

POULTRY FACTS

LIGHT AND FRESH AIR FOR POULTRY

Hens are on a strike. Colds, roup and frozen combs, the greatest food bin robbers and profit side-trackers of the poultrymen are chiefly responsible, say Kansas State Agricultural college poultrymen. Comfort for the flock means dryness more than it means warmth. The hen is a high speed motor and in breathing throws off a vast amount of moisture. The solution is to leave at least one-third of the south side open, with no glass or glass substitute present to interfere with the free passage of fresh air or the direct sun-rays, the college poultrymen advise.

"Poultry must have an abundance of fresh air and light. One of the simplest and least expensive methods of securing it is by means of the open-front principle," says W. G. Ward, the college extension architect.

"Openings should be provided in the upper part of the south wall, with an area equal to one-tenth of the floor space. If the house is reasonably deep no glass will be needed in these openings but muslin frames should be provided to protect the flock from draft during severe storms. In houses already built with many windows, the upper sash should be replaced with muslin frames which should remain open most of the time.

"In buildings inadequately lighted, the present small windows may be removed and the openings enlarged. Poultry will thrive in relatively low temperatures providing they are dry and free from drafts."

The poultry house also must have ample space to give best results, Ward says. From three to four square feet of floor area and from seven to ten inches of roosts should be provided for each hen, the larger figures applying to the heavier breeds. Too many poultry houses are overcrowded, and in many cases it will be found profitable to decrease the flock size, if it is not possible to increase housing facilities.

Good Stock Kept Warm Essential in Brooding

Chicks from stock of good quality, and a warm hover are two essentials of successful brooding. In the opinion of specialists at the New Jersey State college poultry department. High feed prices, they contend, can be offset only by heavy layers, and such birds can be produced only from vigorous chicks. Experienced poultrymen maintain a hover temperature of 95 to 100 degrees. At this temperature the chicks will arrange themselves around the edge of the hover, perhaps not evenly, but at least in a few groups, and when so located one can feel reasonably sure that his flock is being properly heated.

As the birds become older they can move away from the heat if they so desire. If the heat is removed from them, however, they will crowd in close to the stove or in the corner in an effort to get warm.

In addition to plenty of heat, have a temporary wire fence, of three-fourths-inch mesh and eighteen inches high, stretched around the chicks for the first few days. After the third day, gradually open out this fence until the chicks have the run of the house. When entirely opened, however, the fence should still be rounded at the corners and should be three or four inches from the sides of the house. In case the chicks have a tendency to crowd to one side they will not be crowding against a solid partition. There will be an air space back of the flock, so that no serious results should follow.

Profit and Loss

Calculate the profit or loss on the past year's work with poultry. Outline the program for next year. Make a number of good resolutions to improve the weak points in the past year's program. Poultry will pay good dividends on the investment in proportion to the careful planning and wise management used in caring for it.

Poultry Hints

Firm, smooth eggshells are made with plenty of oyster shell and grit.

This is a good time to repair the hen house and provide comfortable quarters for the flock.

The only way to give them a good start, and to insure a heavy lay, is to give them the benefits of a clean house, free from insects, pests, and free from disease.

Cleanliness is one of the most important problems confronting poultry flock owners.

Straw costs money in some parts of the country, but bear in mind the distinction between a hen house and a dairy barn.

Clean eggs, packed in bright, new cases will bring top prices. A short fattening period pays on all fowls to be marketed. A separate pen with moist mash and grain before them at all times means quick fattening.

Don't worry. Perhaps the police took your car to give to some chap whose similar car was stolen.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner

FREEZING WORDS

It was very cold one afternoon and Eugene had thought he had never known it to be so cold.

There had been some mild weather and everyone had said: "It seems as though there were spring in the air."

But right after that it became very, very cold, and if spring had been in the air she had certainly gone back home for a while and had decided not to come forth for a time.

Every time Eugene spoke he could see his breath in the cold, cold air.

Everyone did the same thing, too. In fact, everyone's mouths seemed to look like kettles when the steam is coming out just as the water boils.

That had happened before, but it had never seemed to amount to so much at any other time.

Eugene even thought that it might freeze so hard that the warm breath coming out of people's mouths would form into little icicles and cakes of ice.

He thought of that a good deal. In fact, he went to bed thinking about it.

Now, as a rule, Eugene seldom had dreams. He went to sleep so quickly that if he was speaking to anyone as he got into bed, as soon as he was lying down he was asleep.

Often and often he went to sleep right in the middle of sentences—sentences that were never finished.

But this night it was different. No sooner was Eugene asleep than he began to dream. But he did not know it was a dream. It was so real to him.

He was in a place very, very cold, and very close to the North pole.

But there were a good many people around about as many people as lived



"This is Freeze Town," said another, in the village which was Eugene's home.

In fact, he began recognizing the people from his own home and speaking to them.

He meant to ask them how they had all arrived way up here, but he didn't, as he knew they would only ask him the same question and it would have seemed so foolish not to have been able to answer it.

Yet he could not have answered it. The people all spoke to one another and as they did so the breath came out of their mouths and began freezing in long icicle shapes.

And then the words began to come out, and Eugene saw words and sentences such as, "My, isn't it cold," coming right out of a person's mouth, going up a little distance into the air and then freezing solid.

"This is Freeze Town," said another, "This place is now called by that name."

And all those words came forth and hung suspended in the air, frozen quite solid. They still showed what words they were, but they were of thick, clear ice.

Well, as the words began to freeze as people spoke, and as the air became thick with frozen words, a great blanket of snow came down from the sky with icicle hooks hanging down to which the words attached themselves.

The whole air became actually crowded with frozen words.

In fact, it became so crowded that the words found themselves having no place to go and they began planting themselves on the snow banks and all around the front doorsteps and in front yards and even in the street.

So thick with frozen words did Freeze Town become that the tallest man in the whole town had to come out and direct traffic so that the people could get about.

Even the town band, which played for indoor skating during the winter, came out, and as they did so, playing as they marched, the music notes froze, too, so that music notes were suspended from the snow blanket and lying about on the branches of trees.

There were whistling notes, also, made by boys who whistled well, and these froze, too.

There was no telling what would have happened next had it not been that Eugene's mother awoke him and said, "Time to get up and it is not so cold today as yesterday."

Not Her Daddy

Mary Lou recently visited the city for the first time. She was bewildered by the crowds, and was constantly watching for a familiar face.

One evening she was sitting in the hotel lobby with her mother.

Suddenly she remarked lonesomely: "Ewwhody I see I fink it's dad's, and ewwhody aint!"

LINNEY QUEERED DOCTOR ON THE STAND

Local people acquainted with District Attorney Frank Linney will read with interest the following narrative about the wit of his father—Romulus Linney, known in his day as one of the state's most brilliant lawyers. The article is reproduced from the Union Republican:

Although he has been dead for a number of years there are many people today who remember with pleasure having sat under the persuasive eloquence, the masterful argument and the fascinating voice of the late Romulus Z. Linney, affectionately known throughout the State as the "Bull of the Brushies." Mr. Linney having been born and reared under the very shadow of the Brushy mountains in this State. He resided for years in Taylorsville, Alexander county, represented the old eighth district in congress and in that body won great distinction for his learning, knowledge, wit and fine companionship.

Joseph L. Seawell, for many years clerk of the North-Carolina Supreme court, relates a story concerning Mr. Linney that was characteristic of the man and all who have heard this able barister plead a case before a jury can understand and appreciate the anecdote as related by Mr. Seawell.

As Mr. Seawell relates the story, the scene was placed in Alexander county, in the Taylorsville, courthouse. His intimate friend, Dr. Long had been summoned from the adjoining county of Iredell to testify against the interest of a client of Mr. Linney, who had filed a caveat to the will of an old lady the caveat being based on the ground that she was mentally incapable.

Then venerable and widely known Dr. Long approached his seat in the witness chair with becoming dignity, qualified as an expert and testified with an air of finality, that he had

been professionally and personally well acquainted with the testatrix and that in his opinion she was of sound mind and mentally qualified to devise her property.

The witness being turned over for cross-examination to Mr. Linney, that gentleman focussed his penetrating eyes upon the complacent doctor and questioned him as follows, the last word of each interrogatory being accentuated by a rising inflection.

"Excuse the necessity of slight repetition, but what is your name? What is your age? Where do you reside and what is your avocation?"

There was a glint of surprise and indignation on the countenance of the witness, he was well known by the lawyer and in the neighboring community. But he slowly growled "My name is Jabez Long; I am 65 years old; I reside in Statesville and I am a practicing physician."

"Ah! A really practicing physician, and how long have you practiced?"

"Thirty-eight years! And have you practiced medicine in this county?"

"Not extensively; my practice has been almost confined to Iredell county."

"Ah! I am well acquainted with many of the good people of Iredell let me see—did you ever practice in the family of Mr. John Alexander?"

"I did."

"You did; what do you infer by did? But that reminds me; I do not recall having seen Mr. Alexander recently. Has he moved from Iredell county?"

"Alexander is dead. You attended his funeral."

"Dead! You don't tell me. And did you attend him in his last illness?"

"I did."

"And he died?"

"I have just answered that question. You know he is dead; but he."

"Tut! Tut! Never mind about that; oblige the court by confining your reply to the scope of my inquiry. And Mr. Alexander's good wife. I knew her as a winsome maiden, has she removed from Iredell county?"

"She is dead."

"Dead! Indeed! And did you attend

her last illness?"

"I did. But you know yourself that was twelve years ago and she—"

"Oh, that is quite sufficient; we are not tabulating dates. You administered to the physical ailments of Mrs. Alexander and she died? She died, did she not?"

"Oh, yes, she died, she was— oh! all of us have—"

"And Mr. Reuben Hinkle, that specimen of vigorous manhood—I do not recall having recently observed his benign countenance—is he too, a victim of your professional skill? Were you ever his physician?"

"I was Reuben Hinkle's physician and he is dead, but I protest against—"

"So, Mr. Hinkle sleeps with his fathers and you tried to cure him?"

Mr. Linney continued to draw from the witness that he was the attending physician of many who had departed this life. The witness became pallid with rage when Linney soared to a high key, stuck his finger toward the witness and loudly inquired, "Just what measure of success have you acquired any way in treating afflicted humanity? Dead! Dead! They are all dead. You practiced your profession on every person I have mentioned they died! They d-i-e-d!"

And then in addressing the jury—"Why, gentlemen, this grizzled, pompous, bewhiskered old patriarch

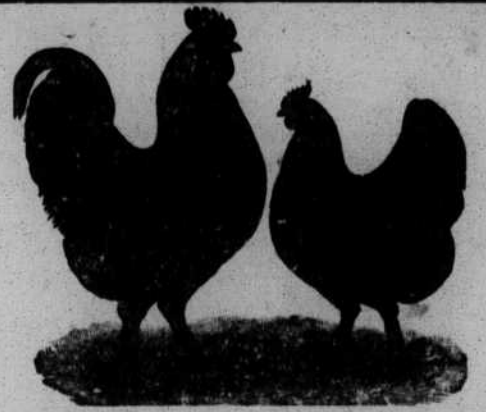
has the consummate and astounding egotism and effrontery to pass judgment on the mental qualification of that poor, unfortunate woman to apportion her vast estate, when he admits under solemn oath that he attempted to cure every person I named, and that they died."

Those who knew Mr. Linney were not surprised that his compelling eloquence appealed the outraged feelings of his friend the doctor, and

that the doctor himself afterwards related the occurrence as a good joke on himself.

Poets have a harder time now. So few words rhyme with "pucked eyebrow" and "shingle."

Poor service is the kind that makes you wait for your dinner at least one-fourth as long as you'd wait at home.



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