

BEST FORM OF POULTRY HOUSE

Designed to Get Results in the Increased Production of Eggs.

SUNLIGHT IS PROVIDED FOR

Cheaply Built and Easily Made Comfortable for the Fowls in Any Kind of Weather—Arranged So That Inside May Be Thoroughly Cleaned.

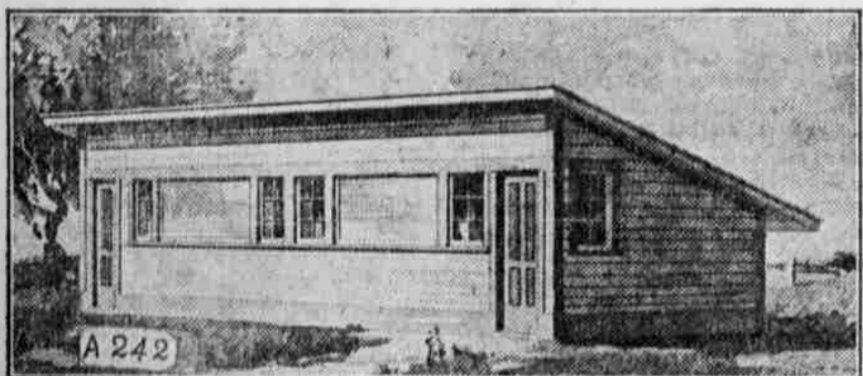
By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm. For the readers of the paper, on account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 187 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A poultry house 36 feet long naturally divides into two compartments. This poultry house is only 12 feet from front to back, which is in accordance with the ideas of a great many poultrymen who are anxious to have the sun shine clear back to the far wall during the very early spring weeks when eggs are high in price and the hens need every possible encouragement to supply the demand.

Shed roof poultry houses present the high sides of the buildings to the sun. Poultry houses are always faced in a southerly direction, and they are always closed in tight at the north and west, because the prevailing cold winds usually come from those two directions. The sun shining against the high side of the building during the day usually keeps the house comfortable during part of the night because of the stored up heat. In addition to the warmth a house is much more cheerful on account of admitting considerable bright sunshine.

Shed roof poultry houses are quite



common in the eastern states where thousands of farmers keep poultry for profit. Some of them keep poultry only in a small way, but they have studied the needs of laying hens and have provided means to keep them comfortable and to induce them to lay eggs in the winter time.

These shed roof poultry houses are cheaply built and are easily made comfortable for the fowls in all kinds of weather. Usually such houses are made quite low at the back. Some are as low as three feet, being designed for the convenience of the fowls rather than for the convenience of the attendant, because considerable stooping is required when doing the cleaning in the back part of house.

When shed roof poultry houses are ventilated by means of cheese-cloth covered openings in front, they are easily provided with fresh air. The general ground plan is to leave the whole floor space free to be covered with straw several inches deep for scratching purposes. Laying hens must be kept busy to prevent them from getting too fat. In order to manufacture eggs the hens must be well fed. The difference between fat hens and laying hens depends upon the kind of food rather than the quantity, but the element of exercise has a good deal to do with the keeping of laying hens in proper condition.

In these shed roof poultry houses the droppings board usually is placed under the low roof at the back. The roosts are supported a few inches above the droppings board and the nest boxes are suspended underneath. This work is all done in such a way that the whole outfit may be taken out easily and the whole inside of the house may be thoroughly cleaned. The easy cleaning proposition is worked out in connection with all parts of the house. Cleanliness means a great deal in the poultry house.

The plan of this particular design further provides for a closed-in room for brooding coops. This room may be divided by a partition, or it may be made into one room for the use of houses. Some poultrymen use this center room for the nest boxes as well as for broody hens. The laying is principally done in December, January and February and brooding seldom commences before March.

Shed roof poultry houses seem to work out better than any other style of roof when it comes to ventilation. It is not easy to manage a poultry house in such a way as to ventilate it properly. The ventilation in all farm buildings depends on a certain degree of warmth. Large animals, such as cattle and horses, have considerable body warmth, which sets the air in motion. Fowls are so small that their body heat is not sufficient to warm very much cubic air space. This is one reason for putting the roof of a poultry house low down at the back. Hens require very little head room.

In this plan the margin of placing the droppings board and roosts close up against the low back roof helps splendidly in ventilation, because the fresh air comes in through the thin cotton cloth ventilators in front and takes the place of the warmer heated air around the poultry roosts. The warmer air naturally finds its way up along the sloping roof to the front of the house. In this way a natural cir-

ulation of air is kept going all night and all day.

A shed roof poultry house may be built in such a way as to add a good deal to the appearance of the place. As the illustration shows, there should be considerable projection of roof and this calls for a neat finish all around the edge. Also the different door frames and window frames should be painted a different color from the body of the house.

This particular plan calls for wooden siding lined on the inside with building paper. The paper is put onto the studding and is covered over with the siding. The smooth side of the paper is turned in and all 2x4's used for studding are dressed four sides. Also the rafters and girts are dressed all around and finished smooth before being put into place. When finished it has a very neat businesslike appearance and is smooth enough to clean easily.

NOT AT ALL PLEASANT TASK

Sampling Candies Sounds Attractive as a Profession, but It Gets Tiresome.

"Do I get tired of sampling every dainty this company makes?" echoed the official sampler of a huge confectionery company. "I can answer that question both 'Yes' and 'No.' When I have a few minutes of spare time I usually nibble a soda cracker. One never gets tired of them, for they only use the more plentiful saliva juices.

"In the rush season, that is, just before Christmas, we have thousands of pounds of all sorts of dainty sweets to sample before they leave the bakery. It is then that one gets tired of the always sweet. You have no idea how many sweets people eat until you have to sample the stuff. I get so used to the different taste of different sweets that invariably I know whether or not a certain making is all right before I have finished the first bite.

"After eating sweets for a long time one loses the acute taste which each dainty individual has. When this happens I take a few minutes off to take a drink of plain water, then I eat a plain soda cracker, which immediately restores my discriminating taste.

"Medical authorities assert that the losing of this taste is due to the fact

A VILLAGE ON THE BOSPORUS



Crandall, a village on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, used as a residential quarter by British subjects.

"ADIEU" IS TABOOED

"God Punish England," Is Now German's Good-Day.

French Farewell Gives Way to Hate-Revealing Curse—Few Outward Signs of Great War—Blame for Americans.

By OSWALD F. SCHUETTE.

Correspondent of the Chicago News. Berlin, Germany.—In Cologne the other day I found that the tabooed "adieu"—which is French—is being replaced by "God punish England." The newspapers are combating this "farewell curse," but it is terrible to note how deeply rooted it has become. To hear such words from a white-haired motherly woman as you bid her goodbye leaves a scar in the memory. And such hatred must leave a scar on the nation that cherishes it. But, then, this war will leave many scars, not only here but throughout the world.

Into Cologne, while I was there, came a gray-bearded Bavarian professor. He was driving a supply wagon. His son was an officer in another regiment. By the magic power of influence he had been able to get himself enrolled as a private! He threw a vivid light also on the German hatred of England.

"My only prayer," he said, "is that God will grant me three weeks in England. Then I am ready to die."

Does it sound blasphemous? Well, you must remember that these people are all under a terrific strain. It is cruel to judge them harshly in the calmness of an American home. Everywhere I find this same hatred. For the French there is nothing but sympathy; for the Russians pity. But for the English—almost every German I have talked to has given utterance to this hate.

When you go back to your hotel for dinner and the first four women who enter the dining room are in deepest mourning it all comes home to you with choking heart throbs. Now they add a new and bitter complaint. It is hard to listen if you are an American. They tell you that the war would be over if only America did not sell arms and ammunition to the enemies of Germany. Nor is it easy to answer with a statement about the strict right of neutral states to sell whatever to whomsoever they please—especially if the one to whom you speak is a mother—or was the mother—of a son who sleeps with an American bullet in his heart.

It is a great tragic drama, this struggle of a nation for its life. Yet the outward signs of war are few. There are soldiers in the streets. But so there were in peace. Some of them are wounded, but the number you see is so slight that it demonstrates nothing.

As far as the people themselves are concerned there is no sign to show that the nation is battling for its life. The theaters have marked no decrease in attendance. All the great opera houses of Germany are filled as before.

Travel is as great as ever. Trains in every direction are filled as heavily as they were in times of peace. "Sometimes I think the people of Germany do not realize enough that we really are at war," said the editor of one of the most important German newspapers. "Maybe the new order to conserve our bread supplies will remind them of it."

But once you begin to meet people in their homes, away from the more formal etiquette of casual street introductions, you find soon enough that Germany realizes it is struggling for its national life. There is hardly a family that has not helped to pay the terrible price. Father, or son, or brother, or husband, or cousin, or affianced. His dead in the fields of France or Belgium or Russia.

Ends Life a Human Torch. Toledo.—The body of Mrs. Agnes Yoder, twenty-five, wife of Edward Yoder, a lay preacher of Milford, Mich., was found in a bathroom in a home for girls. All the clothing was burned off and the flesh cooked. The coroner found that Mrs. Yoder had committed suicide by saturating her clothing with coal oil and igniting it.

Blows All in One Night. Lumberjack Saved Ninety Dollars, But Only Had Fifty Cents Left in Police Court. Spokane, Wash.—Having worked three months in a logging camp near Bovill, Idaho, Daniel Schubert, a heavy young woodsman, came here to spend the 90 he had saved. He succeeded beyond his wildest expectations, according to the story he told in police court next day, when he was tried on a disorderly conduct charge.

MAN, 85, IS CUTTING TEETH

Uncle Peter Has Four New Molars, Which Appear on Birthday Celebration.

San Francisco.—There's an old song that runs something like this: George, dear, George, dear, Do you love me true? George, dear, George, dear, I'm certain that you do. Please get up and light the fire, Turn the gas a little higher, Run and tell your Aunt Maria—Baby's got a tooth.

They were singing this recently at the Marin county almshouse—and there's not a baby in the place. It was all over Uncle Peter T. Hansen, who was celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday and who had been feeling poorly of late. For three or four days he was in bed, suffering from a high fever.

They thought it was all up with Uncle Peter. There was a consultation between County Physician J. H. Kiser and Dr. Waid J. Stone. Something had to be done. Finally the seat of trouble was found in Uncle Peter's mouth.

Uncle Peter had four nice new molars, two upper and two lower and—what luck!—opposite each other. Uncle Peter ate chicken that night for his dinner. And he was just as proud of his new molars as was the baby's mother in the song.

REAL "OUTDOOR GIRL"



Ruth Shepley is a dyed-in-the-wool outdoor girl. She is fond of horses and is a daring equestrienne. She loves dogs and everybody who loves her dogs. As a driver of a racing automobile she is a charming feminine daredevil.

DIVER WINS IN LIFE FIGHT

By Great Strength Frees Hand From Monster Suction Pipe and Signals Attendants.

Laporte, Ind.—George Culbert of Michigan City, professional diver, employed in the digging of the new wells in the Kankakee river for Laporte's auxiliary water supply, had a thrilling experience while in 35 feet of water. One of his hands became caught in the monster suction pipe, holding him fast so that he was unable to reach his life line and give the signal to the men above.

For ten minutes he was helpless, while those above continued to pump air to him, but finally by superhuman efforts he was able to pull his hand out of the monster suction pipe, and then, before the crushing water could overwhelm him, he jerked the life line and was hoisted to the top.

Culbert was none the worse for his experience, although it was some time before he was able to resume his work.

DOG PHONES IN FIRE ALARM. "Central" Calls Department in Wisconsin City and Man's Life Is Saved. Oshkosh, Wis.—"Number, please," said central at four o'clock the other morning. "Woof, woof, woof," was the answer. Then there came a banging at the subscriber's end of the local telephone line. A long-drawn howl, more barking, and then silence. Central was surprised at such an early call, though Fred Peters' collie has been taught to bark over the phone. The dog's antics worried her, but she called through the phone "Good old Prince."

BOWERY IS ORDERLY

New York Thoroughfare Not as Black as Painted.

For One Man Who Would Insult a Lone Woman, a Hundred Would Fight for Her—Is Port of Missing Men.

New York.—"There is nearly as much crime committed in Fifth avenue every day in the week as there is in the much-abused Bowery," says Father William J. Rafter, in charge of the Holy Name mission in the Bowery. "A lady could start from Cooper square and walk on one side of the Bowery down to Park row and back again on the other side and there wouldn't be one slurring remark passed regarding her. If any man dared there would be a hundred ready to fight him."

"In the mind of the average citizen the name 'Bowery' is one of evil repute—the recognized habitat of brazen vice and unfettered crime. He believes that no one lives within its crime-steeped precincts except the predatory and murderous denizens of the underworld. To him it is the Bowery of fiction.

"How vastly different is the poor old Bowery today. Its character may be summed up in three words—'poor but respectable.' Physically considered, it is one of the main arteries of the city's downtown traffic. Across it at every block the East side pours its teeming thousands into the Broadway business district. It is practically the Broadway of the East side. On both sides it is lined with retail stores of every description. By night it is lighted by store and street lamps, and during the day the sidewalks are crowded with people. Its people—and there are as many as 25,000 of them—are mostly honest, harmless, law-abiding men. Poor! Yes. Many of them would be absolutely homeless were it not for the cheap lodging-houses where for ten or fifteen cents one may obtain shelter for the night. It is the Mecca of the poor and unfortunate. We have many college graduates within our midst, and most of them come from good homes.

"There is scarcely a town or city in the country which has not at least one representative on this thoroughfare. Indeed the Bowery belongs to the whole world. There is no better place to look for a missing man. Only the other day two young girls came to me seeking to learn the whereabouts of their father, whom they hadn't seen in years. I expected the man to call about six o'clock, for it so happened that he was one of my special charges. It was scarcely five, so they went to a small restaurant near to have a bite to eat. Scarcely were they seated when the door opened and in came their father with a shovel over his arm. I had helped him to save some money from his small wages and he now is an independent, upright man.

"Few of our men are drunkards, though it is the common belief that habits of the Bowery spend every penny they get on liquor. Our men do not drink. On the contrary, when they have a little money they pay back what they owe or save it for a rainy day."

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The dog barked and howled again. The hello girl, convinced there was trouble, called the fire department, which arrived in time to find the Peters attic in flames, with Peters nearly unconscious from smoke.

Paroled Boy Repays Theft. Glenwood Springs, Colo.—"Bitten in the foot by his own false teeth" is the claim of Emil Freidheim, a well-to-do rancher of Grand Valley. He shows the sore foot and a dentist's bill to corroborate his story. Freidheim was reading in bed when he sneezed and out flew the teeth. He hopped out of bed to rescue them and stepped on two teeth.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNAER
Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Warren Orders an Expensive Dinner and Helen Can Think Only of the Check

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"We'll, not order just yet," Warren waved aside the dinner card. "Expect a gentleman here in a minute."

"Very well, sir," the waiter filled their glasses, placed the menu before them and hurried off.

"Dinner de Luxe, two dollars," read Helen, with a gasp of dismay. "Two dollars! Why, that's outrageous! It was never more than a dollar and a half."

"That is pretty stiff," Warren admitted. "Well, now they've got the crowd coming—they've boosted the price."

"But we don't have to take the dinner, do we?" persisted Helen. "Can't we order a la carte?"

"Yes, and it'll cost a darn sight more before we're through."

"Not if we don't order so much, and it's so hot tonight, dear, we won't want much."

"There's Elliot now!" Warren waved the card at a man in white flannels standing expectantly in the doorway. He saw the signal and made his way toward them.

"Hope I haven't kept you waiting," he greeted Helen. "Then in answer to Warren's query, 'Yes, a dry Martini.'"

Helen was unresponsive to Mr. Elliot's genial efforts to include her in the conversation. She had come to dread his semiannual trip to New York, because Warren always took him out and always paid the bill.

How could he accept such hospitality and make no effort to return it? Of course, he had repeatedly invited them to St. Louis, but he was safe in that, for he knew they would never come.

"Now, let's get this ordering over first," Warren pushed the card toward Elliot. "What do you feel like—the dinner?"

"Looks pretty heavy. I don't know about you folks, but I want something light this weather."

Helen greeted this announcement with enthusiasm. "I was just telling Warren that we'd all be much better off if we'd eat less while it's so warm."

"All right, we'll order then," Warren turned to the waiter. "Let's see your a la carte card."

The waiter brought it with evident reluctance. Apparently in this room you were expected to take the dinner and not try to economize by a la carte order.

"How about clams?" suggested Warren. "I can always eat clams," agreed Mr. Elliot.

"Cocktail or plain?" "Plain."

Helen made a troubled note that clams here were 35 cents—that made a dollar and five for the first course. Perhaps the dinner would have been cheaper after all.

"Soup?" asked Warren. "That St. Germain ought to be pretty good—they make it of fresh peas now."

the mirrored wall beside her and kept glancing at it to verify the prices.

After the roast Warren ordered a dive salad, then coffee, cordial and cigars. It was half-past ten before he called for the check.

"Here's something I haven't seen since I was in Paris," remarked Mr. Elliot abruptly, taking up the pepper grinder with its unground pods and grinding out a few grains on the tablecloth.

"No, you don't often see those," Helen answered stiffly, feeling that this was merely to make conversation while Warren paid the bill.

"Pepper should always be ground fresh. Now, in India they serve it in—," began Mr. Elliot, but Helen did not bear the rest; she was watching anxiously for the waiter to bring the check.

It was well over twelve dollars, but she had a morbid desire to know the exact amount. Mr. Elliot was launched on a long story about India, so that he might seem absorbed while Warren paid, a subterfuge which she knew. Warren was too generous and whole-souled to see through.

The waiter was coming now. But to Helen's astonishment, he placed the tray by Mr. Elliot—not by Warren. Then she saw that it was not the check—but money! Several bills and some silver! What did it mean?

"See here, what's this?" demanded Warren, with a puzzled frown.

"Got ahead of you this trip," smiled Mr. Elliot, shoving a dollar bill toward the waiter and pocketing the rest. "I've dined with you every time I've been in New York, so it was about my turn."

"But, how in the devil—"

"That was easy. Just slipped the head waiter a twenty-dollar bill as I came in. Told him to deduct the check."

"Well, it's one on me, all right," grinned Warren, "but you'll not put that over again."

Helen's first sensation had been an immense relief. Warren did not have to pay the check—it was paid! But, then, came the thought of her ungraciousness to Mr. Elliot. She had hardly been civil—he must have felt her antagonism throughout the dinner! Could he have guessed the cause and been secretly exultant?

"The color flooded her face as she fumbled with her fan. Did she imagine it, or was he looking at her with a grim satisfaction."

It was a relief when he left them at the subway.

"Nice fellow," mused Warren, as he lit a cigarette. "Yes, Elliot's a mighty fine fellow. Corking dinner, too! Then, suddenly, 'What the devil made you so glum?'"

"Why, dear, I wasn't—I didn't mean to be. I've had a headache all day from the heat—perhaps that was it."

"Well, when a man gives a dinner like that, it's up to you to look pleasant."

"But I didn't know it was his dinner—I thought—" Helen stopped in confusion; she had not intended to admit that.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Warren gave her a keen glance. "You thought the dinner was on me, and you were so blamed stingy you begrudged every mouthful!"

"You know it wasn't that," lied Helen, miserably. "You don't think I—"

"You're a fine kill-joy," contemptuously. "See here, this thing's growing on you. By Jove, if you get to begrudging what we eat—"

But the rest was lost in the roar of the train as it drew in.

Helen sank into a seat, her eyes fixed on the blank walls of the subway. Was she really so small and mercenary? Was this desire to save growing upon her? If it was, how could she combat it?

She thought of the wasted evening, of the dinner which she should have enjoyed, but which had been for her only a period of torture.

And yet when Warren was constantly complaining of "hard times," how could she enjoy a dinner upon which she felt he was squandering money so recklessly?

Perfumes Prevent Nausea. A New York physician reports in the Medical Record that he has been very successful in preventing the nausea so apt to follow an anesthetic by the application to the nostrils of the patient of a pleasant perfume, preferably oil of bitter orange peel, as soon as the ether or chloroform is discontinued. He elevates the patient's head a little and turns it to one side, fastening a little adhesive to the tip of the nose and saturating this with cologne. Or if the patient has a mustache the perfume may be placed on that. He says the result is not always efficacious in preventing nausea after the anesthetic, but in many cases it is.

We all know that smelling salts are excellent in overcoming ordinary nausea and seasickness, and many people find them good for relieving the stuffiness in the nose caused by a cold in the head.

Paw Knows Everything. Willie—Paw, do you know everything? Paw—Yes, my son. Willie—Well, does the spur of the moment cause time to fly? Paw—Willie, you get your lessons—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Those Fastidious People. The most pitiable thing in life is that fastidious man who tries to eat sparrows with a knife and fork—Macron Telegraph.