

Youth Rides West

CHAPTER XII—Continued

By Will Irwin

A confusion of voices. Men shouting and pushing all about me. Shorty's face shoved close to mine; Shorty asking:

"Which way did he go?"

"I'll never tell!" I replied.

More confusion. Some one had struck me on the side of the head. They were forcing back my struggling arms, trying my hands. Some one yelling that my horse was gone. Shorty ordering the cavalry to saddle and start. A voice was crying: "String him up!" Constance speaking, her tones cutting sharply through the babble: "Don't—oh, don't! I did it, I tell you! I did it!" My own voice gasping: "Steady! It will be all right!" Marcus and Buck by very authority clearing a space about me. Marcus crying: "No lynching without a trial in this camp!" Constance, her voice controlled now, saying: "It is not necessary to touch me, gentlemen. I will go with you."

A hollow square of guards forcing us on; I remembering how the Killer walked to his death, trying to hold my head as high, to move my legs as firmly.

Through an agitated, hysterical crowd we popped into the door of the courthouse.

In my picture of life, Major Brown had been another dim, suggested bit of background. I knew him as our most reliable assayer, as the first locator in the rush to Hayden hill, as a substantial personage about camp.

As they unbound me and led me up to the table at which he sat in judgment, I studied his face. I saw determination, but no mercy. And my soul within cried out for mercy rather than for such justice as this court was administering.

They had seated Constance in a chair beside the judge's table—odd that I had not looked for her before! That hysterical moment of hers when they laid hands on me by the jail door had changed to a great stillness. I never saw a face and form of the living so quiet and so beautiful. Her hands lay clasped in her lap, but loosely; they did not clutch or move. I had that morning imagined her eyes looking at me across a courtroom with unutterable reproach. They looked on me, indeed; but with no more emotion than is in the blue petal of a flower. Above all, they were not afraid. My little terrors of the flesh vanished.

"Shall we try these prisoners one at a time—the man first?" asked Major Brown. This was a miners' court, and democratic in its forms. I perceived. The judge merely presided.

Constance stirred and spoke. At the major's words, a buzz of debate had started in the rear of the room. But her rich voice with the dropping syllables muted that:

"I presume you are trying this man for letting your prisoner escape? Then I should remain to testify. Because I am wholly responsible."

"That is not true," I said, as firmly as I could. "I did it alone. This lady is trying to save me. I let him go. Because—" There I stopped. How could I, without betraying her, shaming and humiliating her, say why I did it? What excuse could I possibly invent? I clutched at a weak one. "Because I didn't want to see him hanged. I brought him in," I added. "I caught him. And I had a right to let him go."

"Prisoner, you are getting ahead of the proceedings," he said. "Gentlemen, under the circumstances hadn't we better let this lady stay?" There was silence. He paused a moment. "Very well, if no one objects. Clerk, book the lady." He did not look at Constance, and neither did the clerk, as she answered to the formal inquiries:

"Constance Deane—Mrs. Martin Roster Deane—of Providence, Rhode Island."

His name! I had never heard it before. Odd that I should hear it first in such circumstances! Everything was odd; even seemingly odd. Never have I been able to reconstruct in memory the events of the next few minutes. They were handing me a book. I was being sworn. Constance Deane sitting so quiet! I had kissed her once. Should I ask to kiss her again—before—?

I was talking. I must remember not to say that I gave him my hat and horse. They might identify him by my hat and my horse. Shorty—he seemed to be prosecutor—was asking me about that. I must dodge, dodge. I was saying that it was some horse which stood by the jail. And saying it badly. They would never believe me. Marcus was talking. About my previous reputation. A strange court! They let advocates testify. Buck was talking. About my squariness. And—

"We will hear now—from the lady!" said Major Brown. I came conscious, wide awake, every sense preternaturally acute. A drawing of many breaths agitated the room; then, as Constance rose, absolute silence even outside. Her lips parted once or twice; then she was speaking in that low, lovely voice with its dripping pause between syllables—and fluently.

"In the first place, gentlemen, the man who escaped—a few minutes ago—was my husband—Martin R. Deane. I married him in Providence five years ago."

"I think you will allow that a wife in any circumstances should do what she can to save her husband's life. Of course, you intended to kill him. I did not know until this morning what happened in town last night. Then I learned—I suspected—that you had my husband in jail. I reached the jail while you were—killing—the other man. I felt my husband had no chance. I saw an opportunity. And I released him."

By Will Irwin

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"What you were doing." Here she paused and drew a breath so deep, held it so long, that I thought she would never release it. Then, as though realizing that she must shrink from nothing, she went on. "The hanging, I mean. Mr. Gilson had captured my husband. He didn't know it was my husband. I told him. He is my friend. He did not want to break my heart. I begged him. I entreated him. I made him feel that if you—hanged—my husband, it would kill me. He unlocked the door. My husband got on Mr. Gilson's horse. He has told you differently. But if you believe him, you must believe that he was at least an accomplice in stealing a horse."

"How quick was her intelligence! I hadn't thought of that!" When he says it was some unknown horse, he is only trying to make my husband's escape more certain—trying to save me and mine. I cannot let him do that. He is wrong enough. He took his life in his hands like the gallant gentlemen he is. But I made him do it. If I had asked—"She stopped there. What she had out intended to say, what she had out with a little intake in her breath, I could supply. So, I think, could the rest. It was a boast of the power of her sex. "If I had asked any one of you—I with these eyes, I with this appeal of my youth and womanhood and goodness and grief—what would you have done?" Any man in the room must have read that in her silence.

Major Brown cut in with his dry, unemotional tone:

"Mrs. Deane, how much have you had to do with your husband's operations in this camp?"

For the first time her smooth pallor broke into color. As from a sudden, intense flame, a spot burned instantly on either cheek, was instantly gone.

"Allowing that my husband's business here was criminal—which I do not allow—I had nothing whatever to do with that. I have not communicated with him in any way—except as I have told you. When we talked, it was only about coming home with me. I cannot prove this, of course. But you cannot prove the contrary." Again her cheeks grew vivid, melted to pallor. "Gentlemen, I acted this morning on impulse; but if you hang anyone, you should hang me. I did not see the end of what I was doing. I did not know that I was putting in danger a fine, brave, good man, worth ten times—" Her voice broke a little here, but she caught back her sob. "And if you hang him, you must hang me. I do not care to live and realize what I have done. That is all." Firmly, Constance sat down.

Major Brown lifted his face to the crowd, opened his mouth to speak. But Buck, showing past Marcus, stood before the table.

"Gentlemen," he said without the formality of addressing the court, "before we do any votin' I've got a few brief remarks to make concerning where we are at. This vigilance committee's main business is to give the boys a treat. We was after something. We wanted to make this here a decent camp. And we took the only way there was. Some day, I suppose, this here Imperial state is goin' to come snopin' round inquirin' into these proceedings. What'll they find? That we cashed in five tarnals that was better dead anyhow. No kick. Everybody satisfied. We've had that bunch looked up. Goin' on any law that ever was, they all would 'a' got a long term. I'm guessin', as maybe you all are, but I don't know. Anyhow, if he did it, I'm bankin' he had a good reason, a d—n—" Buck checked himself here, vainly tried to bite off the profane word he had dropped in the presence of a lady.

No one answered him at first. Then Shorty gave a growl, preliminary to speech.

"Shut up, Shorty!" snapped Buck. "If anyone wanted to know why it was called Hayden hill, not Croly's hill, the answer was here. For Shorty 'd' abn—up; and buck continued:

"I ain't goin' to let it happen. Not if I can stop it. The vigilance committee has worked harmonious so far. If you go on with these proceedings, there's two of us will take objection, strong. Marcus Handy and me, his partners. And I guess there'll be others. Boys, let's call this thing off. Of course, nobody expects to do anything to the lady. While we're at it, I don't see any sense in chasing that husband of hers—unless the boys have rounded him up already. We've got five out of six of the men we wanted. That's dot! dot—rightly well!" Buck paused as though searching his vocabulary for the proper parliamentary expression before he finished: "I make that in the form of a motion."

"You make what in the form of a motion?" inquired Major Brown dryly.

"All them things," vaguely responded Buck.

It was a challenge. Buck's very physical attitude suggested that. Although he had finished speaking, he did not move away from before the table but stood there straight and poised, facing the crowd. From the belt round the waist of his store clothes hung his holstered 45-caliber revolver. His hand rested lightly, suggestively, on the butt. Voices broke out; some of them—but a minority, my hopes told me—angry, arguing, protesting.

Major Brown rapped the room to order.

"All in favor of hanging Robert Gil-

son for betraying the vigilance committee, say 'aye.'"

Silence.

"The 'noes' have it," announced Major Brown. "Unless there is a motion to the contrary, this court stands indefinitely adjourned."

CHAPTER XIII

Marcus Handy and Buck, standing by to the end, kept us in Judge Cowan's courtroom until the vigilance committee had evaporated, leaving us alone.

A rattle of drums sounded without; men were running and clamoring. A shiver which jerked her shoulders against the back of her chair ran over the form of Constance. The ready, understanding Buck was first to see what this meant.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Deane," he said, "that ain't him. That's the crooks being run out of town!"

This time, fascination drew us all to the window, even Constance. There was no emotion left in my own except a vague curiosity; in my own languor of mind and soul seemed to heighten my perceptions; and from my night and day with tragedy I carry away no pictures so vivid as that of the procession which emerged from the Pioneer corral.

"Rogue's march!" commented Marcus briefly. "Curtain's up on the last act of our show!" And into view marched the prisoners of the Pioneer corral. Cowan's stable of beard had grown in the night. His cheeks were as dark as a chimney sweep's; but he faced his disgrace with a calm and humorous smile. The gambler who had lost his nerve and got religion walked with his head down. Among the dirty



and depraved camp followers of Pearl street were those who cringed as they came under the eyes of our outraged city, and those who still managed in the pose of head and shoulders to express defiance. Collier, the lawyer, walked straight, glaring right and left, his eyes made terrible, insane, with suppressed anger. A little, indrawn "Oh!" from Constance signaled the passage of Red Nell. The powder on her cheeks had gathered dust during the night; the spots of rouge were no longer bright carmine, but a dull and dirty Indian red. Her frizzes fell in wisps over her forehead. But Red Nell gazed no longer. She walked with her eyes down, her hands clasped before her, a ghastly and grotesque caricature of a maiden martyr led to the stake. Whatever womanly dignity remained to her had at the end of all her indignities come to the surface.

Chris McGrath was coming; among his separate entities, this one was new. I saw that in the first flash, before my eye began to pick up details. His shoulders, once so erectly confident in their carriage, sagged as though he had suddenly grown old. His steps stumbled. His head bowed. It did not imply silliness, this averted gaze. Rather was it the attitude of a broken man who cannot bear to look upon disgrace. I understood the policy of self-preservation which Marcus Handy had been applying to this enemy of his. To expel the old, self-reliant Chris McGrath from camp was equivalent to prolonging trouble. He was bound to come back when opportunity served, and to shoot.

But his night of mental horrors in the Pioneer corral, the sight of the lynching, the very psychological weight of public opinion, had served to break his spirit. I remember him as I saw him first when he stopped the lynching in the Black Jack—a dominant, heroic figure, dowered with a compelling masculine charm—and found it in my heart to pity him. After all, he was only misplaced. His virtues of courage, decision, generosity to his friends, rough personal good fellowship; his faults of rampant individuality and modified moral distinctions—they belonged to the old era of gun law. Sudden, offhand Cottonwood had entrusted that anachronism with enforcing that book law to which our camp and all the West must necessarily come in the end. His night of horror and disgrace and spiritual loneliness may have given him black under-

standing, taught him that he had been fighting the current of the human spirit. That, possibly, explained the change in him. He was not so much terrified as overwhelmed. At any rate, Cottonwood never heard from him again. Years later, I picked up the remaining threads. He had become a drifter from camp to camp, a protector of gamblers, a dangerous drunkard, until a shot in a brawl at Miles City finished his career. He passed like the grizzly; crushed by progress.

Chris McGrath marched between solid lines of crowd, his bent head now visible, now concealed. A phalanx

of vigilante guards followed; the crowd closed in behind; the Rogue's march stopped, to be succeeded by the beat of the drums; the deposed king of Cottonwood had passed from his kingdom.

"Where are you sending her?" asked Constance.

"Wagon's waiting to take 'em over the range to Piested's, all comfortable, and drop 'em," replied Marcus.

"Will she—" began Constance, and stopped. For a horseman loped down the street, pulled up at the door of the courthouse, threw his bridle over a lathered head, strode within. The hands of Constance went together; I, who had thought there was no emotion left in me, found my breath coming and going in great sighs.

"Boss," began the messenger—then saw Constance and me, paused.

"All right," said Marcus, "go ahead. These people are safe—they're acquitted."

"Well, we've got no line on where he went," said the horseman. "Trails is too d—n tramped. He started down the Ludlow pass road all right. After that, we loses him. What we needs a retrayin' track. Wasn't one in the whole d—n outfit."

"Let's see," mused Marcus. "Boys pretty tired, I suppose?"

"Dead!" said the messenger. "Look at me. Up all night. And done a hard day's work yesterday. Horses too."

"All right," announced Marcus. "They're ordered to come in and put up their horses." He paused. "I've already taken other measures to have our man followed—tell 'em that."

"Best news I've heard today!" commented the messenger as, with a haste reflecting fear lest Marcus should change his mind, he shot through the door, remounted, loped away.

"Another public embarrassment removed from the path of progress, as Henry Ward Beecher would say," remarked Marcus. "If the boys had brought him in, I don't believe this camp would have wanted to hang him—now. Buck, guess our job's done."

Buck and I were looking not at him, however, but at Constance. Across her pallor a flame was mounting, as when the ruse-draws touches the snows of the Divide; in her deep-blue eyes a light was shining as when the sunrise strikes on mountain lakes. She held out hands—the right to Buck, the left to Marcus—who took them sheepishly. Buck, indeed, started the pumphant motion of a handshake; then, as he perceived that her gesture meant more than that, retained her hand; and a blush inflamed his tanned brow. So she stood for a moment, looking from one to the other.

"I have had friends," she said. "And perhaps you wouldn't like to have me call you friends. But I never dreamed that I should ever ask any friend to do for me what you two wonderful men have done today. I can't thank you. It would be ridiculous to try. But if you ever want anything I can do or can't do—let me—" She broke off; her eyes became lakes indeed; she released their hands.

"It's all right—'twasn't nothing!" Buck managed to say.

"I'd do it again for you and more, Mrs. Deane," began the reader Marcus. "You're—" but the lakes were overflowing. Buck first, then Marcus, backed out of the room.

"I want to cry, Robert," said Constance. "Don't—try—to—comfort—me—please. Just watch—to see if anyone's coming."

So I stood for a long time, as it seemed to me, and studied Main street as it settled down to normal.

The voice of Constance, sweet with passing tears, spoke behind me.

"I think I'd better go home now," she said.

"I'm going with you," I replied.

She hesitated, as though restrained by some little, instinctive fear of the proprieties; then, as if realizing how ridiculous that was in the face of our situation, smiled—firmly now—and replied:

"Do—I want, of course, to tell you everything."

So we walked together into Main street. Naturally we attracted attention. I could feel with the back of my head that the crowd about Doc Evans' window had turned from that odd sensation to this new one, had stared and pointed. Now and then a head craned from a window, or I heard a rush of feet at a doorway. Eyes ahead, we walked in silence up the familiar path—should I ever tread it again?—to Mrs. Barnaby's.

Constance was not entirely reassured that Deane had escaped. I must needs give her comfort on that. Once I asked: "What you said before they arrested me—you mean that, Constance?" She answered: "I meant it then. I mean it now. I mean it forever!" But we did not then kiss or clasp hands, as unfettered lovers may after such words; only sat for a time silent and looked at each other.

A spurt of sleep or that resembled sleep; when I came out of it, feverishly awake, she was talking:

"—my own fault, my very own in the beginning, Robert. A little of it, if you want to call it that. The rest—just folly. Perverse folly. I was only seventeen when I eloped with him from Miss Gorham's academy at Providence. That was the beginning. I shan't lay that to anyone else. But I will tell you how it happened:

"We lived at Warwick—do you know it? A little old Rhode Island town. The family had been there forever. My mother was younger than my father. She died when I was six years old. I had no brothers or sisters."

"My father married again—a beautiful woman, a brilliant woman, but unbalanced. Perhaps insane. I wouldn't have had the charity to make that excuse for her once. I hated her. But I think, now, I shall never hate anyone else so long as I live. She was cruel to me—insanely cruel—because she was jealous. I have been beaten, terribly beaten, in my day, Robert. But more than that. The trick of putting me in the wrong. . . . Perhaps that was why father sent me away to school—to Miss Gorham's in Providence. From the time I was seven until I was seventeen—just school. At first I came home for the holidays. But finally she spoiled even that. She had a terrible hold on father. I can understand that, too. She was a beautiful creature."

RADIO

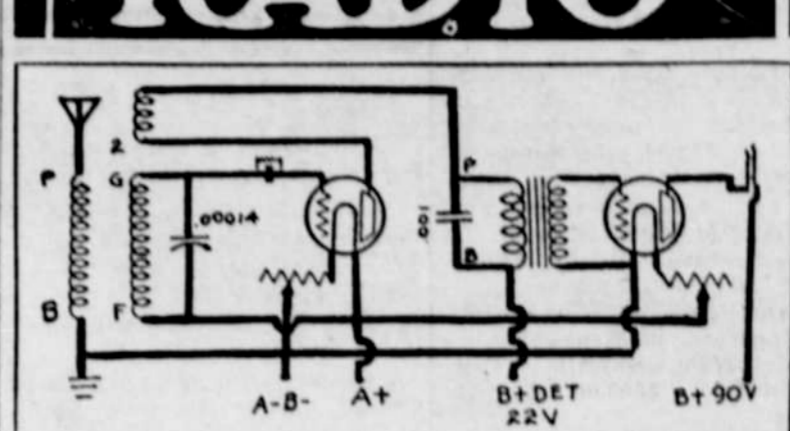


Diagram of a Simply Constructed Short-Wave Receiver That Can Pick up Programs Under 150 Meters.

By LEO HUGO KRUGER.

In the Chicago Evening Post.

If you haven't been listening to KDKA regularly (I mean by direct broadcast) then you are missing something. Of course you a lot of folks have heard about short waves, but very few have ever listened to a program broadcast on short waves. (I mean direct, not re-broadcast.) KDKA has been offering some real programs the last few months, and if you are the kind of fan that likes to reach out for DX every night and you are willing to build a radio set just to be able to hear one DX station any time it is on the air, and also without the customary static read on.

All that is necessary is to construct a two-tube set, which should not cost more than \$15. The diagram clearly explains the different connections. The main parts are the B-T, old-style short wave tuner and the .00014 Karras straight-line frequency condenser. The rest can be made up from odds in the old junk box.

Ranges From 50 to 150 Meters.

Stations should come around 25 or 30, using the Karras condenser (an old-style .00025 condenser can be used), but KDKA comes in close to the end of the dial, somewhere between 4 and 10.

After the set works well another stage may be added. But two tubes should be sufficient to put KDKA on the loud speaker. The set has a range for 50 to 150 meters.

How Condenser, Choke Circuit Helps Music

Loud-speaker reproduction may often be improved by introducing a choke coil and high-capacity condenser in the output circuit of the radio receiver.

The method of connecting is quite simple. The choke coil, which should have an inductance value between 50 and 100 henrys, is connected across the output terminals of the receiving set. One terminal of the loud speaker is connected to a terminal of the choke. The other connection to the speaker connects to one side of the high-capacity condenser, which should have a value of four microfarads. The second terminal of the condenser connects to the other connection to the

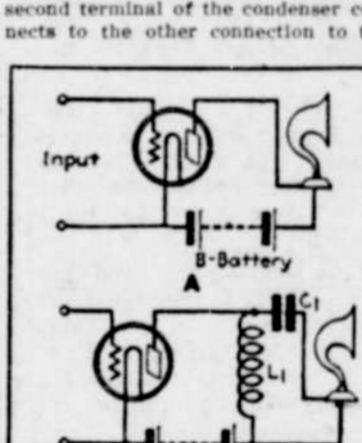


Diagram Showing Method of Connecting Loud Speaker.

choke coil. In reality, the condenser and loud speaker are connected in series with each other and in parallel with the choke coil.

A in the diagram shows the usual method of connecting the loud speaker. B shows the loud speaker connected in the circuit, using a condenser choke coil output system.

In addition to improving the quality of reproduction, such a device facilitates the use of higher plate voltages on the plates of the audio-frequency amplifier tubes.

Its purpose is to allow the direct current applied to the plates to pass through the choke coil, and the alternating current or modulated signals to pass through the loud speaker. Incidentally, this arrangement will insure against burning out of the loud speaker.

The choke coil used should be capable of passing a current of at least thirty milliamperes.

Radio Motion Pictures

Moving pictures synchronized with music or speech distributed by radio are forecast as a development of the future in a speech given recently before the Electric Light association convention at Atlantic City, N. J., by David Sarnoff, vice president of the Radio Corporation of America. The speaker said that transmission of moving, talking pictures presents no problem, other than speeding up the process of transmitting still pictures.

"We will soon transmit," he said, "not only the sound of voices and instruments but the sight of action as well. The next application of sound recording and reproduction devices will be to the theater, concert hall, moving picture houses and other places of entertainment. Selections played by the finest orchestras and the greatest musicians of our time will be made available in the form of records and films which can be synchronized with the movements on the screen or platform. The combined effects will

Between 50 and 75 there is a lot of code, this is the amateurs' own 80-meter band, and when one knows the code it is nothing new when you should happen to hear one amateur talking to another 7,000 miles away.

Long Aerial Not Essential.

One more word about the set: A long aerial is not essential. I've picked up KDKA without either aerial or ground, but I recommend for the best all-around use about 65 feet. If your aerial is too long you might hear harmonics from local stations, but by putting a .00025 fixed condenser in series with the aerial the harmonics should become very weak.

Also, if the loud speaker or phone tips are reversed a steady ticking will be heard.

The list of parts needed:

One short-wave tuner, B-T, old style.

One .00014 straight line frequency condenser.

One .00025 fixed condenser.

One grid leak.

Two 25-ohm rheostats (amperite may be substituted in last stage).

One .001 fixed condenser.

One 4-to-1 ratio, or higher, audio transformer.

One single-circuit jack.

Two 20A UV or UX tubes.

Two sockets.

The panel may be 7 by 14 inches and the baseboard should be of practically the same measurements.

Hints on Testing of Wet and Dry Batteries

Never test a "B" battery with an ammeter. You may ruin the ammeter and you will certainly shorten the life of the battery by subjecting it to so heavy a current output. Placing an ammeter across a battery is the same as short-circuiting it with a wire. Use a voltmeter.

To test dry cells you may use an ammeter for just an instant. The cell should show at least 25 amperes if it's in good shape. The voltmeter should show full 1½ volts, even if the battery be badly shelled over. Never use the ammeter if you can help it and then only for a fraction of a second, and use it only on large dry cells meant for "A" battery work.

For the storage battery, the only test of any real value is that made by a hydrometer. It shows the gravity of the liquid (electrolyte) and tells the exact point between "full charge" and "dead battery."

Only a "high resistance" voltmeter is useful to test the voltage at which vacuum tubes are lighted.

Fixed Resistance and Condensers Aid Quality

With certain audio amplifying transformers the connection across the secondaries of fixed resistors of about 250,000 or 500,000 ohms value works wonders in clarifying reception in general and in reducing the exaggeration of high notes. Fixed condensers of .0005 or .001 mfd. in the same position have a similar effect, while combinations of condensers and resistors often turn a hitherto poor amplifier into a fairly acceptable one.

Resistance and condensers so employed are not infallible cures for distortion due to bad amplifier construction or design, but in many cases they bring about enough improvement to warrant their cost and installation.

Improve Regeneration

A choke coil having about 120 turns wound on a one-inch diameter tube and connected in series with the plate circuit of a regenerative receiver often will make the set oscillate more easily and steadily.

Recharge Dry Cell

To recharge a dry cell, bore two holes one-fourth inch in diameter and three inches deep on opposite sides of the center connection. Then fill the holes with cider vinegar and plug up with paraffin.

Roosts for Chicks

A good rainy-day job is to provide roosting space for the growing chicks. Whether raised with or without hens, all too often the providing of roosts is delayed to the detriment of the chicks. It is not always practical to clean the floor of the coop or brooder house each day during the summer. To compel the chicks to spend night after night huddled among the droppings of previous nights is the best invitation for lice, unthriftiness and disease to attack the flock.

United States Leads

The United States is the leading poultry country, having more than one-third of the world's poultry population. China is second, with about 16 per cent of the total. The poultry industry in the United States ranks sixth in value of products, being exceeded only by dairy products, corn, cotton, hay and forage, and swine. It is easily a billion-dollar industry. Not only is it important from a monetary standpoint, but also in point of numbers of people interested.

POULTRY

BALANCED RATIONS FOR LAYING HENS

In making up rations it is necessary to adhere to standards within certain limits, but some feeds may be substituted for others, as barley, wheat, and oats for corn. However, meat scrap and other animal-protein feeds cannot be replaced by high-vegetable-protein feeds. All changes should be made gradually, as sudden changes may decrease egg production.

A great many poultrymen and livestock feeders now believe that if the animal has a free choice it will select the ration that is most suitable. At the government farm at Beltsville, Md., the following mash was made up by keeping account of the amounts of the different feeds a laying flock consumed:

- Mash.**
- 14 pounds corn meal
 - 4½ pounds meat scrap
 - 1 pound bran
 - 1 pound middlings
- Scratch Mixture.**
- 1 pound cracked corn
 - 1 pound wheat
 - 1 pound oats
- Here is a simple ration that has given very good results with Leghorns, but that has proved too fattening for Rocks and Wyandottes. Meat scrap, it will be seen, makes up over 25 per cent of the mash:

- Mash.**
- 2 pounds corn meal
 - 1 pound meat scrap
- Scratch Mixture.**
- 2 pounds cracked corn
 - 1 pound wheat
 - 1 pound oats
 - 1 pound barley

Poultrymen resort to every possible means to get their hens to eat a great deal of feed, especially in the winter when the days are short. One way is to cut the morning scratch feed to about half. The hungry bird then goes to the mash trough and gorges on the dry mash. Then to increase the consumption of mash, some of it is fed wet at noon and the hens will eat it when they would take no more of it dry.

Provide Separate Pens for Males for Breeding

The breeder who carries over only the males he needs in his own pens may let them run with the flock as the easiest way for himself, if not the best. But the man who carries surplus males for breeding must provide separate quarters for them. Preventable accidents and injuries are the ones that the breeder troubles over. It is maddening to feel that a valuable young male has been lost for lack of shutting up the pugnacious old cock; or failure to separate two cockerels that are suffering from incompatibility of temperament.

The cockerel house needs small pens and a good outside run. A coop that will house three hens is about right for one male. Too small a coop in height and width will damage feathers and comb. Movable coops about the size of a good shipping coop, or a double exhibition coop, are very satisfactory since they are easily moved to fresh grass, and in winter can be gathered under one roof with separate runs.

Value of Green Feed

The general practice of allowing the chicks to run outdoors, where they have access to direct sunlight, green plant-food and soil, is well founded. From the results of this investigation it appears that green plant-tissue will not prevent leg weakness and that the chick of its own accord will not eat enough green clover to prevent it. Green feed undoubtedly is of value in the ration of a chick; but the Ohio folks do not believe it can be fed in sufficient quantities to act as the sole source of the antirachitic factor.

Cause of Leg Weakness

Leg weakness is a condition brought about by different causes. It may be due to overfeeding of a forcing ration, or to an excess of bottom heat, or a deficiency of mineral elements in the feed. Sometimes leg weakness is caused by disease, but there is no mistaking the leg weakness of a chick that is otherwise well, and the leg weakness of a sick chick. The disease may be cured when the cause is found out. If the ration is faulty correct it.