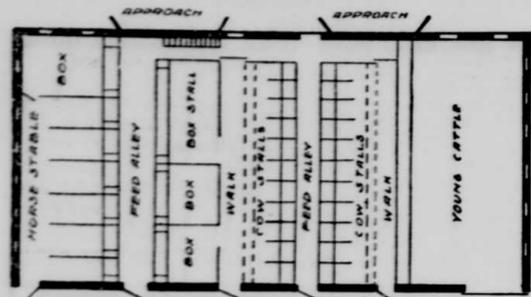


# NECESSITY OF SHELTERING FARM ANIMALS PROPERLY

Good, Warm Quarters, Providing Sanitation and Ventilation Are Right, Prevents Contracting of Various Kinds of Disease.



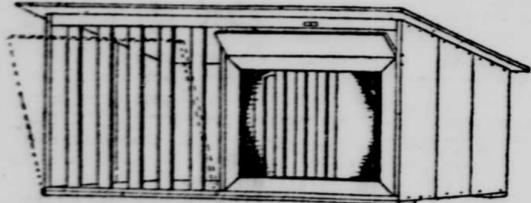
Plan of a General Purpose Barn.

Good shelter for animals will not make them less hardy nor more susceptible to disease, on the other hand, in many cases, it will prevent the contracting of disease. There is no question about the good of making the shelter warm and comfortable, providing the sanitation, ventilation and lighting are good. These are things that are to be looked into carefully.

One other trouble in closely stabling animals for a large portion of the year is the lack of exercise for the animals. It is a biological fact that all animals must have a certain amount of wholesome exercise for health, development and working or producing power. Inactivity means decay and death. Keeping milch cows closely stalled for weeks, and even months at a time, is not right from a humanitarian point of view, and thinking persons know that it is not good for the health of the animal. Under such treatment, there is no wonder that so many of our dairy cows fall prey to contagious diseases. Their physical powers have been so reduced that they cannot resist them as they should under normal conditions, with greater freedom for activity.

The illustration shows beneath a good outline of a general purpose barn. It has six single stalls and one box stall for horses, three box stalls for springers or calves, cow stalls for 22 cows and an open stable for cattle or sheep. The main floor is constructed and is entered by two wide driveways. A silo may be located between the two approaches or on the opposite side of the barn. This

## COOP FOR HEN AND CHICKS



The hen expected to raise a large brood of chicks should be provided with the best quarters possible. The coop should admit plenty of sunshine; should be wind, water and vermin proof; should be cozy and dry and should afford easy access to all parts for cleaning and caring for the little chicks. The floor should be near enough to the ground so that the little chicks after getting out can easily find their way back and yet far enough off the surface of the ground to insure dryness. The coop should not be cumbersome, yet it should be substantially built.

The coop shown in the illustration is well adapted to the needs of the small fancier with only a brood or two and to the large poultry raiser alike who raises a number of chicks with hens. It is built on the open air colony house type plan. If it is intended to give the chicks free range after a few weeks old and after they have been weaned from the old hen, a roost may be placed in the back part of the coop and the young fowls raised almost to maturity in it.

The coop is 24 inches long by 18 inches wide, and 18 inches high in the rear and 24 inches in front. It is divided into two compartments, making each compartment 18 inches. Using these dimensions even length lumber may be used with scarcely any waste. The two side walls and back are made tight, and it is well to cover them with roofing paper if second grade lumber is used. The roof should be of light pine lumber covered with roofing material. Shingles are not adapted to this coop or any coop

## AMERICAN HEN IS PROFITABLE

Secured Her Place in Agriculture By Producing Millions of Dollars Every Year—Need Little Care.

(By SAMUEL PHILLIPS) I know from what I have seen on some farms that the hens made a great deal more money—investment, work and cost considered—than any other one branch of farming. Most farmers consider the care of poultry "woman's work," and some of them are actually ashamed to be seen helping their wives look after the fowls. What a mistake! It is not as much a woman's work as a man's, because it often involves exposure during storms and cold weather and the man who will refuse to save his wife from any bit of hard work possible is a pretty poor specimen of a farmer. If these men would study the science of poultry raising and give it as much attention as any other branch of farm-

ing, they would make more money and make it easier. The American hen has made her place in agriculture by producing millions of dollars every year, and she has earned the respect of every right-thinking farmer in the land.

Varieties of Oats. Among the 25 best varieties of oats grown at the Ohio experiment station Siberian, Sixty Day, Improved American, Illinois, German, Jeanette, Green Mountain and Big Four led in productive capacity. The range in yield of grain on the average for the five years was 68.24 bushels for the last mentioned variety to 70.46 bushels for the first mentioned.

Cost of Milk Product. How much does it cost to produce milk? Don't know. That has always been the trouble with the dairy business. There was too much guesswork about it. Some recent experiments show that it costs about 80 cents per 100 pounds to produce milk, after paying for feed and labor. This is equal to 1¢ costs per quart, counting the feed and labor cost of production.

Exercise. Pigs whose mothers have plenty of range are not going to die from the thumps, but they are going to be strong and vigorous growers. It is natural for the pigs to follow their mother and it is best. She will not go too fast nor too far for their little, short legs. The pigs will acquire keen appetites and build the foundation wherewith to lay pork at a profit. Feeding heavily and running off flesh uselessly are not advisable with any animal, but some exercise is essential to health in a growing animal and an absence of health means an absence of profit.

The second compartment with a screened door in place, shows only a portion of the screen, that the inside may be illustrated.

The compartment in which the hen is confined is to the left, and is divided from the one to the right by slats. The dotted lines represent the door, which is hinged at the bottom in front of this compartment, and acts as a platform in front of the coop during the day, and at night as a tight-fitting door, excluding rain and rats alike. One or more of the slats in front of this compartment should be made loose fitting, so the hen may get in and out, and so the compartment may be cleaned.

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# THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY WALTERS  
SYNOPSIS

Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Amidst numerous difficulties the servants deserted. As Miss Innes looked up for the night, she was startled by a dark figure on the veranda. She passed a terrible night, which was filled with unseemly noises. In the morning Miss Innes found a strange link cuff button in a clothes hamper. Gertrude and Halsey arrived with Jack Bailey. The house was awakened by a revolver shot. A strange man was found shot to death in the hall. It proved to be the body of Arnold Armstrong's revolver on the lawn. He and Jack Bailey had disappeared. The link cuff button mysteriously disappeared. Detective Jamieson and the corner arrived. Gertrude revealed that she was engaged to Jack Bailey, with whom she had talked in the billiard room a few moments before the murder. Jamieson told Miss Innes that she was hiding evidence from him. He imprisoned an intruder in an empty room. The prisoner escaped down a laundry chute. It developed that the intruder was probably a woman. Gertrude was suspected, for the intruder left a print of her bare foot on the carpet. Gertrude was with her right ankle sprained. A negro found at other hall what proved to be Jack Bailey's cuff button.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Undoubtedly. Why, what could it be but flight? Miss Innes, let me reconstruct that evening, as I see it. Bailey and Armstrong had quarreled at the club. I learned this to-day. Your nephew brought Bailey over. Prompted by jealous, insane fury, Armstrong followed, coming across by the path. He entered the billiard room wing—perhaps rapping, and being admitted by your nephew. Just inside he was shot, by some one on the circular staircase. The shot fired, your nephew and Bailey left the house at once, going toward the automobile house. They left by the lower road, which prevented them being heard, and when you and Miss Gertrude got downstairs everything was quiet."

"But—Gertrude's story," I stammered.

"Miss Gertrude only brought forward her explanation the following morning. I do not believe it, Miss Innes. It is the story of a loving and ingenious woman."

"And this thing to-night?"

"May upset my whole view of the case. We must give the benefit of every doubt after all. We may, for instance, come back to the figure on the porch; if it was a woman you saw that night through the window, we might start with other premises. Or Mr. Innes' explanation may turn us in a new direction. It is possible that he shot Arnold Armstrong as a burglar and then fled, frightened at what he had done. In any case, however, I feel confident that the body was here when he left. Mr. Armstrong left the club ostensibly for a moonlight saunter, about half after eleven o'clock. It was three when the shot was fired."

I leaned back bewildered. It seemed to me that the evening had been full of significant happenings, had I only held the key. Had Gertrude been the fugitive in the clothes chute? Who was the man on the drive near the lodge, and whose gold-mounted dressing bag had I seen in the lodge sitting room?

It was late when Mr. Jamieson finally got up to go. I went with him to the door, and together we stood looking out over the valley. Below lay the village of Casanova, with its Old World houses, its blossoming trees and its peace. Above on the hill across the valley were the lights of the Greenwood club. It was even possible to see the curving row of parallel lights that marked the carriage road. Rumors that I had heard about the club came back—of drinking, of high play, and once, a year ago, of a suicide under those very lights.

Mr. Jamieson left, taking a short cut to the village, and I still stood there. It must have been after 11, and the monotonous tick of the big clock on the stairs behind me was the only sound. Then I was conscious that some one was running up the drive. In a minute a woman darted into the area of light made by the open door, and caught me by the arm. It was Rosie—Rosie in a state of collapse from terror and not the least important, clutching one of my Coalport plates and a silver spoon.

She stood staring into the darkness behind, still holding the plate. I got her into the house and secured the plate; then I stood and looked down at her where she crouched tremblingly against the doorway.

"Well," I asked, "didn't your young man enjoy his meal?"

She couldn't speak. She looked at the spoon she still held—I wasn't so anxious about it; thank Heaven, it wouldn't chip—and then she stared at me.

"I appreciate your desire to have everything nice for him," I went on, "but the next time, you might take the Limoges china. It's more easily duplicated and less expensive."

"I haven't a young man—not here." She had got her breath now, as I had guessed she would. "I—I have been chased by a thief, Miss Innes."

"Did he chase you out of the house and back again?" I asked.

Then Rosie began to cry—not silently, but noisily, hysterically. I stopped her by giving her a good shake.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" I snapped. "Has the day of good common sense gone by? Sit up and tell me the whole thing."

Rosie sat up then, and sniffled.

"I was coming up the drive—"

"You must start with when you went down the drive, with my dishes and my silver," I interrupted, but, seeing more signs of hysteria, I gave in. "Very well. You were coming up the drive—"

"I had a basket of—of silver and dishes on my arm, and I was carrying the plate, because—I was afraid I'd break it. Part-way up the

road a man stepped out of the bushes, and held his arm like this, spread out, so I couldn't get past. He said—'Not so fast, young lady; I want you to let me see what's in that basket.'"

She got up in her excitement and took hold of my arm.

"It was like this, Miss Innes," she said, "and say you was the man. When he said that, I screamed and ducked under his arm like this. He caught at the basket and I dropped it. I ran as fast as I could, and he came after as fast as the trees. Then he stopped. Oh, Miss Innes, it must have been the man that killed that Mr. Armstrong!"

"Don't be foolish," I said. "Whoever killed Mr. Armstrong would put as much space between himself and this house as he could. Go up to bed now; and mind, if I hear of this story being repeated to the other maids, I shall deduct from your wages for every broken dish I find in the drive."

I could fancy Liddy's face when she missed the extra pieces of china—she had opposed Rosie from the start. If Liddy once finds a prophecy fulfilled, especially an unpleasant one, she never allows me to forget it. It seemed to me that it was absurd to leave that china dotted along the road for her to spy the next morning; so with a sudden resolution, I opened the door again and stepped out into the darkness. As the door closed behind me I half regretted my impulse; then I shut my teeth and went on.

Warner in an ulster and a pair of slippers, over heaven knows what. Jack Bailey was not there. I got in, and we went slowly and painfully up to the house.

We did not talk. What we had to say was too important to commence there, and, besides, it took all kinds of coaxing from both men to get the Dragon Fly up the last grade. Only when we had closed the front door and stood facing each other in the hall did Halsey say anything. He slipped his strong young arm around my shoulders and turned me so I faced the light.

"Poor Aunt Ray!" he said gently. And I nearly wept again. "I—I must see Gertrude, too; we will have a three-cornered talk."

And then Gertrude herself came down the stairs. She had not been to bed evidently; she still wore the white negligee she had worn earlier in the evening, and she limped somewhat. During her slow progress down the stairs I had time to notice one thing: Mr. Jamieson had said the woman who escaped from the cellar had worn no shoe on her right foot. Gertrude's right ankle was the one she had sprained!

The meeting between brother and sister was tense, but without tears. Halsey kissed her tenderly, and I noticed evidences of strain and anxiety in both young faces.

"Is everything—right?" she asked. "Right as can be," with forced cheerfulness.



I Was Conscious That Some One Was Running Up the Drive.

I have never been a nervous woman, as I said before. Moreover, a minute or two in the darkness enabled me to see things fairly well. Beulah gave me rather a start by rubbing unexpectedly against my feet; then we two, side by side, went down the drive.

There were no fragments of china, but where the grove began I picked up a silver spoon. So far Rosie's story was borne out; I began to wonder if it were not indiscreet, to say the least, this midnight prowling in a neighborhood with such a deservedly bad reputation. Then I saw something gleaming, which proved to be the handle of a cup, and a step or two farther on I found a V-shaped bit of plate. But the most surprising thing of all was to find the basket sitting comfortably beside the road, with the rest of the broken crockery piled neatly within, and a handful of small silver spoons, forks and the like, on top! I could only stand and stare.

Then Rosie's story was true. But where had Rosie carried her basket? And why had the thief, if he were a thief, picked up the broken china out of the road and left it, with his booty?

It was with my nearest approach to a nervous collapse that I heard the familiar throbbing of an automobile engine. As it came closer I recognized the outline of the Dragon Fly, and knew that Halsey had come back.

Strange enough it must have seemed to Halsey, too, to come across me in the middle of the night, with the skirt of my gray silk gown over my shoulders to keep off the dew, holding a red and green basket under one arm and a black cat under the other. What with relief and joy, I began to cry, right there, and very nearly wiped my eyes on Beulah in the excitement.

"I shall tell nothing," he said with a new sternness in his voice. "Aunt Ray, it was necessary for Jack and me to leave that night. I cannot tell you why—just yet. As to where we went, if I have to depend on that as an alibi, I shall not tell. The whole thing is an absurdity, a trumped-up charge that cannot possibly be serious."

"Has Mr. Bailey gone back to the city?" I demanded, "or to the club?"

"Neither," defiantly; "at the present moment I do not know where he is."

"Halsey," I asked gravely, leaning forward, "have you the slightest suspicion who killed Arnold Armstrong? The police think he was admitted from within, and that he was shot down from above, by some one on the circular staircase."

"I know nothing of it," he main-

tained; but I fancied I caught a sudden glance at Gertrude, a flash of something that died as it came.

As quietly, as calmly as I could, I went over the whole story, from the night Liddy and I had been alone up to the strange experience of Rosie and her pursuer. The basket still stood on the table, a mute witness to this last mysterious occurrence.

"There is something else," I said hesitatingly, at the last. "Halsey, I have never told this even to Gertrude, but the morning after the crime I found, in a tulip bed, a revolver. It—it was yours, Halsey."

For an appreciable moment Halsey stared at me. Then he turned to Gertrude.

"My revolver, Trude!" he exclaimed. "Why, Jack took my revolver with him, didn't he?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake don't say that," I implored. "The detective thinks possibly Jack Bailey came back, and—and the thing happened then."

"He didn't come back," Halsey said sternly. "Gertrude, when you brought down a revolver that night for Jack to take with him, what one did you bring? Mine?"

Gertrude was defiant now.

"No. Yours was loaded, and I was afraid of what Jack might do. I gave him one I have had for a year or two. It was empty."

Halsey threw up both hands despairingly.

"If that isn't like a girl!" he said. "Why didn't you do what I asked you to, Gertrude? You send Bailey off with an empty gun, and throw mine in a tulip bed, of all places on earth! Mine was a .38 caliber. The inquest will show, of course, that the bullet that killed Armstrong was a .38. Then where shall I be?"

"You forget," I broke in, "that I have the revolver, and that no one knows about it."

But Gertrude had risen angrily.

"I cannot stand it; it is always with me," she cried. "Halsey, I did not throw your revolver into the tulip bed. I think—you—you did—it—yourself!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**OREGON HAS KINDEST MAN**

Panjab River Hermit Refuses to Kill Wild Animals That Destroy His Crops.

If you lived in the woods where bear, deer and cougar actually interfered with your farming operations and devoured your crops, would you have any hesitation about killing the offending varmints? Frank Lotcon, a German hermit living alone on the Panjab river in the Blue mountains, in Oregon, thinks it wrong to kill wild animals and they bully him unmercifully.

Although for years he has lived in a district where all sorts of wild animals are numerous, he has never killed one yet. "They frequently cause me much trouble," he says, "but it is wrong to kill them."

Recently he awoke in the morning to see two large cougars glaring at him through the windows of his cabin. The mountaineer could easily have killed both of them, but he said he had no objection to have them inspect the interior of his house. After watching him for several minutes, the wild cats slunk away into the timber.

A field of corn planted and cultivated by Lotcon with great care, was destroyed by a herd of deer. Several acres of the corn was eaten to the ground. Mr. Lotcon could easily have killed the deer the morning after the animals devoured the corn, but he did not molest them. A big deer recently created havoc with the irrigation scheme Mr. Lotcon has carried out on his farm. Wallowing in the spring from which the water is drawn, the deer squeezed mud into the outlet pipe, stopping it up, and the crops suffered before the cause of the trouble was discovered.

Taking all these things into account, Oregon may claim to have the kindest man.

**A Burglar's Text Book.**

The police of New York found upon a burglar, arrested by them, a treatise on safe-cracking that is said to be the most remarkable document that has ever fallen into their hands. The contents are so well compiled that the police unhesitatingly declare the author a past grand master in his profession, and according to Popular Mechanics, are somewhat anxious to find out just how many copies are in circulation throughout the country.

For the most part the manuscript is in the yegg code, a lingo freely used by thieves the country over. It describes the two kinds of safes recognized by the profession, namely, the fireproof and the burglar-proof, asserting, however, that there is no genuine burglar-proof safe, and that kind that are drill-proof are only called so by courtesy. Minute directions for cracking a safe are given, together with diagrams to illustrate the treatise.

**His Favorite Song.**

There is a young optician in Denver, Col., who sings very well. The other night he was making a call on a couple of sisters up on Corona street when he was asked to sing.

"What shall it be?" he asked as he went to the piano.

"Your favorite song," said one of the girls.

"All right," he replied. And then the optician sat down and sang "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes."

**Guilt Revealed.**

"Johnny, do you smoke cigarettes?" "I d-d-do a li-little, sir," stammered Johnny, paling beneath the tan of the baseball field.

The boss fired him with his eagle eye.

"Then gimme me one," he said. "I left mine on the bureau."



"Golly! If I was educated I'd certainly find out where de country is where de chickens lay sich big eggs, an' I'd certainly go dere."

Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.—Ruskin.

Lewis' Single Binder gives a man what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

Our dearest thoughts are out of reach.—Van Dyke.

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