

Poultry

MOLTING HENS CUT OUT LAYING EGGS

Birds Go on Eating, Running Up the Expenses.

By Roy S. Dearstyne, Head North Carolina State College Poultry Department, WNU Service.

Early molting hens, which begin to drop their feathers in the early summer, are not worth keeping in good poultry flocks.

These birds stop laying when they begin to molt, but they go right on eating feed and running up expenses.

They do not lay as many eggs as late molters and the eggs they do lay are produced at a time when eggs are plentiful and prices are low.

Since early molting is an inheritable characteristic, they will pass this trait on to their offspring if left in the flock and used for breeding purposes.

In hot weather, it is especially important that only infertile eggs be produced for home consumption or marketing, as they have a much greater keeping quality than fertile eggs.

Except in the breeding season, roosters should be kept away from the hens. And only the best roosters, those with the ability to transmit good qualities to their offspring, should be kept for breeding.

If eggs are collected several times a day during the summer, and stored immediately in a cool place, they will keep much better. Wire baskets which permit air to circulate freely among the eggs are ideal for the storage room.

But even under ideal conditions, eggs should not be kept in storage any longer than necessary. A poultryman who gets a reputation of marketing only fresh eggs can command good prices.

Lice and mites propagate rapidly in hot weather. Infested birds soon lose their vigor and fall off in egg production. Poultrymen should examine their birds every few days so they can check infestations as soon as they start.

Select Cockerels Early, Is Urged by a Poultryman

Make an early start in selecting males to be used as breeders for next year's poultry flock. During the early growth period it is possible to obtain information on feather development, growth rate, vigor and standard qualities.

This is the suggestion of Dr. N. F. Waters of the poultry husbandry staff at Iowa State college. The male is extremely important to the flock, Dr. Waters points out, since he exerts an influence on the progeny of approximately 15 female birds.

If a poultryman decides that he will need ten cockerels for the following breeding season, he should start his selection when the birds are about eight weeks old. In selecting these ten males Dr. Waters recommends that about 40 of the best birds be selected from the flock. During the next three or four months a careful selection and culling should be made from these 40 males until the ten best remain.

Rations for Cockerels

A ration suitable for fattening cockerels would be equal parts corn meal, barley, meal, shorts and ground oats, with about 10 per cent beef meal added. The important thing is to feed them what they will eat up clean and keep their appetite good. Give them all the water they will drink and see that grit is before them at all times. The cockerels should be fed in small pens or better in fattening crates if for marketing. The mash should be moistened with sour skim milk or buttermilk; allow it to thicken. If the mash is mixed with the moisture about two hours before feeding, it will swell and be more easily digested. Never leave any feed in the trough, either in pen or crate feeding, after the birds have satisfied their appetite.

Rations for Young Ducks

Young ducks will thrive on common grains fed either whole or mixed and ground to a coarse meal. They will do best when a most of their feed is made into a moist mash. They should have cabbage or other similar green feed and meat scrap or table scrap, provided these are perfectly fresh and fed in moderation. In summer ducks will find most of their feed if near water but may need some supplemental rations.



Blooded Horses Are Revered in Kentucky.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

SOME 46,000 acres of land, much of it magnificent virgin forest, will be included in the Mammoth Cave National park in Kentucky. In the long struggle to establish this national park, Maurice H. Thatcher, for many years United States representative from Kentucky, was a prime mover. Discovered in 1803, Mammoth Cave was considered the largest national cavern in America until the exploration of the Carlsbad caverns in New Mexico. The underground passages are of remarkable extent, probably undermining the entire area of the proposed park development. Almost every dweller in the neighborhood has a cave of his own, to which he seeks to attract visitors.

Underground rivers in which swim eyeless fish are a weird feature of the caves. Besides these there are vast stalactites and stalagmites, the best of which are seen in the part of the cavern reached through the New Entrance. A "frozen Niagara" of salmon-colored rock and a stalactite which, when illuminated by an electric light placed behind it, shadows the perfectly molded form of a beautiful woman stepping down as if to bathe in the subterranean river, are unique.

There are onyx caves and crystal caves; one might profitably pass weeks going through them all. It was in one of these that Floyd Collins met his death.

Beyond Mammoth Cave to the west winds the beautiful Green river known as one of the deepest fresh water streams in the country.

In this neighborhood was shed the first Kentucky blood of the Civil war, when Granville Allen was shot. Families were torn asunder by the difference of allegiance. Few states knew the horror of Civil war as did Kentucky. To understand what war meant to the border people, one needs only to be reminded that Jefferson Davis was born near Hopkinsville, not far from Bowling Green, and that Abraham Lincoln was born near Hodgenville, a few miles to the north.

Birthplace of Lincoln.

At Hodgenville, a stately memorial shelters the humble log cabin in which Lincoln was born. Simplicity marks the place as it marked the great soul it fostered. Visitors pause for a drink from the Lincoln spring.

Memories of Lincoln linger in the very air between Hodgenville and Bardstown. To Knob creek the Lincoln family moved before young Abraham was two years old, and there they lived until he was eight. His earliest recollections, he wrote, were of Knob creek, and how he was saved from drowning there by the quick aid of a chum. Not much chance of drowning in the creek now; it is little more than a rivulet.

If there is a house in the world worthy to inspire music, it is "My Old Kentucky Home," near Bardstown. While a guest in the house, then owned by his kinsfolk, the Rowan family, Stephen Collins Foster composed that deathless ballad, "My Old Kentucky Home."

He wrote the music, it is said, at a desk in the wide hall, the sun streaming through the door opening toward the slave quarters. That selfsame desk still stands in its wonted place, the most precious of Kentucky's furniture relics.

Even without the Foster tradition, the home would be priceless. It makes no attempt at ostentation, but it is peopled with ghosts of the fine old South.

Not far from the town is Gethsemane, a retreat of Trappist monks, one of two such monasteries in the United States.

Louisville, the city of George Rogers Clark, comes next on your itinerary, northwestward over an excellent highway. It was there that the loutish soldier ended his days in bitterness over the ingratitude of

the nation he had spent his all to aid.

At Louisville, too, are the home and tomb of President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." His daughter Knox was wooed and won by Jefferson Davis, then a young lieutenant in the general's command.

To lovers of horse racing, Louisville is a mecca when the Kentucky Derby is run at Churchill Downs.

Where Baseball Bats Are Made.

At the Louisville Slugger factory, baseball bats for many of the famous players are hand-turned by skilled workmen. The second-growth ash comes to the factory in rough billets. These billets are rounded and laid on racks to season for 17 months before they are made into bats. Because ball players are particular about the weight and balance of their bats, each step in the shaping of the sluggers requires the utmost care. Special orders are prepared by hand workers.

From Louisville it is a pleasant trip to Frankfort, the hill-circled capital of Kentucky. The old Statehouse, now a museum, is an architectural gem of pure Greek design. Within it is a self-supporting circular stairway, one of the few remaining. The new Statehouse is a splendid structure, with a magnificent rotunda under the vaulted dome.

It is strangely fitting that Daniel Boone is buried in the cemetery overlooking the capital of the state he helped win from the wilderness. From the path around his tomb one looks down to the broad valley of the beautiful Kentucky river.

The heart of the Blue Grass is the home of the thoroughbred. To one who has striven futilely, baffled by crab grass, to encourage a lawn, the sight of those blue-grass pastures brings mixed feelings. One does not feel outraged to see splendid horses browsing on such lawns, but one is hard put to escape taking affront at cows and sheep feeding on the velvety carpets.

Lexington Is Charming.

In itself Lexington has a wealth of charm as well as historic interest. The University of Kentucky is there, its mellow old buildings scattered over a shady campus. In the study room at the College of Engineering, heavy tables, with tops fashioned of thick sections of a venerable sycamore tree that once grew on the campus, are treasured relics covered with carved names of alumni.

Another fine educational institution in Lexington is Transylvania college, the first school for higher education west of the Alleghenies. There Jefferson Davis and Henry Clay were once students. The library of this school contains thousands of volumes so rare that scholars from all over the world come to consult them.

Ashland, restored home of Henry Clay, stands on the outskirts of the city. On the walk behind the house the magnetic orator and statesman used to pace back and forth planning his speeches.

Through the perfect green of the Blue Grass country you may drive to High Bridge, where a railroad bridge 317 feet above the water spans the Kentucky. Crossing the river on a ferry, you approach old Shakertown, once the home of a strange sect who believed in celibacy and the coming of the millennium.

Another place of interest is a swing south of Lexington is the old fort at Harrodsburg, where George Rogers Clark planned his campaigns. The fort has been restored and is open as a museum.

Old Centre college at Danville attracts you because of the heroic victories of the "Praying Colonels" football team.

At Berea college you see the remarkable results of vocational education brought to mountain whites. One cannot escape a feeling of humility at sight of the industry of these students.

Test Tube "Doubles" for Living Body in Medical Study

Tissue Is Kept Alive Long Time in Glass Jar

THE lifeless test tube has finally become an adequate substitute for the living body at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, at least for purposes of certain scientific studies.

Whole pieces of tissue from adult bodies, instead of cells or bits of embryos, can now, for the first time, be made to live on for long periods and to function normally in a glass jar just as they do in the body.

How this long-attempted scientific feat has been accomplished is described by Dr. Raymond C. Parker of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, in a report to the journal, Science.

Offers Big Field.

This method of keeping adult tissue alive and functioning in a glass flask is expected to "provide a means of studying a great variety of physiological problems that could not be approached" by other means. Doctor Parker and Dr. K. Landsteiner, the Rockefeller scientist whose researches on blood groups won him the Nobel prize, have already succeeded by this method in studying the formation in these tissue bits of the important disease-fighting substances known as antibodies.

Another noted Rockefeller institute scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrel, long ago succeeded in keeping living tissue alive outside the body and other scientists have done so since then. Doctor Carrel played a part in the research reported by designing the peculiarly shaped flask that substitutes for the body in these latest experiments.

Life in the test tube reported, however, differs in certain important respects from that achieved by other methods. The famous chicken heart tissue which Doctor Carrel has kept alive for 24 years, for example, did not come from an adult body, but from an unborn embryo. The test tube life of this famous tissue and of others similarly cultured have not been natural ones. Instead of just existing and performing its natural functions, Doctor Carrel's chicken heart has kept on growing, new cells being formed apparently indefinitely.

Miner Embarrassed When Big Elephant Tumbles Down Shaft

MONTREAL.—Mining in the jungle has its peculiar, often rather heavy, embarrassments. There is, for example, the case of a British mining-engineer friend of Dr. Frank D. Adams, emeritus professor of geology at McGill university.

This engineer runs a tin mine in Malaya, just below the Siamese boundary. His miners, Chinese workmen, have been considerably bothered, because an uncommonly huge crocodile swam up the creek to their settlement, and at the same time a leopard has been snarling and stealing livestock.

Then one night an elephant wandered into camp and fell down the mine shaft. The fall killed him, of course.

Aerial Camera Discloses Land Evading Taxes

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—A tip for tax-harassed towns and cities was presented by Lieut. O. S. Reading, United States Coast and Geodetic survey, in explaining the advantages of aerial surveying before the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science here recently.

"How little detailed knowledge we have about land and resources," said Lieutenant Reading, "is indicated by tax equalization surveys of some fourteen cities in Connecticut made with the aid of aerial photographs."

"These disclosed so much unrecorded property that the tax rate was lowered an average of 29 per cent, the grand list increased an average of 47 per cent and the cities lifted out of financial difficulties."



GETTING SOMEWHERE

The two tramps were stretched out on the green grass. Above them was the warm sun, beside them was a babbling brook. It was a quiet, restful, peaceful scene. "Boy," mused the first tramp contentedly, "right now I wouldn't change places with a guy who owns a million bucks!"

"How about five million?" asked his companion. "Not even for five million," drowsed the first tramp.

"Well," persisted his pal, "how about ten million bucks?"

The first tramp sat up. "That's different," he admitted. "Now you're talking real dough!" —Mark Hellinger in the New York American.

SOME HELP



"This boy you graduated is good advertisement for you, professor."

"How so?" "He acts like he knows everything in the world."

The Start

A surgeon, an architect and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest. Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "somebody created the chaos first!"

Please Move On

The meek little man approached the policeman on the street corner. "Excuse me, constable," he said, "but I've been waiting for my wife for over half an hour. Would you be kind enough to order me to move on?"—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

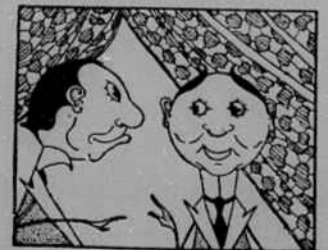
Nothing to Stop It?

Mother—Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other. Betty (innocently)—Is that why I have two ears, Mummy?

A Human Zero

"How's that widower you married turning out as a husband?" the former widow was asked. "A pain in the neck," she sighed, "the poor fish was so cowed by his first wife there even isn't any pleasure fussing with him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ALL SETTLED



"Have you decided where you're going on your vacation this year?" "Yep! I'm going to whatever place my wife selects."

While Rome Burned

Nero had just completed his historic solo. "There's no use of trying to uplift the public," he said. "Think of a crowd that would rather run to look at a fire than hear me play the violin!"

Mental Attitude

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," said the irate young woman. "And if you did," said Miss Cayenne, "you'd never believe it."