

# POULTRY

## COST OF FEEDING CHICKENS

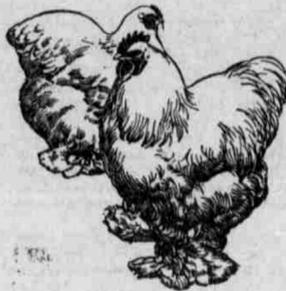
Interesting Experiments Made by Oregon Station—Larger Breeds Eat More Than Smaller.

How much does it really cost to feed a laying hen a year? To this question there will be many answers. Some will say one thing, some another, but how about the facts?

In experiments made by the Oregon experiment station, covering several years, in which every ounce of food was weighed, six pens of Leghorn hens consumed during the year 564 pounds of wheat, 296 pounds of corn, 203 pounds of oats, 112 pounds of bran and shorts and 235 pounds of skim milk, in addition to some animal food. The cost of the total food per fowl for the year varied in different pens from 61 to 78 cents, and averaged 66 cents.

The wheat was charged at 1 cent a pound, corn at 1 1/4, oats at 1 cent, skim milk at 1-5 of a cent and bran and shorts at 3-5 of a cent. The animal food cost from 5 to 6 cents per fowl. The wheat constituted nearly a half of the total cost. The hens laid an average of 144 eggs per fowl, valued at \$1.68, at local prices for eggs. The prices were from 10 cents to 25 cents per dozen. If wheat had been worth, say, 90 cents, and had been charged for at that rate, and bran at 1 cent a pound, the cost per fowl would have been about 16 cents more, or 80 cents instead of 66 cents.

On the basis of prices when the experiment was made, food costing 80 cents when fed to hens produces eggs worth \$2.58. This is a pretty good margin of profit in feeding 90-cent wheat. It may be said that the average flock of hens does not lay 144 eggs per fowl. That is true. It is also true that 144 eggs per fowl is not phenomenal. The right kind of hens properly attended should average 150 and well-bred hens considerably more.



Prize-Winning Cockin.

The average farm flock will not average 125, probably not 100.

In these experiments all the food eaten was paid for at market prices and the cost averaged only 66 cents per hen. The cost would have been only 80 cents if the wheat had cost 90 cents per bushel. The farmer, however, who keeps fifty or a hundred hens, can do better than that, for on the average farm that number of hens may be kept largely on the waste products of by-products of the farm. They will find the animal food in the fields in the shape of bugs, grasshoppers, worms, etc., and there will usually be skim-milk or buttermilk. There need therefore be no cost for animal food, resulting in a saving of 8 to 10 cents per fowl. The clover or grass they eat will have little market value. The destruction of grasshoppers in the clover and grain fields and of bugs in the orchard—ill, where these insects are bad, offset a large part of the annual cost of food for the fowls in better crops.

In experiments with larger breeds the cost of feeding was greater. The cost of feeding Cochins and Plymouth Rocks averaged \$1.15 per fowl and of Wyandottes \$1. This extra cost, however, is largely offset when the fowls are marketed, the larger breeds bringing more than the smaller breeds.

### Save the Pumpkins.

Every pumpkin should be saved. The ducks and geese eat these readily and they make splendid feed for tiding over the winter months. If you intend raising ducks for profit the coming year remember there is nothing more detrimental to success with these fowls than careless housing right now. Cold or damp quarters will have a tendency to cause them to wait later in the spring to begin laying, which means a poorer chance to raise them profitably. Keep the floor of their quarters deep in straw and securely sheltered from cold winds.

### Keep the Hens Scratching.

By keeping the hens busy scratching among the litter, or trying to obtain a portion of their food from cabbage just within their reach; by furnishing them with a varied diet of grains, vegetables, meat and lime; by giving them sun and dust baths; by disinfecting the houses and keeping them clean, diseases may be avoided, health promoted, vicious habits prevented and an abundance of eggs obtained, which means that poultry thus managed will be a source of pleasure and profit.

## IMPROVED BARN COMBINES UTILITY AND CLEANLINESS

How an Ordinary, Old-Fashioned Structure May be Easily and Cheaply Changed Into Up-to-Date Sanitary Building.

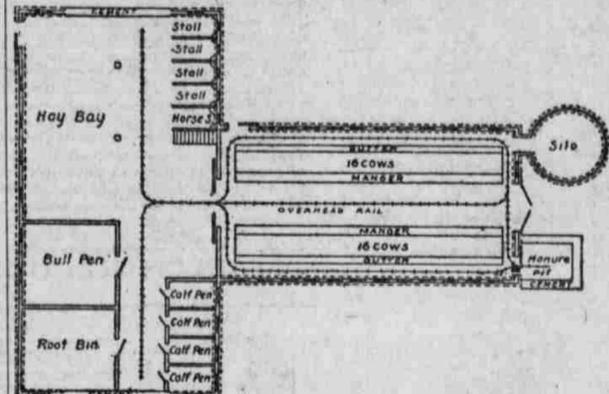
All realize that a barn to be ideal must combine both utility and cleanliness. The sanitary condition cannot be obtained to perfection in basement barns, and so, recognizing this fact I have drawn plans to show how an ordinary, old-fashioned basement barn can be easily and cheaply changed into an up-to-date barn; one which will be proud to ask our neighbors to inspect and one in which we can produce milk that will sell for a premium, writes W. A. Cooke in New England Homestead.

The barn as it stands today is a common, rectangular, farm barn with a basement for manure and hogs; with a driveway to the floor above on which we find the cows, horses and sheep. Above are the lofts with loose board floors through which the chaff and dust are constantly sifting to contaminate both milk and cows, for we know that dust is an ideal place for the growth of all bacteria, especially tuberculosis. Let us add an ell to this barn for the cattle with no storage room above. This ell should be

connect with the second floor from which the feeding is done.

On the second floor of the main barn is a driveway from end to end with hay-bays on either side. The grain room is also located on this floor so the grain may be hauled up, mixed in the room, from whence it is shoved into the feed car. Between the grain room and the east wall is an open space in which are the openings for the horse mangers. Inclined driveways at both ends enter the barn through doors 14 feet wide and 16 feet high. Above the doors are scaffolds so that all space may be utilized. The hay is unloaded by means of a horsefork running on a track to all parts of the lifts. The roof at present is a square roof, but were I to rebuild I should certainly put on a French roof as the storage capacity is greatly increased at but a slight advance in cost.

Paint will be considered a very necessary adjunct to this barn, so that it may harmonize well with the rest of the farm. Besides the beauty part



Ground Floor Plan of Improved Barn.

or the same level as the basement floor of the barn, the basement having been cleaned out and a cement floor put in. The cement floor should be continuous throughout the barn, having it level and without obstructions to hinder in the sweeping.

Sliding doors divide the main barn from the ell. The cows stand facing a ten-foot feed alley with a low two-foot manger, in front of them, and a one and one-half foot gutter having a six-inch drop behind them; four and one-half feet are allowed for the length of the platform. Between the gutter and the wall is a three and one-half foot space which gives ample room for cleaning. The walls are plentifully supplied with large windows so the barn may have quantities of sunlight. The manure pit is at the south end of the barn, just to the west of the large doors at the east side of the driveway and connected with the barn by a door and a short alley in a stave silo, with an inside diameter of 16 feet, and a height of 25 feet, giving a capacity of 90 tons which is sufficient to give us succulent food for 200 days. An overhead track connects all parts of the barn so that either the feed or manure can easily do the work.

In the main barn we find five horse stalls, four calf pens, a bull pen and a large storage bin for roots. We also find a hay-bay connecting with the upper floor so that all hay for stock is easily pushed or unloaded into it. The overhead track comes through the doors from the ell so that feed can be easily loaded onto the car. The grain which is on the second floor may be loaded by means of a shoot. The horse stalls are supplied with iron hayracks and grain boxes which

the barn will last a great deal longer. The approximate cost would be \$2,800; this means buying all the material and labor at present prices. The two floor plans are given herewith.

## FARMERS NAME THEIR PLACES

Gives Sort of Dignity and Air of Permanence to Farms and Is Always of Great Convenience.

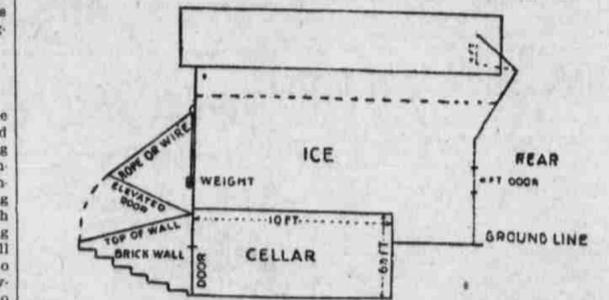
(By C. S. MILLER.) I am glad to see so many farmers naming their places. A name over the main gateway or on the gatepost gives a sort of dignity and air of permanency to the farm. A farm name is always a great convenience to travelers because few of our country roads are named and a farm cannot easily be located except by name.

I know some farmers say it is a gilly and sentimental practice but I do not agree with them. I do not think much of a man who is not proud enough of his home to give it a distinctive name.

In the south nearly every plantation is named and these names carry with them something of the true spirit of the love of rural life. If we give our farms a name we will think more of them and our children will always associate with the name some of the pleasantest memories of their lives.

Clean Milk. Wetting the hands and teats in milking doesn't make clean milk.

## COMBINED CELLAR AND ICEHOUSE



A combination of a cellar with an icehouse may be desirable under certain conditions where the cellar is to be used for cold storage. The plan shown in the illustration is for a building 14 feet by 16 feet and 10 feet high with a 10-inch wall filled with sawdust. When packing the ice, place it within 4 inches of the lining of the inner wall and fill the open spaces with sawdust. No part of the icehouse is underground. The cellar is beneath the icehouse and the entrance to it is on the outside. The cellar is 6 feet by 10 feet and 6 1/2 feet high inside measurement, though of course it can be made larger. The top of cellar is in the form of a half circle or arch, the middle of which extends 2 feet up into

the icehouse. The walls are of birch, plastered over with cement. Side walls are 8 inches thick and those of the arch 4 inches plastered outside and inside with cement. When building the arch wooden support should be used which is made of six-inch fencing supported by a 2 inch by 4 inch on each end. Two of these supports are required, placed about 2 feet from each end of the cellar and they are covered with six-inch fencing laid lengthwise of the cellar. All these wooden structures are removed after the brick arch is made. A drain tile extends around the outside of the cellar. The outside cellar door is raised and lowered by a weight and pulley.

## Making Him Wait

By JOANNA SINGLE

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Yielding to her first impulse, Alice trusted him her slender fingers a brief moment, and then withdrew them from his clinging hold and the man turned his head and watched the girl's bright hair, made splendid by the full light of the September moon. Then for a moment he walked on beside her in reflective silence.

"Alice," he said at length, and quite suddenly, "I want you to tell me frankly why it is that though you have let me know you do care for me, though you have at least tacitly promised to marry me, you keep me at such a distance? I mean mental distance," he explained, for her laugh rippled out to remind him that her slight figure was very, very close to him.

"What I mean, Alice, is that you always seem to—keep something back. You will begin eagerly to say something to me, and then you will stop; you have never said straight out and heartily, 'I love you, Steve'; and then you will almost fly to meet me—and when I get you in my arms, pull away from me on the instant. What is it—are you afraid of me?"

Again she gave the little half nervous laugh, and put her hand upon his arm.

"A baby would not be afraid of you, you nice, big, kind thing, you! What a silly idea! And of course—"

"Oh, girl, speak out at once—say it!"

"Well, then—I do—love you Steve!" Her tone was low but sure. "But I've known you only six months, and that's a very short time—"

"And time has nothing on earth or in heaven to do with loving!" he submitted impatiently. "I never lived until I met you and love began life for me! And as for you, you've known Tom Austin since you were an infant, and you don't love him—I trust!"

"No," she laughed, "I don't—but father and mother do. Why drag poor, defeated Tom into an otherwise interesting conversation? And I do—trust you, but mother says I'm by half too impulsive, and explosive—and responsive, and that—real love makes haste slowly."

"She's forgotten her youth—what a senseless statement!" the young man said wrathfully. "What else?"

"Well, she says I should be perfectly sure of myself."

"More rubbish, and not of the slightest importance, so long as I am sure of you! You don't have to be sure of anything but just me and my love for you, Alice—do you hear?"

She nodded her head, for mere words would not answer the yearning in his voice. The two had been spending the evening with mutual friends and were walking slowly back to the girl's home, both reluctant to go indoors, the man loath to let her out of his sight. Some way, he could not say how, she seemed to be slipping from him. A desperate sort of impotence to hold her came over him, and deep in his heart he was afraid of Tom Austin—and of her parents. They had perforce, and without great resistance, consented to the engagement, but the mother had skillfully made it a condition that they should not marry for a year, at the very least. Then Austin, with all his money and his real attractiveness just in himself, had gone promptly to Florida to extensive, intensive farming. This would not have been alarming, but Alice's family had a winter home there—and well, it was too much for Steven's fear and jealousy.

"Alice," he said, when they were almost to her door, "I want you to marry me—now, I mean, this fall. Will you?" She gave a little start of surprise, but before she could speak he pressed his claim in words that could not be denied straight answer.

"Don't you want to, child? Just what are we waiting for? I can give you a home and comfort, if not the luxury you are used to—that will come later—but don't you want to marry me—soon?" His tone compelled a reply.

"Yes," she said, "I—think I do—but I'm sure it can't be done—mother would be wild. You know she stipulated for a year, and we tacitly consented, for the sake of peace. She thinks that I'm—pretty young."

"You're pretty and young—further reasons for my wanting to have you all to myself. Waiting can't make me love you more—I hope it could not make you love me less. What's the use—or the real reason behind it? Are you all going south this winter?"

"Well, I was just wondering how I would tell you. You see, Maude is not quite as well as usual, so they have decided today to leave in October instead of waiting until January, as usual. It can't seem to be helped, Doctor Wakefield thinks it would be the best for her, it seems. Of course, nobody really needs me, when you can't step without walking on a nurse or a servant. But I can't refuse to go. Mother would cry and take on, and father depends on me to help keep the peace. I don't see"—she hesitated as they came to the porch, and he spoke.

"Well, I shall probably not cry and 'take on,' but I need you, and you are mine, and my claim is before theirs, Alice. I need my wife, and I need her now! Have you ever really considered my loneliness, my position during this entirely unnecessary waiting? If there was any real reason for it it would be different. But they do not need you. I do. I shall speak about it to your parents tonight."

"Very well," she said, tonelessly, "but it will do no good."

Then they entered the house together. For a while they sat before the fire in the beautiful library, and then Mr. Brand came from the family sitting room and greeted Steven warmly enough. He liked his future son-in-law, despite his disappointment about Austin.

Steve calmly asked to see him and Mrs. Brand a moment and the two men went to join that formidable lady where her husband had left her. Alice, refusing to be present at the interview, sat alone before the fire.

In what seemed ages, but was probably less than an hour the young man returned, his face set and stern, his manner cold. He stepped over and leaned on the mantel, looking down at the soft beauty of the girl as she looked questioningly up at him from her big chair.

"Now, Alice, I have only you to appeal to. I think your father sees the justice of my plea, but he dares not openly attack your mother's attitude. She wants—all sorts of things; me, to be surer of myself—and to make more money; you to have more time, more society, more clothes, even, and to be further sure of yourself! She did not give one true, sincere reason. Since she is your mother, I will not say more, save that she did not deny it when I openly accused her of wanting to separate us for a time and to get you with Tom Austin for a whole season."

"Dear—you need never fear my changing!" and at the pain in his face she jumped up and went to him, clinging closely to him. But where once he would gladly have enfolded her, he now held her off.

"No," he said, "in my heart I do not doubt you, but I want you to marry me soon—before they go south this winter. I appeal to you! I have no home now, mother being gone to my sister's, until you make one for me. Alice, your mother would not even consent definitely to next June—or even to September—a whole year! What are you going to do? Will you stand with her—or with me?"

"My heart is with you," she said, softly, "but—I could not—run away—and I know the hopelessness of resisting mother better than you. Dear, I'm afraid we will have to wait."

The man drew her to him and kissed her, then he released her, and took his hat.

"When you feel that you can marry me," he said, quietly, "will you tell me?"

"Yes," she said, "Oh, Steve, don't take it like this—I will."

A month later the brand household was packed and ready for travel. Maude, not visibly worse than her usual delicacy of health, was impatient to be gone. Mrs. Brand was openly triumphant that Alice had made no trouble. Steve had been in the house very little, and she flattered herself as to her firmness.

The day of departure arrived. Alice had her trunks packed, and came to the hasty breakfast already for the early train they were all to take. The girl's eyes were very bright and her face happy. But yesterday she had been merely tractable and lifeless. Her mother rejoiced, but not for long.

After breakfast Alice stepped from the back door to the nearest telephone booth. She came back flushed and excited, but was ready with the others when the motor came to take them to the station. At the station Mrs. Brand got the surprise of her life. She saw Steve—whom she had expected. She had not, however, looked for the Right Rev. James Preston, nor two of Steve's best friends. There was much chat, and when the train was in sight Alice suddenly took Steve's arm and they walked up to that lady.

"Mother," said Alice, "I'm not going with you. I can't leave Steve. I called him up from the drug store and told him I would marry him at the first church he would take me to the minute you were gone. He has the license. Goodby."

The astonished woman was beginning to hunt for words, when her husband took her by the arm.

"Come," he said. "You must get aboard—Maude's alone there. Alice is perfectly right. I sanction this! You go on and I will follow you on the next train after I see this daughter of ours safely married. They are starting on a trip this afternoon. Come, Mary!"

For once Mrs. Brand dared not question her husband's authority.

### Great Mosque in Danger.

Under the headline, "The Doomed Agia Sophia," the Ikdam of Constantinople, says that the great mosque, with its mighty dome, is in peril and may collapse. "Earthquakes have shaken its walls, and repairs have been made which now appear to have been imperfect. Hence the lamentable condition," adds the Ikdam. Its pessimistic statement is made on the authority of Marangani, an architect appointed by the Turkish government to "make exhaustive examinations and give a detailed report."

Mrs. Neurich (in Paris)—Say, Henry, who are these 'Forty Immortals' we hear so much about? Neurich—I guess they are French duellists, my dear.

## ONLOOKER

## No More West



(Nevada has put into effect an anti-gambling law.)

There ain't no west no more, Bill; you'd never know the land. They've built a dry-goods store, Bill. Where 'Fog Leg's' use to stand! They've got some real poles, Bill—just plain brass-buttoned poles. That aims to keep the peace, Bill, an' carry polished clubs. The good old days is gone, Bill, they've gone for certain shore. Here's what you kin bet on, Bill: There ain't no west no more.

Stay back there in the east, Bill, where folks kin break a law.

The good old times is ceased, Bill; the west has come to law.

Why, Two-tooth Jones is dead, Bill—He just shot up a town.

An' got cracked on the head, Bill, by some one name o' Brown.

That wore a silver star, Bill, an' never rode a hoss.

Stay right there where you are, Bill—the west is growin' moas.

The faro game is closed, Bill; the lay-out's done been burned!

Who'd ever have supposed, Bill, 'twould be so—I'll be darned.

If they ain't got a rule, Bill, that roulette doesn't go!

It's like a Sunday school, Bill—it ain't the west you kin know.

An' worse than all the rest, Bill—what-ever you think?

They'll hang you in the west, Bill, for shootin' of a chink!

There ain't no west no more, Bill—just wipe it off your map.

Them cowboy clo'es you wore, Bill, the folks here now would rap!

They pinch you if you cuss, Bill; they close the bars at night.

An' you can't start no fuss, Bill, nor mix up in a fight.

The good old days is gone, Bill; they've gone for certain shore—

Here's what you can bet on, Bill: There ain't no west no more!

### He Got It.

"And so Halley's comet has been traveling, as you see, for the last 80 years or more, in the outer void, and is now within the field of observation of the largest telescope," says the professor.

"It is 350,000,000 miles from the earth, but next spring it will be much closer, and we anticipate some interesting discoveries as to the attraction of gravity."

"As to what, professor?" asks the beautiful damsel, sleepily.

"The attraction of gravity."

"Why, has gravity any attraction?"

"Oh, yes. You see, Miss Imogene—"

"It hasn't any attraction for me."

"Soon the professor bids her good-by, mentally deciding to make his calls hereafter upon Miss Oldgirl, the teacher of psychology."

### His Mistake.

"My dear," says the husband, "in the first place, I can't see why you bought this new cage for the parrot, and in the second place the thing is so flimsy that the bird got out of it, and escaped from the house ten minutes after I had managed to rig the thing up and put Polly in it."

"Parrot cage! You silly thing! That was my new hoops!"

### Strong Argument.

"No," said the customer, "I don't want to pay no dollar for a second-hand Panama. They're out o' style, anyhow."

"Out of style, mein friend?" asked Mr. Sickslesberger. "Out of style? Haffent' you read in der papers vere Uncle Sam paid forty millions of dollars for a Panama—and a seggot hant one, too?"

### Thoughtful.

"And now," says the president of the women's college, "we must set the date for the spring vacation. When will be the best time for that?"

"How like a man!" exclaims the lady who teaches French. "As if the vacation could be at any other time than the week of the spring openings!"

### The Eternal Woman.

"Can you see anything the matter with my throat?" asked the woman, who was consulting the new lady physician.

"Your throat? Goodness me!" exclaimed the lady doctor. "I had forgotten that I was counting how many of your teeth were filled with gold and saw many with amalgam."

Meberd. Nesbit