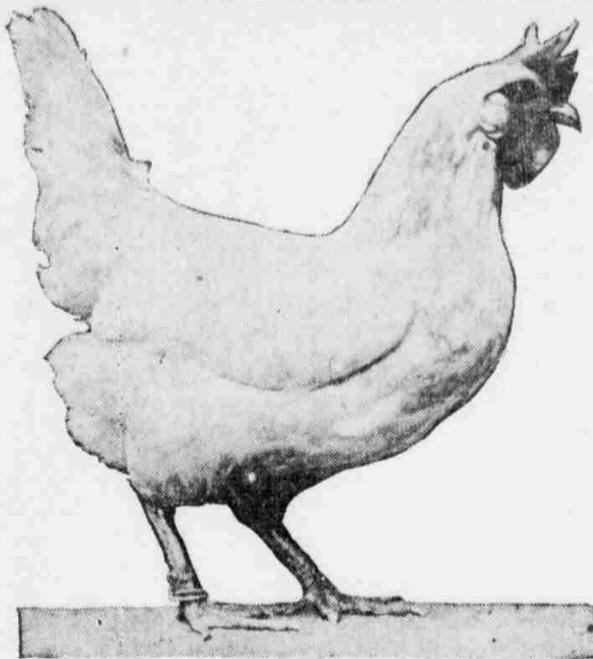


WHITE LEGHORN VALUED AT \$100,000



Lady Eglantine, Who Holds World's Record of 314 Eggs in 365 Days.

(By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN)
Lady Eglantine, the first hen to make a journey, alive, in a parlor car, arrived in New York to open the Poultry, Song Bird, Cat and Pet Stock show at the Grand Central Palace.

There is nothing about this bird to distinguish her from other White Leg-



Lady Eglantine on Exhibition.

horns, and she is as modest a world's title holder as if she had not laid one of the 314 eggs that she deposited to her credit in 365 days.

Lady Eglantine was hatched at Greensboro, Md., April 15, 1914, on the Eglantine farms, run by Mr. A. A. Christian. She was one of five single-comb White Leghorns placed in a pen

BEST GRAIN FOR FATTENING

Oats Finely Ground or With Coarser Hulls Sifted Out Should Form Basis of All Mixtures.

A satisfactory fattening ration is one that is palatable and that will produce a white-colored flesh. Oats, finely ground or with the coarser hulls sifted out, have proved the best grain for fattening and should form the basis of all the grain mixtures. The most suitable meals for fattening are: ground oats, buckwheat, barley and low-grade flour.

Satisfactory fattening rations:

- (1) Finely ground oats.
- (2) Two parts finely ground oats, one part fine shorts.
- (3) Two parts finely ground oats, one part ground barley, one part fine shorts.
- (4) Two parts finely ground oats, one part fine shorts, one part low-grade flour.
- (5) Equal parts ground oats, barley, fine shorts and low-grade flour.

The meal should be mixed to a thin porridge with sour milk, skim milk or buttermilk. On the average 10 pounds of meal require from 12 to 15 pounds of milk.

When sufficient skim milk or buttermilk cannot be obtained for mixing the mash, a quantity of meat meal, blood meal or beef scraps and raw vegetables should be added to the fattening ration. A good proportion is one part of the meat meal to 15 of oatmeal.

The birds should remain in the fattening crates for a period not exceeding 24 days. Some birds will fatten more readily than others and should, therefore, be removed from the crate and killed as soon as they are ready.

Charcoal for Chickens.

A box of charcoal should be kept where the chickens can get at it.

at the egg-laying competition on the grounds of the Delaware agricultural experiment station at Newark, Del., from November 1, 1914, to October 31, 1915. In this time she made her record. She is black-eyed, 14 inches high and weighs four pounds. She has a perfect figure.

All sorts of money has been offered Mr. Christian for the bird, but she absolutely refuses to part with the hen.

On her arrival in New York she was met by a bunch of newspaper men, photographers and movie men, all anxious to get a peek at the champion layer. She was lifted into an automobile and hurried to the Imperial hotel and placed in a coop decorated with American flags, with floral offerings near by. After a few minutes rest she was taken in her motor to the Palace, where she remained until the show closed.

HAVE WATER VESSELS CLEAN

Unless Proper Attention Is Given Filth Is Scratched Into Troughs, Encouraging Disease.

How would you relish your favorite "tote"—coffee, tea or milk—from a teacup or glass which remained on the table for a week at a stretch without washing? Bitter, acrid, slimy, greasy, you say? What about the poultry drinking vessels that are strangers to cleaning for a much longer period than a week?

Not only does the drinking fluid become putrid with decaying food particles from the birds' beaks, but manure and filth are scratched into the vessels and germs of disease multiply in inconceivable numbers. Clean food and clean drink are half the battle against poultry diseases.

Don't force your fowls to drink from a vessel unless you would be willing to drink from it yourself.

Regularly and Properly.

There is no need of a very complicated system of feeding poultry, but what is done should be done regularly and properly.

DUCKS RELISH BULKY RATION

Food, When It Reaches Gizzard, Must Be in Soft State—Whole Grain Is Not Recommended.

Ducks at all times require a bulky ration. They have no crop like chickens, the food passing directly to the gizzard. The food when it reaches the gizzard must be in a soft state. For this reason the feeding of much whole grain will prove injurious to ducks. A good winter ration is the following: Equal parts of wheat bran, cornmeal and green food, 5 per cent beef scrap and 5 per cent sand. The mash for ducks must be made thin and sloppy. Any kind of green food will do—cabbage, potatoes, turnips, beets, etc. Lacking a supply of these, cut clover or cut alfalfa, steamed and mixed with the mash, will do as well. Ducks should be fed three times a day. As the breeding season approaches the quantity of cornmeal and beef scrap in the ration should be doubled.

Ducks require little in the way of housing. A shed, open toward the south, but with north, east and west sides closed, is all that is required. The only part of the duck that is sensitive to cold is its feet. In order to protect its feet from freezing weather, the floor of the shed should be well bedded with straw. The litter in duck pens soon becomes damp and filthy and should be renewed frequently. If allowed to sleep on damp litter or in damp quarters, ducks will likely contract rheumatism.

Ducks may be permitted to range about the place except when the ground is covered with snow.

Cull the Males Closely.

Again, if not already done, cull the males closely, and after selecting those needed for breeding pens, dispose of the others. It does not pay to keep them.

AT THE OPEN BRIDGE

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON.

"I've made the mistake of my life!" announced Gerald Dyke.

"Love spat with Clio Barrett. I suppose?" intimated his close friend, Will Hampden.

"Quite the reverse," declared Dyke. "There's no more Clio Barrett for me. That dream is ended. It's her father who has come upon the scene as the indignant and immovable destroyer of my life's happiness!"

Will Hampden looked interested and sympathetic.

"You see, I made a bad break in supporting our mutual friend, Dodd, for mayor. The progressive element felt that two terms for one man, even as good a man as Mr. Barrett, was enough. They put up Dodd. I electioneered for him, as you know, Will—one little speech."

"But Barrett carried the day."

"Yes, but by so small a majority that he feels piqued. Somehow he heard of my campaigning effort. That settled it. Just as Clio and I became engaged, he ordered me from the house—Clio in tears, myself in despair."

"What are you going to do about it?" interrogated Hampden.

"It's what he will do. He's an unforgiving, pig-headed man in his likes and dislikes. I'm blacklisted in his books and he'll carry Clio away, or hide her away, but he'll outwit me. She is practically under guard. I believe he has emissaries watching me. It's taken me a week to get a note to Clio and a reply."

"She's true blue?"

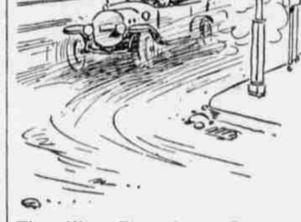
"Yes, but terribly despondent."

"Want my advice?" inquired Hampden deliberately.

"What is it?"

"Run away with her."

Dyke had thought of that. So had Clio. He thought of it more than ever as he started off on a lonely meditative stroll. It was not so easy, however, he realized. He was satisfied



They Were Through the Town and Beyond It.

that Mr. Barrett was keeping an eye on him. He knew that Clio was under the constant gaze of a trained chaperon. He had never yet passed the Barrett grounds but the gardener, or the steward, or the hostler was visible.

A bridge swung by steam power spanned the broad Vermilion river and the Barrett home was on the west side of the stream. From its center the Barrett home was in pretty clear view and Gerald had the doubtful consolation of posting himself there occasionally, to mournfully survey the spot where he had formerly been a welcome visitor.

On this especial day he strolled to the bridge. His heart fluttered as he made out in the distance a white-robed form among the distant flower beds. He had just written a note to Clio. He took it out of his pocket wondering how he would get it to her. A hand touching his shoulder, he looked up with a start.

"Excuse me," said the bridgetender, for it was he, "but I want to thank you."

"Oh yes—you are Fenton. Got the job, did you?"

"Yes, sir, and your recommendation it was that did it."

Fenton, a rough and ready young fellow, had been sent by a friend to Gerald and he on account of his activity in the mayoralty campaign had been able to exert some influence with the county board. Now, it seemed, his recommendation had borne fruit.

"Glad you got placed," said Gerald heartily.

"Yes, sir," spoke the man humbly. "Will you excuse me if I say something?"

Gerald nodded agreeably.

"Well, sir, I've got eyes and I've been hearing things. You know this bridge appointment is county business, so the mayor has nothing to do with it. I was again the mayor. He'd fire me if he could. He hates me and I don't like him. He's treated you mean and that makes less liking between us. That pretty girl of his is a jewel, though. Say, could I venture to guess," pursued the shrewd fellow, "that you want a letter taken to the little miss? Oh, sir, you can trust me."

Now that was just what Gerald wanted done. He engaged in a confi-

dential talk with his new ally. He felt confidence in his protestation of fealty. He was surprised to find the man full of clever suggestions, and when he left the bridge an hour later he was sure that the letter would reach Clio safely, and found himself the center of a deep laid exciting plot.

"You see, the bridgetender had said, 'I run up to the Barrett place often. The steward is an old friend of mine. I'll see that little miss gets your letter. And, say, when you want to loiter around up there, drop into my watch house here and slip on some togs there that will disguise you like a high-class detective.'"

Thereafter for two evenings a slouching figure, suggesting some tramp wayfarer looking for free lunch and lodging, meandered by the Barrett home. On the first occasion Clio, in the garden, managed to slip a note over the fence. On the second she was near enough to the stroller to catch the words: "Be on hand," and her pretty lips whispered the agreeable response: "Every evening at this hour."

So it was that those two had a pretty thorough understanding of the situation, when, one evening just at dusk, Mr. Barrett drove up to the curb in his automobile. He was an active public officer and attentive to his duties, and was bound back for his office as soon as dinner was over.

Mr. Barrett attended all fires, courts and public meetings so as to keep in touch with everything affecting the civic interest. He had a regular alarm bell attached to his machine, its tones so familiar to the general public that the people cleared the way promptly when its signal tones echoed out.

What happened two minutes after Mr. Barrett had left the car, was that Gerald sprang into the vacated driver's seat from behind a tree. At the same moment Clio squeezed her way through the hedge. Just as she got into the rear seat of the machine her father appeared unexpectedly. He had left a package of papers in the auto and had returned to secure them.

Gerald with a leap sent the machine forward, disregarding the amazed and threatening shouts of the infuriated mayor. By the time the bridge was reached, Mr. Barrett had rushed to the stables, secured a horse and was in hot pursuit of the fugitives.

"Good!" shouted the bridgetender, as the machine whizzed past him and his keen wits took in fully the merits of the situation. Then he stared back the road and made out the chief official of the town in the near distance.

"This won't do," decided the bridgetender, and then—the instant the horse reached the end of the bridge the loyal friend of the lovers touched the lever and swung the bridge open.

The mayor raved, the mayor scented complicity. In vain he menaced the bridgetender, who feigned the necessity of an oiling process in connection with the swinging apparatus.

Clang! clang! clang! not knowing all that had happened behind him, and taking no risks, fearing that a telephone warning might head them off right industriously Gerald plied the alarm bell on the auto. In five minutes there was a clear course, they were through the town and beyond it.

"Regular wedding bells!" he chortled gayly, as they shot down a smooth country road in the direction of the home of the nearest rural minister. (Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

SUBMARINE OF QUIET POND

Snapping Turtle Often Sinks a Swimming Duck and Makes Leisurely Meal.

Ever see a duck, swimming along a pond quite peacefully, suddenly disappear beneath the surface of the water? You may have suspected that the duck had some enemy submarine lurking in the pond—and you were right. The name of the attacking submarine is snapping turtle.

He lives in rivers and lakes throughout the United States, usually in deep water. He has a big head and a long tail—the long tail providing a very safe and convenient handle to pick him up by. At least, you'll find it safest if you ever come in contact with his jaws.

The snapper's jaws are fitted with a pair of sharp blades which come together with a click like a steel trap. A large snapper has sufficient power in his jaws to amputate a man's finger. As for the duck, she hates him like poison. A snapper will sometimes seize a duck by the leg and draw her completely under water to eat at his leisure.

A common size for snappers is about fifteen inches, including head and tail, with a shell about nine inches long. They lay their eggs in a hole scooped out in the sand. Both the eggs and the flesh of this turtle are excellent food—so good that they often masquerade on restaurant menus as "terrapin."

If They Told the Truth.

"How homely your wife grows!"

"My dear, what do you suppose my score was this morning? One hundred and forty-nine for eighteen holes."

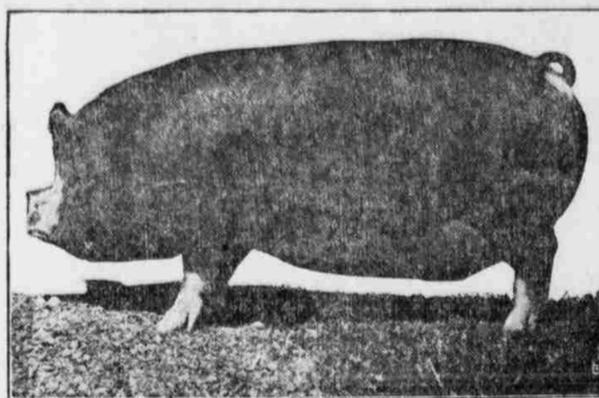
"I won't be home till late tonight, darling. I'm going to paint the town red with a couple of old college chums."

"Yes, sir, the hotel is pretty full, but I can give you what we consider the worst room in it for a little more than the same price you would pay for a good one if we weren't so crowded."—Life.

Unpleasant Thought.

A man may be judged by the company he keeps, but it might be ungenerous to judge some of us by the kind of shows we go to see.

MAKE MORE MONEY FROM THE FARM HOG



Champion Brood Sow.

Hogs are comparatively scarce despite what the department of agriculture has to say of their increase in 1914, as compared with 1913. They may have increased, but the population is increasing faster. They are not as high in price as we think they should be, and we think our reasons are good. We still believe that the middleman is exploiting both the producer and the consumer, says an Iowa writer in Farm Progress.

After all, however, the hog is the big moneymaker in a vast number of communities. We are taking a lower price than we should, but we ought to figure out some ways and means to increase our profits by bettering our breeding, our care and our feeding of the hogs. If we can pull down the cost of producing a hundred pounds of pork, we will be increasing our profits by just that much. I am absolutely certain that nothing short of a genuine catastrophe is going to be able to keep the price of pork down where it is for another year.

Have you considered how rapidly the world's whole supply of reserve foodstuffs is now being eaten, destroyed and wasted? Possibly the war lords did have a great many million prepared rations put away when the war began. A million men will eat 3,000,000 rations daily, to say nothing of the waste. How can the prices of all foodstuffs, meats in particular, and pork along with them, be kept down much longer? It is simply an impossibility.

The man who makes good breeding the very foundation of his hog growing will make more money than the man who does not. We are all trying to grow quickly, developing animals that will give up quicker returns and, therefore better profits. Just what characteristics do we want in a hog

that is to do these things? We might enumerate them here:

First, easy keeping, something that means much to the breeder, the grower and the feeder.

Second, quick and early development. We have no time any more for a hog to put in a couple of years growing a bony framework on which to put the fat layers.

Third, prolific breeding qualities. The sow that will drop a litter of ten pigs every time is worth three times as much as the sow that will farrow five pigs about every other time. Of course not every sow is a ten-pig animal.

Fourth and fifth, we want animals that are of a quiet disposition and vigorously healthy. We don't want a breed of hogs that will put on a pound of flesh in the morning and run it off in the afternoon. We want animals that will resist ordinary hog ailments, and we would be greatly pleased if someone would develop a breed of cholera-immune swine.

Of course, there is no perfect breed of swine, but there are numbers that are very popular with practical hog growers. Pick out any one of the better breeds, stick to that one breed and try to pay more attention to the selection of individual sows and boars. Watch the sow whose litters develop rapidly. Get rid of the sow whose litters grow slowly and whose pigs are chicken killers, fence breakers and persistent rooters. Pay particular attention to the sow whose litters are a little larger than the average.

If you have any scrub hogs get rid of them. The razorback is all right in his native canebrakes, but he has no place on a farm. All these things will help in reducing the cost of growing hogs and will mean more money for the grower.

STALLION SHOULD BE BROKEN TO HARNESS

Animal Should Be Worked Provided Driver Gives Him the Necessary Attention.

Many farmers have written to the Kansas State Agricultural college to know if it is advisable to work stallions.

"Yes, all stallions should be worked; that is, provided the man who works them understands them and knows how to give them the proper care," is the answer given by Dr. C. W. McCampbell, secretary of the live stock registry board and assistant professor of animal husbandry in the college.

"A stallion should be broken to harness in the winter before he is two years old," says Doctor McCampbell. "As few are broken at this age the man who usually buys stallions faces the problem of breaking them after the horses have reached maturity."

"Several precautions must be observed when breaking a stallion. First, the man must be a thorough horseman, and second, he must remember that while the horse is big he is usually soft and cannot stand a great amount of hard work until he becomes accustomed to it."

"In breaking a stallion it should be borne in mind that he should have only a few hours' light work every day for several months, but after he has once become accustomed to work, he can, with proper care, do a full day's work out of breeding season, and at least half a day's work during the breeding season."

COMFORTABLE SOWS ALWAYS PROFITABLE

Good Shelter, Preferably in Cot, Liberally Supplied With Straw, Is Favored.

The brood sow should have a comfortable shelter in winter. Good shelter, preferably in a cot well supplied with straw, will contribute to her well being, and in that lies strength for her offspring.

The shelter should be placed a considerable distance from her feeding place, in order that she may be compelled to take exercise.

Her feed should consist of bulky foods, such as milk, roots and clover hay, and enough grain to keep her in good condition without causing her to put on fat.

PAY ATTENTION TO THE HORSE'S TEETH

Poor Economy to Feed Animal All He Can Eat if He Cannot Masticate His Food.

(By H. S. EAKINS, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.)

There are many different kinds of colic in the horse and impaction colic is one of the most fatal. Impaction colic is caused by improperly masticated food resulting from bad teeth. A horse is said to be as old as his teeth.

The period of usefulness of a horse—and in many cases of his life—may be prolonged several years by proper attention to his teeth. The food that a horse eats is not cooked for him and his grinders must be in almost perfect condition, otherwise he becomes a hard keeper. The teeth should be given attention as often as once a year. It is poor economy to feed a horse all he will eat and still have him in poor condition and capable of giving only a mediocre service in return.

Be merciful to your horse by not neglecting his teeth. He is doing the best he can for you.

SKIM MILK FAVORED FOR THE DAIRY CALF

Skill and Patience Required in Raising Heifers to Perpetuate the Dairy Herd.

In order to perpetuate the dairy herd it is necessary to raise the heifer calves. This appears at first to be a very simple matter, but herdsmen have found that it demands both skill and patience.

Vigor and thrift are needed in the young animal, because upon it is to be placed the responsibility of producing a large and economical flow of milk, and of contributing to the reproduction of the herd.

It is entirely out of the question to raise the dairy calf on whole milk alone, because of the cost. There are other good ways in which the same result can be gained. Various substitutes for milk have met with more or less success, but it is difficult to dispense with nature's own food.

Skim milk for calves has many advantages. True, there are some disadvantages, but these can be eliminated by careful feeding. A herdman must know his calves.