxiety, my mounting terror, my battle for resolution, I spared energy for regret that I was deceiving him, my friend, my partner. Buck, too. . . .

Between the file of guards Taylor came running. The crowd, sensing some hitch in the proceedings, was pushing toward the jail. The guards were forcing them back. Taylor had reached our group.

"What's this?" he panted. "What's this about taking away the prisoner? I haven't even seen him!" The voice of Constance, rich, level, even: "No, gentlemen, I let him go. "That isn't so!" I cried. "I had the key. I unlocked the door and released him." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The too constant use even of good things is hurtful.—Syrrus.

RADIO

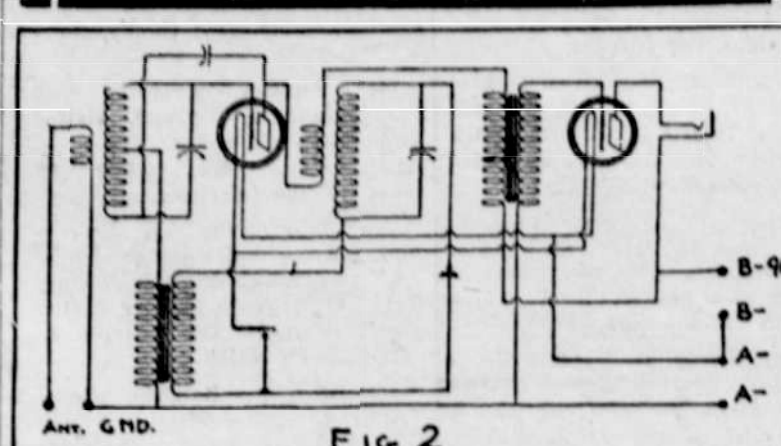


Diagram of Circuit Employed in a Center-Tapped Coil on the Radio-Frequency Stage.

By R. S. DORNBRÖCK.

In the Chicago Evening Post. It is the purpose of the writer to herein point out the application to a well-known type of reflex circuit of a circuit modification long known but little used.

This is the use of a center-tapped coil in the radio-frequency stage, the lower terminal of which is connected to one of the small midgelet condensers, the opposite side of this midgelet condenser being connected to the plate terminal of the tube.

This circuit modification is probably most used in certain superheterodyne circuits, wherein a center-tapped loop is employed in connection with

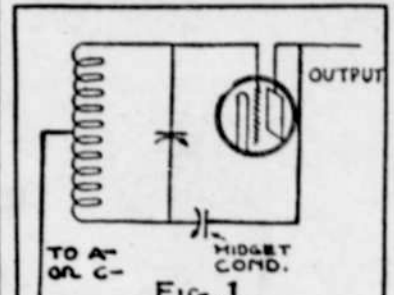


Diagram of Circuit Modification is Here Shown.

the midgelet condenser "to obtain regenerative action." Then again we see circuit diagrams showing the same arrangement in a tuned radio-frequency circuit, where it is described as "the Rice method of neutralization."

Cuts Out "Blanket" Stations. A diagram of this circuit modification is shown in Figure 1. Whatever its action, the point is that it exerts a most beneficial influence upon the reflex circuit.

In the circuit set up by the writer, selectivity was very greatly increased, local stations which covered from 15

to 25 degrees in the regular arrangement were made to cover only 4 or 5 degrees on the dial. This was in a location about ten miles from the nearest station, and on an antenna 100 feet long with 35-foot lead-in.

In another location nearer to the bulk of the stations, and on an antenna 75 feet long with 30-foot lead-in, locals were confined to 2 or 3 degrees on the dial, excepting one which was only a few blocks away. This station operates on 250 meters, and blanketed out everything below it on a straight-line frequency condenser, but slightly below 300 meters even this station could be entirely eliminated. All stations above were received excellently.

Tap Is Only Change.

A diagram of the circuit employed is shown in Figure 2. Nearly every one possessing a set employing the circuit which is shown modified in this diagram will recognize it. It has been very popular and the modification outlined in this diagram will help it perform more efficiently in an area where a great majority of sets will pick up at least a couple of stations at once. This circuit is noted for its great volume and low operating up-keep, but in its original form tunes a little too broadly for efficient service.

No information of a technical nature is given, as those of the listening fraternity who do their own tinkering will understand from the diagram exactly what is to be done. No changes in apparatus need be made excepting to bring a center tap from the antenna tuning coil secondary.

Controls by Midgelet Condenser. The midgelet condenser should be located on the panel, since it provides an excellent volume control.

Incidentally, the writer has observed in very recent issues of various radio magazines that this method of controlling radio-frequency is being quite frequently advocated.

Your Grid Leak and Its Important Duty

The action of the grid leak seems to be little understood by the average fan. Great care may have been taken in wiring up the set and in buying the best of parts. Yet when the receiver is put into operation and the whole trouble lies in the grid leak, which may not be of the correct value or may be noisy in operation.

To make the action of the grid leak clear we will compare it to the carburetor on an automobile. The carburetor vaporizes or breaks up the gasoline, then mixes it with a certain proportion of air to form an explosive mixture. The supply of air taken into the carburetor is regulated by a choke valve. The carburetor of a radio receiver is the detector tube and the choke valve is the grid leak.

If the choke valve on the carburetor is closed too much, it does not allow enough air to enter and makes the mixture rich with the result that the motor chokes up or may stop altogether. If the grid leak is of such a value that it allows too high a negative charge to accumulate on the grid the tube chokes or paralyzes and the set will not operate or operates very poorly. This is the same effect as when the choke valve on the carburetor is closed too far and does not allow enough air to enter.

If, on the other hand, the grid leak is of such a value that the negative charge on the grid leaks off too rapidly the receiver loses its sensitivity. You can readily see, therefore, that it is important that the size of the grid leak be correct so that the amount of energy the grid can handle is always just right. Use a good-quality grid leak. Secure three or four different sizes and try them out until you find one that gives the best results. Do not try to save money by buying a cheap grid leak of one made by an unknown manufacturer, for very often a poor grid leak is the unsuspected cause of poor or noisy reception.

SHORT CIRCUITS

Remove from the set immediately any tube that has become microphonic.

Toroidal and other circloid-shaped coils, when tuned with a 00005 variable condenser, should contain 195 turns of No. 24 DCC wire wound on 1 1/4-inch tubing 9 inches long.

To charge a battery directly from the DC light line (not AC), connect four 100-watt lamps in parallel and insert them in the negative light line, one side of which is connected to the minus "A" battery blinding post. The positive light line is hooked directly to the "A" battery positive.

Some fans use two aerials, one for local and another for DX. Lead-ins from a long and a short aerial are connected just outside the window to a 25-ampere S. P. D. T. knife switch, with antenna connection to the set hooked to the center contact.

Experiments have shown that seaweed, known as zosteria marina, absorbs sound. Many offices are having their walls and ceilings covered with

When the Tubes May Be Cause of Your Trouble

When you notice that your radio set is losing in volume, the distant stations fade and disappear, and the quality sounds like a rock crusher, what do you do?

Very likely you look for poor connections, test the batteries or possibly replace them, change the tubes around, add a "C" battery and juggle grid leaks. And to discover? Probably, that the quality remains as poor as before. What next?

Under such perplexing circumstances did you ever give the tubes a thought? Tubes do not last indefinitely. Gradual deterioration of their filaments ultimately results in poor reception. The filament of a tube may still burn, but the coating, put on its surface to aid emission of electrons—those tiny particles which give the tube its "life"—eventually disappears. When the coating vanishes the radio set loses its sensitivity and volume and may become very noisy. It is then time to buy new tubes.

When Buying Your "B" Battery Eliminator

It is important when buying a "B" battery eliminator to determine whether or not the device is capable of supplying enough current to operate the set, for if it does not distortion will result. To test the capacity of a "B" battery eliminator connect it to the receiver with which it is to be used and connect a high-resistance voltmeter across its terminals. If, when a loud signal is tuned in, the pointer of the voltmeter remains almost stationary at a voltage which is sufficient to properly operate the set, the device will prove satisfactory.

Prevents Damage

Ammonia or soda water, quickly applied, will prevent damage from acid dropped while taking a hydrometer reading of the "A" battery.

SHORT CIRCUITS

this seaweed, and radio stations are considering its use for the studio parlor.

You can make your own chemical rectifier with a quart mason jar filled with a solution of borax (saturated), in which have been inserted two one-half inch rods of aluminum and lead, each spaced one-half inch from the walls of the jar.

When it is difficult to solder joints, especially between the antenna and the lead-in, they can be joined together by carefully twisting the ends of the aerial wires together, applying a coat of shellac over the joint and then wrapping with tape. This arrangement will protect the joint and will not corrode.

Radio, like the motor car, seems to have progressed "from the inside out," for the first types of receivers stressed internal workmanship first and appearance last. Today, not only must internal performance be of the best, but exterior workmanship must be of equal excellence. Do you remember the first types of motor cars? "Nuff said!

POULTRY

FATTEN BROILERS FOR MARKETING

For the most part, farmers and poultry raisers who keep Leghorn chickens pay most attention to the production of eggs. They think of eggs as the chief end of poultry keeping. My experience has been that by paying a little more attention to the fattening and marketing of Leghorns, the income from this source can be considerably increased, says a writer in the Successful Farming. Especially is this true when marketing broilers. Leghorn broilers fatten easily when confined and force fed for about two weeks. They will consume about two pounds of feed during this time and should show a gain in weight of one-half to three-fourths of a pound.

There are two methods which I have employed in fattening broilers. These are pen and crate fattening. The simplest and most logical method for farm conditions I have found is pen fattening.

Following this method, the birds are confined in small pens when about one and one-half pounds in weight and are fed the following mash: 25 pounds cornmeal, 15 pounds middlings, 8 pounds meat scraps, and one-half pound salt. This is fed as a wet mash by adding sour milk, buttermilk, or skim milk. The birds are fed this mash three times a day and are permitted to eat for half an hour at a time, when the uneaten portion is removed. It is important that the intervals between the feedings should be as nearly equal as possible.

The object of feeding this wet mash is to get the birds to eat large amounts of food so they will make maximum gains in the shortest time.

Corn meal and milk in any form should be the foundation of any good fattening mash. It should also be remembered that when milk is used in fattening fowls, not a too large amount of meat scraps should be used.

One reason for the wide spread in prices paid for Leghorn broilers and those of the heavier breeds is because the Leghorn, being more active, will not take on flesh as readily as the heavier breeds when on free range.

Roosters Can Be Sold Now, Says J. H. McAdams

Now that the incubation period is over there is no further need for roosters in the flock and all but one or two of the best male birds can be sold, advises J. H. McAdams, extension poultryman at the Kansas State Agricultural college. Every flock owner knows, according to McAdams, that the male bird is unnecessary so far as the production of market eggs is concerned. Male birds now represent just so many extra mouths to feed, he says.

The hitch to selling male birds comes largely from the price consideration, according to McAdams, who says that when these birds were purchased last fall or early winter they were valued from \$2 up to possibly \$10 each. Today with old roosters commanding 10 cents a pound an exceptionally high price prevails, but as soon as the old roosters start moving to market the price will drop probably to about 10 cents a pound.

"Even though old roosters were such a drug on the market that he could not sell them at all, no farmer could afford to keep them in his flock," McAdams warns. "To live, a rooster must eat and the feed bill on each individual one will be at least 10 cents a month, making a total cost of at least 80 cents to hold the old birds over until February."

Poultry Hints

The results of chickens eating carrion or spoiled feed are limberneck or indigestion.

Egg eating is a vicious habit and the best method to combat it is the slaughter of the offending birds.

Convenience for both hens and caretaker should be considered—convenience means cleanliness and cleanliness means health.

A laying hen is about the only example of a going concern that can sit still and yet produce dividends.

The first quality that makes for success and profit in the poultry flock is vigor, vitality or constitution. Choose your own name for this quality.

A chicken that is liberally fed does not, as a rule, exercise enough to run off flesh but only enough to keep in good general health and to have a good appetite.

Eggs will remain fertile up to ten days after the male has been removed from the breeding pen.

Given a chance, poultry will return good profits on the investment. Cleanliness is one of the best guarantees of success.

Poultry diseases spread principally in four ways: By the birds eating dead diseased birds, by contaminated air, through drinking water, and through the droppings of diseased birds.

Hens lay larger eggs than pullets, which hatch bigger and stronger chicks.

Eggs from "stolen" nests should not be marketed; they are of unknown age and quality and should be used at home.

A good mash for poultry may be made up of bran middlings, ground oats, corn meal, and tankage—one part of each by weight, or if one has a liberal supply of milk, half the tankage may be omitted.