

The Farm

Poultry and Garden.

Gardening and poultry raising is a natural and profitable combination, as each helps the other and gives a variety of employment, whereby the spare moments in each vacation are profitably utilized. Poultry are natural insect destroyers, and during the season when insects are most destructive, if allowed to range in the garden every morning and evening will render excellent service. It is a good plan to raise all small vegetables, such as beans, peas, onions, radishes, and lettuce, by themselves in a lot enclosed by a chicken proof fence, and to have another lot the same size for the chickens to range in. The year following, let the chickens be turned into the lot where the garden was and use for a garden the lot vacated by the fowls. By thus giving the garden plot to poultry every alternate year, the soil is not only rested but wonderfully fertilized by the manure of the fowls which is absorbed by the soil as fast as it falls upon it.—Joshua Hinkle, in The Epitome.

The Poultry Yard.

The above illustration shows a typical Leghorn.

This breed, though small, was at one time very popular, especially with those who lived in the country, but the demand for larger market fowls has grown so rapidly that the all-purpose fowls, such as Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, have almost entirely displaced them.

White Leghorns have pure white plumage, with clean, yellow shanks, beak and skin, and when fully matured the males weigh about four pounds and the females from three to three and a half. They are counterparts in all else but color of the brown Leghorns, and possess all and possibly more of the many good traits of the



WHITE LEGHORN MALE.

Leghorn family. They are slightly larger than the brown Leghorns, and their eggs are about as large as those of the larger breeds. They are sprightly and always on the hustle, though they stand confinement remarkably well, and a dozen hens may be kept in a very small pen.

Many people on the farm object to them on account of their color, claiming that they are shining marks for hawks and small animals which prey on the poultry yard, but this view seems hardly well taken, since it has been shown that the broods are constantly being robbed even among those that are totally black. Color makes no difference, and unless a better objection for discarding them can be advanced, we see no reason why they should not retain their former prestige.

There is certainly no prettier fowl, if we fancy solid color, and they certainly have merit.—Home and Farm.

Berkshire Hogs.

Will you please give a young beginner in swine growing something about the Berkshire breed, history and introduction in this country.

GEO. R. STAHL.

We cannot do better in reply to our correspondent than to give what Prof. W. D. May says of this breed. Prof. May is in the Missouri Experiment Station, and is a gentleman who has made a study of live stock. He says of the Berkshires:

From 1820 to 1828 the Berkshire was very much improved by Lord Barrington, who devoted much time and a great deal of care and judgment in developing what was even then the most popular breed in England. That the efforts of Lord Barrington were so signally successful is attested by the fact that most English Berkshires trace their ancestry to his herd.

A. B. Allen, who is authority on the subject, states that the first importation of Berkshires into the United States was made in the year 1823, by John Brentnall, of New Jersey. In 1832 a Mr. Hawes, an Englishman, made the second, and afterwards other importations at Albany, N. Y. In 1839, Bagg and Wait, of Orange County, N. Y., began importing largely and engaged extensively in raising and disseminating the breed throughout the great corn West. The Berkshire immediately became very popular, and fancy prices were paid for the animals throughout the new pork-producing territory. They were especially esteemed at the time for their quality of crossing, and, thereby, improving not only the common but other breeds of swine.

The Berkshire was no less than a faithful companion to man in the subjugation of the great West. It followed him in all his journeys into the new and undiscovered countries awaiting to yield up the bounties of their soils. From year to year infusions of new Berkshire blood has fol-

lowed the first, until today the great pork-raising region of our nation are world-wide famous, not only for the amount but in the quality of the product.

So in early days, as at the present time—the Berkshire held first rank throughout the Mississippi Valley. Its success has come largely through the fact that its promoters have been of sound judgment coupled with that skill and discernment that has enabled them to develop those essential qualities of a perfect animal that is now almost a machine in its regularity, while eliminating those points that are detrimental to the highest success.

The flesh of the Berkshire consists of well marbled streaks of lean and fat, and this fact alone will readily distinguish it to any one familiar with one's slaughtered product. Not only does this great essential recommend the breed to the one who raises pork for home consumption, but it is taken into consideration by best butchers on the market and is no small factor in determining the animals that bring the top prices.

With these points of superiority already acquired, and with the best interests of the breed in the hands of such eminent and successful men as now compose the Berkshire Association, the continued and future leadership of this breed is assured.—Indiana Farmer.

As to Close Pasturing.

There is a general complaint that our common grasses run out, are not at all fit for permanent pastures because very early they give way to wild grasses and to weeds. It is true some grasses will soil the land completely, and make a fairly permanent pasture, but as a rule they will not furnish so much succulent pasture as does some of the other grasses that do not form so complete a sod for tramping or for close picking. Indeed, many timothy pastures are completely destroyed because the animals are allowed to run over the field long after they are unable to get even a living from it. Late pasturing in the fall results in close picking and much tramping on the surface. Usually the fall is so dry that many grass roots get tramped up with the fine dust. Need we wonder that a good meadow pastured closely in the fall as a hard-picked timothy pasture, should turn to white-top, to wild grasses or even to cheat when it is so abused in the fall? If forage is given, if plant-food is added in sufficient quantities to act as a top-dressing of manure, then tramping the permanent pasture in the fall will do much less injury. The available plant food will tend to revive the old grasses and to nourish the young grass that may spring from volunteer seed. Feeding pumpkins, fodder or sorghum while the stock is still on pasture not only gives additional food for the stock but protects the pasture. It means much to the pasture if it is allowed to remain as a sod. If the fall grass is allowed to fall over occasionally and given a chance to grow more rank, all the common grasses will hold from year to year much better than they usually do. The most persistent grass that furnishes forage in profitable quantities will be greatly benefited by a partial fall growth to cover the sod in winter, or by feeding on pasture sufficiently as to produce a top dressing of manure over the entire area. Scattering the rotted manure from the barnyard or from the rotted straw stacks upon the permanent pasture is sure to brighten the life of the pasture and to increase its yield of forage.

When the small pigs are allowed to run with larger hogs they often become completely covered with lice. When they become thin the hair gets long and looks coarse, it usually indicates the presence of lice. Coal oil and lard is a good remedy for killing lice on young pigs.—W. B. Anderson, in the Indianapolis News.

Commercial Methods.

If the man whose life is spent on the farm would use his brains as well as his hands, he would find results much more profitable than at present. It is all well enough to understand what is necessary in farm operations, but of what avail is it if plans are not carefully laid and as carefully executed? There is a city business man who was brought up on a farm and is now spending some of his city-earned money at the old occupation. Largely, as a matter of sentiment, he bought the old homestead, and after a time used it for a summer home, leasing the land on the share plan. One summer, being at the farm considerably, he noticed the rather slipshod methods of operation, and the next year took charge of the farm himself, engaging the necessary help to do the work. Then he looked carefully over the place and planned just what he would do with it. He had no trouble after his help discovered that his knowledge was not wholly theoretical. The farm is making some money, solely as a farm, and will make more in the years to come. It is run as a business proposition, and every detail of its handling carefully considered. The commercial rules applied to farming will bring success.—Indianapolis News.

Style in French Serials.

As examples of the French feuilletonist's attitude towards style, let us take two gems from the work of Ponson du Terrail. One of them is: "The Grand Duke's Hands were cold and clammy like those of a serpent." The other: "The count packed up and down the garden, reading the newspaper, with his hands behind his back."—The Academy.

GASTRONOMICAL TORTURE

Woman Reserved Seats at Table and Suffered Thereby.

"Go to that little table d'hôte," said the man, giving its name, "and reserve a seat for Johnson and one for me. Wait for us. We will be there promptly at 6 o'clock."

The woman went. It was not yet 6 o'clock, and the place was not crowded. The black-haired girl at the desk smilingly pointed out a table. The waiter seated the woman and turned down a chair on either side of her for Johnson and the man.

It got to be 6 o'clock by the big clock over the mantelpiece. They failed to arrive. Half after 6. People began to come in in couples. The black-haired girl glanced furtively at the woman and the chairs turned down on either side of her. The woman tapped her waiter.

"Serve my dinner," she said. "Bring the fiddler first. The fiddler" was the radishes and green things that ushered in the soup.

The café filled up. Nearly every seat was taken. The clock pointed to a quarter of 7. Still the empty chairs. The waiter advanced, eyebrows politely lifted.

"Shall I bring your fish?" he asked.

He brought the fish. Five minutes of 7 by the clock. Tables all filled. Waiters, host, the black-haired girl at the desk all looking at the woman and the turned down chairs. The waiter advanced.

"Shall I bring your chicken?" he asked.

He brought her chicken. People came in and stared at the turned down chairs. Some frowned. Some pointed at them angrily and talked in foreign languages.

The waiter: "Shall I bring your roast?"

"Yes," signed the woman.

There wasn't very much else to bring, but the clock pointed to 7.15 now, to 7.20. More people entered. The black-haired girl at the desk looked angrily at the turned-down chairs. The host came and looked at the chairs, too. He made foreign motions to the waiters.

The outer doors slammed. Strangers entered. It slammed again. The waiter had brought her coffee. He stood aside, eagerly watching her gulp it down.

"My check, please," she stammered. He turned back the chair. Two strangers stood ready. The door slammed again. She looked up sadly. Johnson and the man entered.

When she came to they were slapping her face with wet towels.

"What was the matter?" the man asked, surprised.

"If you had staid one minute longer," faltered the woman, with a look at the clock, "you would have found me dead."

"Was it because you would have had to pay for your dinner?" he asked, casually.—New York Press.

An Interesting Iron Tree.

At a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Professor Oscar C. S. Carter, of the Boys' Central High School, was the principal speaker.

In his address he referred to a so-called iron tree, which was discovered about one mile from Three Ton, Montgomery County, embedded in a sandstone quarry about ten feet below the surface.

The tree was about eighteen feet long, and the trunk was about eight inches in diameter. It had completely turned to iron, and was composed mostly of brown hematite, an iron ore. A portion of the tree, of imperfect lignite, which the professor explained, greatly resembled charcoal. No doubt exists among scientists that the article referred to was a real tree, because knots were found, many of which had, also, turned to iron.

"The phenomenon is accounted for," said Professor Carter, "by the fact that the shales and sandstone in that neighborhood are covered with red oxide of iron, and sometimes with brown hematite, and it is supposed that the iron ore, which contains a coloring, was reduced by organic matter, and that it was made soluble in water containing the carbonic-acid gas. As the water holding the iron in solution came in contact with the tree, the iron was precipitated on the tree, and there was an interchanging of vegetable and mineral matter, so that the rocks were relieved of their coloring matter and the tree took it up."—Philadelphia Press.

He Fooled Her.

Not long ago a young man who works in a local bank quarreled with his best girl. He tried several times to smooth things over, but she wouldn't let him. Finally he thought out a scheme which, if it worked, would not only pave the way to a reconciliation, but would show him conclusively that she liked him. He hired a telegraph messenger to help him out. That evening he went to see the girl. Again she refused to make up with him. Just as he was about to go the messenger boy appeared at the door.

"Is Mr. Blank here?" he asked, exhibiting a telegram. "Down at his home day told me he was."

The young man received the message and glanced over it. He then handed it to the girl. It read:

"Can you go to Alaska at once to accept good position? The Coast Mercantile Co."

"Wait a minute, boy," said the young man. "I may want to answer this."

Then he turned to the girl. "Mary," he said, "shall I accept this offer?"

The scheme worked. They disappeared in the parlor a moment. Coming back the young man gave the messenger boy a dollar. "No answer," he said. Then as the boy turned to go he whispered, "Don't tell anybody I faked up that message."—Kansas City Times.

GOOD ROADS.

The Demand.

J. VERNON writes as follows in the Press Bulletin, New Mexico College of Agriculture: Good roads are indicative of a high state of civilization.

The improvement in the condition of the common highways proclaims in mate yet unmistakable language the advancement in the civilization of a country. Highly specialized industries, which usually attend a high state of civilization among a people, seldom flourish where means are unprovided for a ready exchange of commodities. As the standard of living in a community rises, it soon finds expression in a demand for better roads—roads suitable for the gentleman's saddle horse, for the family carriage, for the salesman's road wagon, for the delivery man's automobile car, and for the pleasure-seeker's and tourist's automobiles.

The most natural system to follow in road-building is to begin the improvement in the city or village, working outward in the different directions on the lines of least resistance, but at all times striving to reach the greatest population and the heaviest traffic.

The work should be placed in charge of a man who understands road building and road repair. This statement is equally true whether there be much or little money available for the work. The system which permits the appointment of men as road supervisors regardless of their fitness for the position is acceptable in a great measure for poor roads and for the feeble interest taken in road improvement. Probably there is no more rapid work in many counties than could be superintended by one man, and that man could be selected with an eye to his qualifications for the work to be done, which would result not only in better roads, but also in greater efficiency and economy. Such a system prevails in many of the older States of the Union, and it has been suggested that it might prove most desirable in this section under our conditions.

The use of improved labor-saving machinery in the building and repair of the common highways no doubt would result advantageously to all concerned. To illustrate: If a machine were devised whereby two men and four teams with the machine, could perform as much of a given kind of work in a day as ten men could perform in the same time with teams and the old slip scrapers, it is evident that the purchase and use of such a machine, provided, however, that the price was not exorbitant, would be most desirable and would result in much economy. Furthermore, if at the same time, with such a machine, the work could be done infinitely better, it would seem to be the height of folly not to invest in one. The modern road grader is just such a machine.

This road grader has become so popular in most of the older States to-day that the old slip scraper is seldom seen, and when it does appear, it is used only in corners where the grader cannot reach the work. With a modern grader in the hands of an expert in every county, the roads leading out from our cities and towns would soon discard their shrunken appearance and take on a more rounded, elevated form, and the holes and inequalities would gradually disappear, leaving a surface so uniform that they would delight the eye and afford pleasure to the traveler.

Space will not permit of an extended discussion of the methods and means for road improvement, but at least enough has been said to introduce a subject which is deserving of much thought among the people of this section. We are on the eve of a great wave of progress, and would it not pay both the merchant and the ranchman to give the matter of road building and road repair more attention?

The Paramount Question.

There is no question that can possibly be paramount to that of good roads. We have tried every suggested local system and found them either impractical or inadequate. The State, county and district plans to have good wagon roads have all failed except in three or four of the wealthier States, and the roads are no better to-day (some of them are much worse) than they were fifty years ago, or when first opened to travel. Argument seems now to be superfluous as to why the roads should be systematically improved; the question is, how can we get them so improved? The experience of all the years proves abundantly that it can only be done by the general government, leading the way. Senators and Representatives will take notice that this is a question affecting very materially the whole body of the American people, in town, country and city; in every trade, calling and profession; the producer, the consumer and the dealer, the churches and every institution pertaining to the public well-being. It is a question of no purely local character, but touches vitally the affairs of every condition and situation of life. The wealth of the country is, every dollar of it, based upon agriculture.

Doing Away With Opposition.

Superintendent of Parks A. T. Breckinridge had a warrant issued for the arrest of C. W. Cox on the charge of larceny of the handle to the park pump. Cox ran a lemonade stand in the park on Labor Day and in order to make the thing buy his wares he is said to have removed the handle from the pump, and hid it.—Wichita Correspondence Kansas City Journal.

With the Funny Fellows



The Ill Wind.

When a cyclone struck the place Gentle Jane was whirled through space. "It's all right," said Jane, "I know; But it was an awful blow!"—Sunday Magazine.

Different.

"He—'I feel like a two-year-old.'"
She—"Horse or popular song?"—Town Topics.

Good Heavens!

"They say she married him for his money."
"Yes, and now they are so poor that she has to press his trousers."
"Alas! A real case of the irony of fate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Regularly.

"Has young Plunger any holdings in the Skadmore stocks?"
"Holdings? Well, I guess! He goes three or four times every week to see old Skadmore's daughter."—Chicago Tribune.

Big.

"Yes," remarked the race horse, "all my achievements have been due simply to putting my best foot forward."
"I?" replied the hule; "now I find that I accomplish most by putting my best foot backward."—Philadelphia Press.

Jealousy.

"What's Barnstorm doing these days?" inquired Yorick Hamm.
"He's murdering Julius Caesar every night," replied Hamlet Fatt.
"Thuring Brutus?"
"No; playing Caesar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why the Major Was Angry.

"What's the Major howling about?"
"Well, this being a holiday, he's got to carve the turkey."
"And did that upset him?"
"Yes; somebody stole the turkey."—Atlanta Constitution.

Up to Father.

"Here, Willie," cried the boy's father, "you musn't behave that way. Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?"
"I suppose," replied Willie, "it's a big glutton's little boy."—Philadelphia Press.

Trouble.

Teacher—"And if your father earned five dollars and your mother took away four dollars from it, what would that make?"
Hiram—"Trouble."—New York Evening Telegram.

After a Bargain.

"The cashier has skipped with \$18,000 and they've offered a reward of \$500 for the fugitive."
"You say he has \$18,000 and \$500 is offered? Oh, fudge, I'll raise that bid myself. These bankers are no sports at all."—Kansas City Times.

Correct.

"Now, gentlemen," said the lecturer on commerce and manufactures, "mention one of the most important collateral branches of the oil business."
"Writing on the magazines," promptly responded the student who keeps abreast of the times.—Pittsburg Post.

So There.

"Judge," said Mrs. Staven to the Magistrate, who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."
"I have tried it," replied the Magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Hotel.

Guest—"Didn't I telegraph you for the best room in the house?"
Clerk—"Yes, sir."
Guest—"Why didn't you save it for me?"
Clerk—"I've already given the best room in the house to fifty people to-night, and I thought you wouldn't like to be crowded."—Cleveland Leader.

Shrewd.

The Lady—"I want to get a box of cigars for a present to—"
The Clerk—"Yes, miss. Does your friend like a mild or—"
The Lady—"Oh, any kind, so they're cheap."—Pittsburg Post.

The Clerk.

The Clerk—"Yes, madam. Shall I send them home to your husband or will you take them?"—Washington Star.

POPULAR SCIENCE

An important item in the extension of the work of the Bureau of Chemistry has been the establishment of inspection for imported food products. As a result food products imported to this country have been greatly improved. In former years the United States was regarded as the dumping ground for the refuse teas of the commerce of the world. Many years ago, in order to overcome this evil, a system of inspection of imported teas was established and has since been maintained.

The comparatively rare instances in which the motions of plants, such as the opening of buds into blossoms, occur with sufficient rapidity to be observed during a single brief period of watching, always cause much pleasure to the onlooker. Mrs. Henry Cooper Eggar, in her description of an Indian garden, tells of a species of lily, *Crimium augustum*, which opens with uncommon swiftness, so that she thinks it would be an admirable subject for representation by kinetoscopic photography.

Bronze or metallic powders are produced by M. Baer by a novel method that has been patented in France. The melted metal or alloy is run through a slot into a sheet iron box or cylinder in which a shaft with paddles is rapidly revolved, or into a chamber into which compressed air is suitably injected. The violent movement of the air converts the metallic rain into thin leaves by the time it solidifies. The thin leaves may be reduced to powder by beating, grinding or other means.

The ancestors of the horse were accustomed to roam over the plains, where every tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting to spring upon them. Under these circumstances they must often have saved their lives by starting quickly back or jumping to one side when they came without warning upon some strange object. This is a habit which has not left the animal, even after long years of domestication. On the other hand, the donkey is descended from animals which lived among the hills, where there were precipices and dangerous declivities, and from these conditions resulted his slowness and sure-footedness.

Chestnuts suffer more from the ravages of insects than almost any other kind of nuts. Butternuts, walnuts and almonds are comparatively immune. The reason why worms are so often found in apparently perfect chestnuts long after they have reached the market is thus explained: The larvae of the chestnut weevil develop with the nuts, but they are not all of the same age. Those which first reach maturity bore their way out, and enter the ground about the time that the nuts fall; but others remain for several weeks in the nuts after they have been gathered, and these are the ones that furnish a disagreeable surprise when the shell is broken.

AUTOMATIC SERVICE

Will Relieve the Hostess of Terror of Striking Servants.

A clever young inventor, living in Germantown, who has often been the victim of the incompetency and inconstancy of his wife's servants, has been contemplating a device which he says will enable his wife to serve a course dinner without going into the kitchen, even if the servant has quit at the crucial moment.

His scheme is to have an underground trolley from the kitchen, with an attachment to a wide wooden gutter large enough to hold every size of serving dish, and presumably steam-heated, so that soups, vegetables and entrees will not grow cold in the process. When the hostess and her guests are seated she needs only to touch an invisible button and the soup tureen will soon precipitate itself on the table; another manipulation, and the soup will disappear; still another, and the roasts and vegetables will come steaming to their place at the table, and so on until the complete dinner has been served, up to the very last dish of salted almonds and demi-tasse.—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew Enough.

James Francis Burke, now Congressman from the Thirty-second District of Pennsylvania, in an address to the graduating class of a Pittsburg school, told the following story:

"The president of an ocean liner company was taking a journey across the water, and when the ship entered a very dangerous channel, he engaged in a conversation with the pilot, who, by the way, was a whiskered old man of sixty-eight, with all the appearance of having spent most of his days on the water. The magnate remarked:

"I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel?"
"The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied: 'None.'"
"You don't?" said the magnate, very much surprised. "Then why on earth are you in charge of that wheel? What do you know?"

"I know where the bad places are," coolly replied the old pilot, much to the satisfaction of the magnate.—Saturday Evening Post.

Up to Date.

One day, as a certain schoolmaster, with aspect fierce and cane upraised, was about to punish one of his pupils, the little fellow said, quite innocently, and doubtless with some vague recollection of a visit to the dentist: "Please, sir, may I take gas?"—Rural Home.