

JUST WHAT HENS EAT

Meat is Usually in Form of Bugs and Worms.

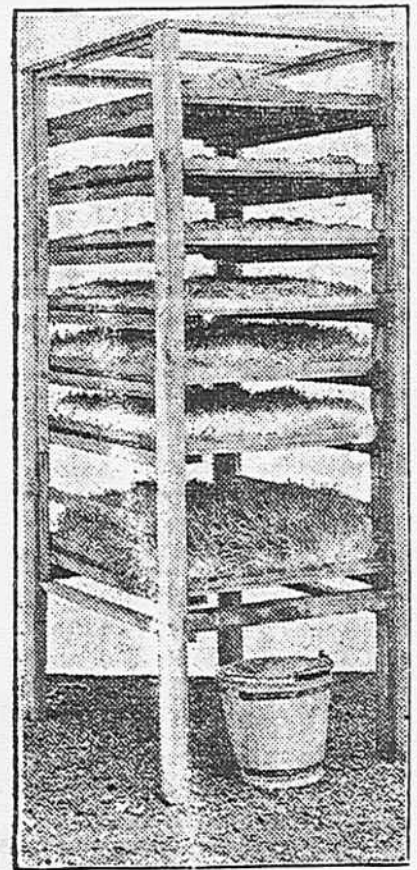
Considerable Studying and Experimenting Necessary to Find Out What Fowls Need and How Much They Should Have.

(By KATHERINE ATHON GRIMES.)

The hen has three reasons for eating: to repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and to make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful. If we open the crop of a hen that has been allowed to eat just what she pleased we will find that she has provided herself with three kinds of food—grain, green stuff and meat. The last named is usually in the form of bugs and worms.

We must, then, furnish our hens with food of these classes. Moreover, the quantity must be about right of each. If they are not given enough, they will have to use it all for body building and heat production, and will have nothing left over to make eggs with. If we feed too much of some kinds the surplus will go to fat, and the hens will get too lazy to lay.

It takes considerable studying and experimenting to find out just what the hens need, and how much they ought to have, but we must learn as soon as we can, or we will find our



Oats sprouted to supply green food when none is growing in the open. The arrangement of the trays shows sowing at week intervals. Then trays can be slipped out and placed in the poultry house as needed.

Poultry is not so profitable as it ought to be. The feeding question is one of the most important in the whole poultry business.

Experts tell us that a hen needs about six ounces of food a day. A flock of ten, then, will need about three and three-fourths pounds a day, or a trifle over twenty-six pounds a week.

Of this amount two-thirds by weight should consist of grains. The grain should be a mixture of equal parts of wheat, cracked corn and oats. A few handfuls of sunflower seed, cane seed or buckwheat should be added for variety. They are to the hen what pie is to the boy—and you know what that is.

The other third should be a "mash," which is a mixture of bran and other finely ground feeds, usually fed dry. Some poultrymen moisten the mash, but the majority claim that it is better to feed it dry, and let the hen moisten it in her crop by drinking what water she wants. If fed dry there is less danger from certain kinds of disease.

A good formula for a mash is as follows: One-half bushel of bran, 4 quarts alfalfa meal, 2 quarts each of ground oats and corn meal, 1 tablespoonful of charcoal, 1 pint of beef scrap, 1 tablespoonful of salt and 1 teaspoonful of pepper.

This furnishes both meat and green food in about the right quantities. Where these elements are given in other ways the alfalfa meal and beef scrap may be omitted from the mash.

These ingredients should be thoroughly mixed together, and the mash kept where the hens can get it any time they want it. It is a bulky food, but not a fattening one, so there is no danger of their eating too much. The bran is one of the best "condition powders" poultry can have. It keeps the system vigorous and healthy and furnishes a large part of the egg-making elements.

The grain food should always be thrown into a deep little of straw or chaff, where the birds will have to "scratch for a living." If you have ever watched an old hen digging about in the yard you will know that it is as natural for her to dig as it is to breathe.

Grit and lime, usually given in the form of oyster shells, are two other necessary elements. They should be kept before the fowls all the time. A very convenient hopper for feeding the mash, grit and shells may be made like the illustration, the compartment for the mash being much larger than the others.

MAID OF THE PALISADE

By BELLE KANARIS MANIATES.

Through the Virginian forest in the lengthening shadows of a midsummer day rode a man, stern-faced and gaunt. Presently he came to a clearing where upon a slope of green was set a house more pretentious than one would expect to find in so primeval a time and place. This oasis of modernity was encircled by a palisade. As he drew near, the gate was unbarred by a brawny servant, to whom the man tossed the bride as he dismounted.

As he went toward this house, a slender, girlish form with eyes of cornflower blue and a skin of snow and roses came out to greet him. His stern features softened as he stooped to kiss her.

"Mya, my child," he murmured tenderly as they went up the steps together.

It was for her, his motherless daughter, his all, that he had built this palisaded palace in the forest and had guarded it so jealously from every intruder.

A nun-like life lived the fair Mya, who was known far and wide as the "Beautiful Maid of the Palisade."

Fate stepped in the very next day, when the stern Master Mollins again journeyed away on his red-brown horse. Mya accompanied him to the towering pine which marked the boundary of her freedom. Then with a good-bye, she turned and retraced her steps. A road to the right lured her. She strayed aimlessly from her beaten path and wandered at will.

She soon paid the price. A lout of a fellow stepped from behind a tree.

"And so the Maid of the Palisade is freed at last," he cried with a leer, planting himself in her path.

Mya cried out in fright. The man stepped nearer. And then came a knight to the rescue in the person of one Capt. Philip Darcy, who knocked the fellow senseless. Then he turned to Mya, and her eyes, admiring, trusting, met his own. They walked together through the deep woods, and she chatted to him freely of her closely guarded life.

"And you are content to live this hermit life?" he asked earnestly.

"I am very happy," she assured him, "and no danger has ever come to me until today. I was well punished for my disobedience in not returning directly home."

"Are you sorry," asked the captain in low, vibrant tones, "that you turned from your path?"

"No," she answered sweetly and shyly. "I am glad!"

He walked home with her, but she bade him leave her before they reached sight of the stern warder at the gate.

"I shall come tomorrow," said the young captain gravely, "when your father is here."

Hearts moved quickly in those days, and the captain returned the next day a wooer, but Master Gregory Mollins ruthlessly repulsed his advances and bade him begone never to return.

"If it must be that my daughter wed some day, when she is much older, I will never give her to a soldier," he declared.

Love would have laughed at palisades, but war claimed the young captain's services and he must needs ride away.

Faith and hope thrived in Mya's heart, but when the war was ended and a long time elapsed with no word from the young soldier, she began to fade like a flower too much in the sun. When a fever contagion was carried by a servant to the palisaded forest-house, Mya proved a ready victim.

A physician was summoned from Jamestown, and the crisis was passed successfully, but Mya remained weak and enervated.

"I have done all in my power," the doctor frankly informed the agonized father, "but this is a condition that baffles my knowledge. There is a young doctor lately come to Jamestown whom I should like to bring here in consultation."

Master Mollins consented, but he chanced to be asleep when the young surgeon called. When he awoke, he learned that the new doctor had made his visit and departed. He went to the sick room. There was a look of the old Mya in the face upon the pillow. The nurse followed him into the hall.

"The new doctor seemed to put new life and strength into her with the mere touch of his hand upon her wrist," she informed him.

The father eagerly awaited the coming of Mya's savior the next morning. He met him at the door.

"You!" he thundered, looking into the grave eyes of Philip Darcy. "What intrusion is this? How dare you pretend to be a doctor!"

"I am a doctor," replied the young man quietly. "I was a surgeon in the army. I settled here in Jamestown to be near her. I can save her life."

In silence the father led him to the sick room. Mya looked up, her eyes full of life and joy.

"Father," she cried. "He has saved my life twice," and she told him of their first meeting.

Master Mollins bowed to fate. "You have won her," he acknowledged with a sigh.

"You have not lost your daughter," said Philip earnestly. "You have gained a son."

Favorite "Situation."

"Do you suppose a father and his son ever compete for the favor of the same chorus girl?"

"Well, I've seen it done in musical comedy and French farce."



PREVENT HEN SITTING DOWN

California Man Invents Apparatus That Will Effectually Break Up Broody Fowl.

As every poultry farmer knows, there are times when he does not want his hens to set and there are some hens he does not want to set at any time. To insure obedience by the stupid birds a California man has invented the apparatus presented here. A breast plate has two wire legs extending down from it. On either end of the plate are straps, which pass under the chicken's wings and buckle over its back. The legs stick out in front and do not in the



Balks Setting Hens.

least interfere with the fowl's freedom of movement, but to prevent her from setting, although she can lay eggs and is expected to do so if she wants to remain popular. When a hen persists in setting the eggs are sometimes hard to find, and when they are found are unfit for any other use.

TO PREVENT DREADED ROUP

Disease Results From Cold in Head and Is Easily Broken Up if Taken in Time.

This is the season for colds. If left unattended a cold will, within comparatively short space of time, develop into either roup or bronchitis. While the two diseases are widely different yet they are both the result of colds, and while the latter is not nearly so disastrous as the former yet many birds die of it. A cold is very easily broken up if taken in time and thus the life of many valuable specimens saved.

Purchase a five-cent oil can and fill with coal oil. At the first sign of a cold catch the bird and by pushing the bottom of the can inject one douche of oil into each nostril and into the roof of the mouth. If taken in time this one application is sufficient to cure the bird. Should a cure not be effected repeat twice daily. Result, the entire absence of roup the most dreaded disease. In addition to the coal oil place a small quantity of permanganate of potash in the drinking water.



Market eggs at least twice each week.

Warmth and comfort are the feed economizers.

Don't forget that lice and mites affect the egg yield.

It requires about four geese to make a pound of feathers.

Be sure that the male at the head of a flock of poultry is purebred.

The more the hen exercises the more eggs she will lay. So keep her scratching.

Dry-picked turkey feathers command a better price in market than scalded ones.

February is generally the beginning of the laying season for both ducks and geese.

Ducks seldom become broody; geese are apt to become broody after laying the first litter.

The hens need strenuous exercise these days to keep them from becoming sluggish and inactive.

The secret of getting winter eggs is early-hatched pullets, well grown, well sheltered and well fed.

Eggs from yearling ducks hatch well, but geese must be about three years old to show strong fertility.

A few drops of little liquid sulphur in bucket of water is fine for chickens in dry weather, once or twice a week.

A little cotton seed meal mixed with mash is fine to produce glossy feathers and helps to supply the meat food needed.

Geese cannot be profitably hatched and reared artificially, while incubators and brooders have revolutionized the duck business.

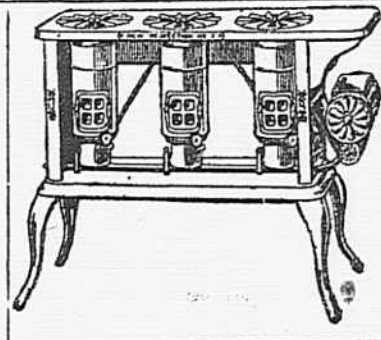
Green cut bone will make hens lay in winter. Get a bone cutter and grind them yourself, if you cannot buy them already ground.

The older the gander the more vicious he is apt to become during breeding season; the drake seldom shows temper, being of a more timid nature.

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"Thedford's Black-Draught is the best all-round medicine I ever used," writes J. A. Steelman, of Pattonville, Texas.

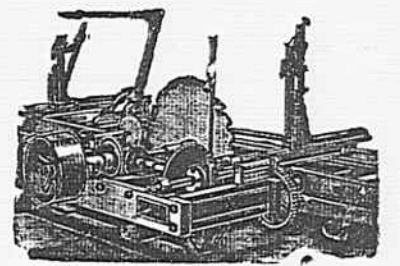
"I suffered terribly with liver troubles, and could get no relief. The doctors said I had consumption. I could not work at all. Finally I tried

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