

## The Poultry Yard.

### POULTRY NOTES.

More capons should be raised in the United States, especially in the Southwest. It is an industry that returns nearly 100 per cent profit. In France, poultrymen raise capons almost exclusively. A capon is a castrated male chicken. In a short time one becomes skilled in performing the operation, and it takes little study. As soon as altered the capon becomes very gentle and has no inclination to fight or crow as other male birds. On some farms capons are used to mother and brood young chickens instead of using artificial brooders. As a brooder, the capon is a decided success. In New York capons were recently quoted at thirty-five cents per pound—a very good price for any kind of fowl this time of the year.

If every boy and girl in the United States would start now to grow and breed pure-bred fowls the high cost of living would soon be solved. So would the bad egg problem. Give your boy and girl a chance to have something of their own, where they can earn money and earn it themselves. They will derive from poultry culture a business training that you could not give them in any other business. Show your children that you have confidence in them and they will surprise you with the results they produce. And it will be bettering poultrydom.

The poultryman who makes a specialty of being a "one order" man is not to be with us long. In the long run, no matter in what business you may be engaged, it will pay to be honest. The poultryman that establishes his reputation on a good dealing basis will never have to wonder where his profits are coming from. The one-order person will find to his grief that it "didn't pay." He is the kind that is so positive that the chicken industry as a profitable occupation is all "humbug."

Some writers advise the farmers to grow pheasants as a means of getting rid of the annual potato bug. They claim that the pheasants are perfect "jewels." They won't eat a single thing in the garden but bugs. We once knew a young fellow that tried to raise pheasants. For a while it seemed as though he would succeed. To keep the little fellows alive he was forced to let them run. They dug up the garden, ate the cabbage, pulled up the corn to eat the "bugs" around the roots, and generally made themselves useful. It seems to us that as "bug destroyers" the pheasants are failures, where there is something else to "destroy." The farmer is not allowed to protect himself against them, either, as it is against the law to shoot them. They do twice as much damage as crows, yet every farmer has the right to use the gun when the crows "get busy." We have never been very friendly with pheasants.

Few farmers realize the value of their poultry manure. As a fertilizer it is far ahead of anything on the market. Poultry manure is very rich in nitrogen, which makes it doubly valuable for the lawn or garden. Make use of every scrap of poultry manure. Do not let it remain in the houses and plastered on the roosting poles for six months, but take it out every morning and work it into the soil before it loses the nitrogen that makes it so valuable.—Selected.

Assort the eggs on the farm, save the dealer the trouble and you will not only get better prices for them, but will have a customer for your stock who will always await your coming.

There is nothing better for maintaining health than thorough disinfecting.

The management which allows wastes and leaks in the poultry yard is very much at fault.

The poultryman who thinks ahead of his work is certain to come out ahead of the one who works ahead of his think.

Eggs washed in water lose the nice fresh appearance they have when first laid. Add a little vinegar to water and use sparingly.

### A SWEET VOICE.

"Oh, father, I wish I could sing! It is so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club today, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me."

"Is that so?" asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing. But don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why father, how can you say so?" "Almost every evening," answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh; and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: 'Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you.' Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary: 'I'm sorry your head aches. I'll do the dishes to-night.' That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice." —Herald and Presbyter.

### PETER AND THE GOLD PIECE.

By Susy L. Bacon.

Albert Grey was very fond of pets. He had possessed almost every variety. Unfortunately they met with sad ends, for his rabbits were killed by a stray dog and his white mice lost their lives by being too adventurous. But now Albert felt very sure that nothing would happen to his latest pet, a big rooster, whom he named Peter. Peter was not pretty, but he looked very knowing, and Albert declared that he understood every word that was spoken to him. But Peter was not a great favorite with everybody. His manners were by no means perfect, and he had a mania for pecking at and swallowing everything he could. Indeed, he managed to get away with so many odd things that Albert often wondered what he must look like inside.

The old gentleman who lived next door especially disliked Peter. Perhaps he did not like to be awakened so early in the morning. At all events he objected to Peter's constant visits; for, as there was no fence between the back yards, the rooster frequently showed a sociable disposition.

Mamma was busily sewing one morning when Albert rushed in. "O mamma," he cried, "what do you think? That cross old Mr. Hobson had bought a load of kindling and Peter was hopping around when he went to pay the man for them, and he dropped a gold piece, and now he says Peter's swallowed it."

Here Albert paused breathless. Mamma laughed, then she looked grave. "I hope not," she said.

"I know he didn't," cried Albert; "and Mr. Hobson says he ought to be killed so he can get his money."

"O," said mamma.

"Yes," continued Albert; "and I've

locked Peter up for fear he'll go over there and get hurt."

"Well, dear," said mamma, "you must not blame Mr. Hobson too much. He is not well, and to lose his money worries him very much."

Albert went down into the yard. Mr. Hobson was laboriously trying to put away the load of kindling. He was muttering to himself, and when he saw Albert he frowned dreadfully.

Suddenly a thought came to the little boy. He crossed boldly to his neighbor's yard. "I'll put away your wood," he said.

The old man looked amazed, then he said gruffly: "All right; but you needn't expect anything."

"O, I don't," replied Albert cheerfully.

He went to work whistling. All at once he saw something bright shining amongst the wood. He looked closer, and there was the gold piece. Albert picked it up with a whoop and ran to Mr. Hobson. "Here's your money," he cried.

The old man was much pleased. "You're an honest boy," he said.

"So is Peter an honest rooster," said Albert proudly.

He could scarcely wait to tell his mother and to let poor Peter out of prison.—Selected.

Watch the date on your label.

The usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said: "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."

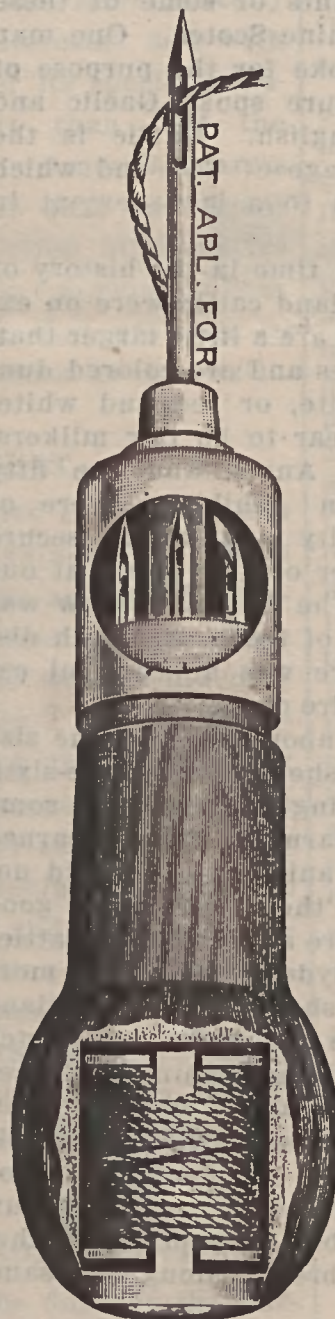
The day is never too long nor the task too hard for the man who is making things go.

Lay out your work before you begin it, and it will save a lot of your hopes from being laid out before you end it.

It is said that "true economy does not consist in going without," but many of us are forced to accept that kind, unhandy as it is.

In spite of seeming discouragements we are never to grow faint in praying. An honest, persevering faith is the faith that conquers.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

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