

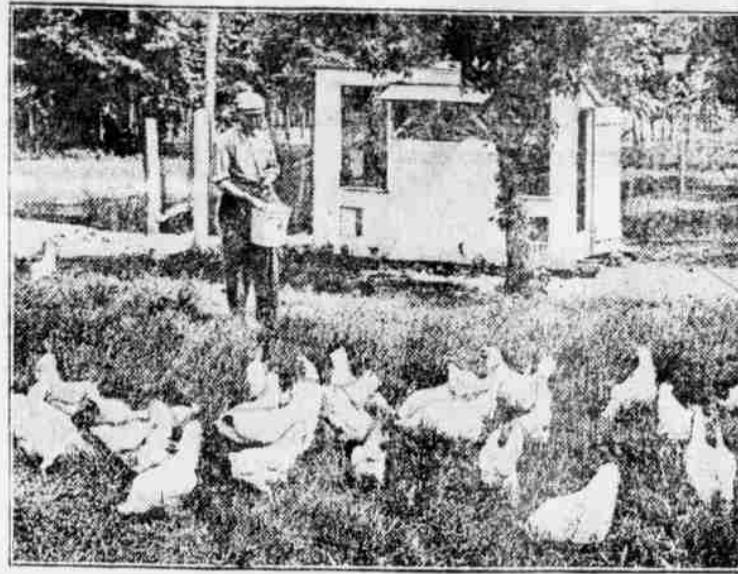


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CAREFULLY SELECTED PULLETS AND HENS WILL PRODUCE PLENTY OF EGGS IN WINTER



Exercise for Hens in Getting Their Feed Keeps Them Fit, but Not Fat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Mrs. Hen, veteran, and Miss Pullet, "rookie" of the laying flock, will produce plenty of eggs during the fall and winter months if they are properly fed and carefully managed.

Investigations of the United States department of agriculture show that general purpose pullets will consume in a year an average of 6.7 pounds of feed to one dozen eggs produced, while yearlings will eat about 0.6 pounds of feed. In these experiments the Leghorn pullets ate 4.8 pounds and the yearlings 5.5 pounds of feed for the production of one dozen eggs. The general purpose pullets ate 1.9 pounds more feed in producing one dozen eggs than the Leghorn pullets, and the difference increased very rapidly with the age of the stock, the general purpose yearlings consuming 4.1 pounds more feed to a dozen eggs than the Leghorn yearlings; therefore, the Leghorns produced eggs more cheaply than the general purpose breeds. This is in accordance with the generally accepted standards which value the general purpose breeds most highly for market or for the hatching and breeding purposes of the general farmer and backyard poultry raiser, while the Leghorns are especially adapted for use on commercial egg farms.

Profitable egg production is largely the result of properly balanced rations of wholesome feeds. A balanced ration is a combination of feeds furnishing just the necessary amount of nutrients to produce the highest and most economical egg yields and maintain the body requirements at the same time. A good egg-laying ration should include a scratch mixture and a mash composed of palatable feeds containing some animal protein and considerable bulk. Corn and wheat are the two best grains for poultry feeding, although wheat can be fed alone better than corn, which is inclined to be fattening. Oats and barley, on account of their higher fiber content, are not as good as corn and wheat, while rye is not well relished by fowls and is seldom fed. Moldy grains should never be fed poultry, although wheat screenings or slightly damaged grain sometimes may be used to advantage.

Menu Makeups for Biddy.

A good mash consists of 10 pounds of cornmeal, six and a half pounds of meat scrap, one pound of bran, and one pound of middlings, which should be fed supplementally to the scratch mixture of one pound each of cracked corn, wheat, and oats. Another good mash consists of two pounds of cornmeal or barley meal, one pound of middlings, one pound of meat or fish scrap, which should be fed in combination with a scratch mixture of two pounds of wheat or barley. A third valuable mash consists of three pounds of cornmeal, one pound of meat scrap, which should be fed in combination with scratch mixture of two pounds of cracked corn and one pound of oats. Still another practical mash mixture consists of nine pounds of cornmeal, five pounds of middlings, four pounds of bran, two pounds of cottonseed or gluten meal, two pounds of meat scrap, 2 per cent bone meal, fed in connection with a scratch combination of two pounds cracked corn, one pound of wheat, one pound of oats, and one pound of barley.

The scratch mixture should be fed twice daily, preferably in litter from 1 to 5 inches deep on the floor of the hen house, feeding about one-third of the mixture in the morning and two-thirds in the afternoon. The mash may be fed dry or wet, although the dry mash is more common. It being kept constantly before the fowls in the hopper, if hens show a tendency to become too fat make them work for their feed by feeding the scratch grain in a deep litter, by feeding less scratch grain, and by reducing the quantity of meat scrap in the mash.

The feeder must exercise his own judgment in deciding how much grain is ample, as the amount should vary with the different breeds and at different seasons of the year.

Generally a good standard is to feed about one quart of scratch grains and an equal weight of mash (one and a half quarts daily) to 10 hens of the general-purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, or Wyandottes, or 10 hens of the small- or egg breeds. This would be about seven and a half pounds each of scratch grains and of mash daily to 100 Leghorns. If hens have free range or large yards containing green feed a general-purpose hen will eat about 15 pounds of feed in a year and a Leg-

horn will eat about 55 pounds, in addition to the green stuff consumed.

Hens Need Plenty of Protein.

Meat scrap or some animal feed high in protein is one of the important constituents of the mash. In the government experiments a pen of pullets on free range, which received no meat scrap or animal protein feed, laid only 90 eggs each in a year, compared with yields of from 125 to 150 eggs each from fowls fed rations containing meat scrap. The eggs from the pen where no meat scrap was fed cost 2.2 cents more a dozen for feed than when the meat scrap was included in the ration. Fish meal or fish scrap can be used to replace the meat scrap and compares favorably with the good grade of meat scrap, containing the same per cent of protein. Skim milk or buttermilk, either sweet or sour, is excellent for replacing part or all of the meat scrap. The milk may be used in mixing the mash if a moist mash is fed, or it can be kept before the fowls as a drink. If clabbered and fed thick or like cheese, hens will eat enough of it to replace all the meat scrap needed. A little bone meal makes an excellent addition to the mash or it can be used to replace part of the meat scrap. Green-cut bone, if fresh and sweet, will also take the place of meat scrap if fed daily at the rate of one-third to one-half ounce to the hen.

Green Feed Supply.

Green feeds, such as sprouted oats, alfalfa meal, chopped alfalfa, and clover hay, cabbage, and mangel beets should be supplied hens confined in small yards and also to all hens during the winter season when no green feed is available. Cabbages may be hung up in the poultry house. Beets are usually split and stuck on nails on the wall of the pen about one foot above the floor. Frozen vegetables can be thawed out and fed to fowls, but usually do not keep well after thawing. Clover and alfalfa may be fed as hay, cut into one-fourth or one-half inch lengths, or they may be bought in the form of meal.

Oats for sprouting are soaked overnight in warm water and then spread from one-half to one inch thick on trays having perforated bottoms, and put into an oat sprouter. Water the oats thoroughly and turn the trays around once daily to promote even sprouting. Artificial heat should be supplied in cool weather by the use of a kerosene lamp or some other means. Use a good grade of oats and allow a square inch of sprouted-oat surface to each hen daily, feeding the sprouted oats on the floor of the poultry house or in the yard. Feed at any time after the sprouts are well started, which usually takes from five to seven days. Keep the sprouter clean and spray it occasionally with disinfectant to prevent the growth of mold spores.

Keep oyster shell and grit before the hens all the time. These constituents are an inexpensive but quite necessary part of the ration. Hens will eat about two pounds of oyster shell and one pound of grit each in a year.

POULTRY NOTES

Destroy lice and mites.

Keep the nests clean and well littered.

Don't mate more than six ducks to one drake.

Confine or sell all male birds after the hatching season.

The English breeds are: Sussex, Cornish, Dorking, Orpington and Redcap.

The American or general purpose breeds are: Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Rhode Island Red, Java, Dominique and Beekyke.

Pure-bred poultry means uniformity of products. Uniformity of products means increased profits, if products are properly marketed.

Every poultry keeper, who is interested in breeding better poultry should have a copy of the American Standard of Perfection.

It is not necessary to build expensive poultry houses, but they should be serviceable, fairly roomy, well lighted and well ventilated without drafts.

Where the Lazy Thrive.

Perhaps, among the happiest people in the world, are the Ekol, of Southern Nigeria, on the equator. Here they pay no taxes, and a few weeks' labor will supply them with food, clothes and a home for a year, thanks to the fruitful land. These people have a superstition that little children love sweet words, kind looks and gentle voices, and if the family into which they have been reincarnated is quarrelsome, they will forsake the earth until the chance offers to return again amid more peaceful surroundings. Dancing is one of their main occupations, and, on all great festivals, the chief societies of men, women and children come up to the station to give a series of dances.

Weather Optimism.

Everybody, said Mark Twain, complains of the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it. It is the common failing of humanity thoughtlessly to consider its personal comfort first, in disregard of the benefits which may result from a warm spell which ripens the crops, or a rainy season which fills the natural reservoirs, or a cold snap which is supposed to make away with next season's orchard and garden pests. And there is also on the side of the occasional weather excess the testimony of Dr. Ellsworth Huntington of Yale that monotony of temperature and humidity are not good for civilization, that man progresses most where there is a variety of climate.

Origin of "French Leave."

The origin of "French leave" was explained in an English court by the judge recently. It did not arise, he said, out of the former French wars, consequent upon the escape of French prisoners, but in the early part of the eighteenth century in the saloons of France. Certain guests, not aware of the higher acts of courtesy, were in the habit of leaving without saying good-bye to the host or hostess, and it became a practice. Unfortunately that practice was adopted by certain circles of English society about the same time, and, therefore, it was said if a man left without saying good-bye to his host he took "French leave," following the practice in France.

No Treat for the Bunch.

I was married at my mother's home in a small country town at 8:30 p. m. The train we were going to take left at 10 p. m. After the ceremony was over there was a loud noise of shouts, tin cans and bells outdoors. We tried to escape through the back door, but were stopped by some of my old schoolmates. One of them said to my husband: "You cannot get away with the bells of our town without treating the bunch." My husband stopped a moment and then, stammering a bit, said: "Well, boys, I am very sorry, but I have only money enough to buy tickets back to the city."—Chicago Tribune.

Test of Endurance.

There was no doubt in the minds of the Holbert family that William Conner Holbert aged thirteen, was a born actor. Uncle Ligh Holbert voiced the general opinion when he said that he considered that William Conner was "equal to Dan Webster, allowin' for age. I tell ye what 'is," said Uncle Ligh to the assembled family when the grammar-school exhibition was over, "a boy that can recite 'Thunantosis' from start to finish and only hold up twice, once in the beginning to swallow, and once toward the end to cough, has got real speaking talents."—Youth's Companion.

Explaining His Intention.

A nervous young curate in an English coal mining district was officiating at his first wedding. The bride and bridegroom smiled encouragingly at his first few blunders, but matters got serious when he turned to the bridegroom and asked, "Will that have this woman as thy wedded husband?" The bride stammered, but the curate, getting bolder and bolder, cried again, "Why then have this man to this wedded woman?" he said. At this the bridegroom interferred, "Aw don't know yer wants me to be," he said, "but aw' room here for her"—involving his horny hand on the bride's shoulder—"aw' will hev her or nowt!"

Putting It Over on Rubber Trust.

The Japanese farmer is independent of the rubber trust, for his overabundance are made of wood and his rubber is a rice straw matting reaching nearly to his knees and ravelled for about a foot into fringe. In the old days he could not afford a lat, but now he gets a better price for his crops, so he has larger cows barbed. The lat that he buys is a thing of use more than of beauty; the rain slides from it as from a pointed roof, and does not get out the fire in his little "one-pot" pipe. —World Outlook.

Derivation of "Township."

Township is a compound word, the suffix "ship" being the Anglo-Saxon "scape," signifying condition, office, profession. Compare "citizenship," "lordship," "stewardship," etc. Originally the township was the "vill," in which lived the "villein," or "vounry man," and also meant the community of dwellers itself. "To arouse the township," or "enroll the township," meant the rallying to their lord's banner of the people living in the township. It had, as a geographical division, its own by-laws, made by the "moot," or corporation, and subdivision of a county.

A VISITOR
By BARBARA WOOD.

"Who's there?"

Polly Anderson sat up in bed with a start. Her breath came fast and her heart beat like a little trip hammer. "Who's there?" she called again; this time her voice was steeper. But there was no answer. Slowly, oh so slowly, Polly slipped two pink little feet out from under the covers, and without taking her eyes from the door she felt around on the floor for her slippers. After a moment or two of vain searching she dropped her eyes to look for them.

As she looked away the door opened swiftly and noiselessly and someone, or something, was in the room. But Polly was intent upon finding the slippers which had so mysteriously disappeared. Her curly head and bare, round arms were half way under the bed and she was saying to herself: "Why didn't I snap on that light?"

Now Miss Polly Beckwith Anderson was not in the least a nervous or timid young body. She was what her gentleman acquaintances called "a sport, through and through," and she could recall many a delightful day spent "breaking" one of her father's colts or at target practice with her two brothers. But when she heard her name spoken in a hoarse whisper by a man in her own room at two o'clock in the morning her heart stood still for the space of a quickly drawn breath. First, two shoulders clad in pink silk, then two arms, soft and white, and last a head and face hidden from view by a dark mass of curls made their way slowly and fearfully out from their recent hiding place.

With a toss of her head she threw her hair over her shoulders and lifted wide, frightened eyes to look into the face above her. In an instant she was on her feet, and her eyes, even in the dark, gleamed with anger.

"Robert Anderson, what do you mean by frightening me like this? Answer me!"

Bob shook with suppressed laughter as he put his finger to his lips. "But where have you been, and why did you come in here and scare me half to pieces?" Polly asked, noticing that he was still wearing his daytime attire.

"Listen here, Polly-o,"—her brother was serious now and was fumbling in his inside coat pocket—"I saw Dave tonight and he asked me to give you this." With that he handed her a note addressed to "P. B. A."

But Polly did not take it. She was staring at him with a great light in her eyes. Finally she whispered: "You saw Dave—my David?"

"Yes, little sister, and he's pretty lonesome for you, too, I guess. He took me out to the little new cottage he has built and furnished for you and Polly. It's a beauty. There's nothing he's forgotten. He asked my advice about a few things for your own sunny little boudoir because, as he expressed it, I was more acquainted with girls' things." Dave may make money on the quality and excellence of his portraits, but no portrait he ever painted will be equal to the one you will make with the home he has made you a setting. Why, girl, he pictured you in every nook and corner; the place couldn't belong to another person in the world. But here's your note; it's time for me to retire."

Polly took the note and reached up to kiss her big brother good night. "Oh, Bobby, Bobby," she whispered, "I love him so much, and you understand so well! If only father were a little more like you."

Bob stroked her hair.

"Never mind, Polly-o," he said gently, "he'll be all right after it's over. It's just that he hates to lose his only daughter."

When Bob was gone Polly opened the note and her fingers were trembling a little as she read it. She had not stopped on the light until Bob left, and when she did it showed dark, tired rings under her beautiful, heavily fringed eyes. There was a sad little droop to her sweet lips. And yet she was happier than she had ever been, for she was going to David. Three long years they had waited for their father to give his permission to their marriage, and at last Polly had said David that it would be wrong to wait any longer.

And now she held David's answer in her hand. Through her tears she read: "Come, dear heart, I am waiting, and everything is ready for the mistress of our home." There was more, but the word "come" was all that really mattered.

"Yes, David, I am coming," she whispered, and with a little sob she threw her head down on her arms and cried: "Daddy, daddy, I must!"

For three days Bert Anderson fussed and fumed because his daughter was not there to wait on him; he always did when she went away to visit.

At last there came a day when Mr. Anderson received a letter written in Polly's own hand. When he finished reading his face flushed with anger.

"Thunder!" he blurted out. Then very slowly he began to review the years since Polly's mother had died. Always it was Polly who comforted him; Polly who made him laugh; Polly whose girlish tenderness had made him so proud. When at last he remembered how Polly's face had grown and the last few years, and why, he dropped his head into his hands and wept.

"My little daughter, I've been a fool; and at last I know it. Can you forgive me, dear child?"

Polly had asked forgiveness first, but it was she who gave it at last.

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