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I also carry one of the largest stocks of GRANITE

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SHOO, THERE!

Shoo fly, don't bother me!
I'm a poor baldhead, don't you see?
You're goin' to git wiped off the slate.
Vampoose! Congress will legislate.

Git out, you skeeter—little devil!
You're goin' to quit your bloody revel.
Congress that rules the universe
Will on you put a deadly curse.

And, sparrows, you have got to flit.
And, long tailed rats, you've got to git.
And, bedbugs, you have got to quit.
And, roaches, your name's bughoure—nit!

There's a big press down at D. C.;
Runs by hot air—wee! Oh, gee!—
Prints redhot bulletins agin you.
Better quick skedaddle. Shoo!

Look out! Congress is goin' to spout,
To turn you bloody rascals out.
They'll start a wave of redhot air
To hunt you varmints to your lair.

Old bughouse will go quick kerflunk
From rooster louse to orn'ry skunk.
Gossips, knockers, cranks, by heck—
They'll ketch it, too, right in the neck!

C. M. BARNITZ.

SEPARATE THE SEXES.

It tickles a fellow to get nearly all pullets from a hatch, but how eggsasperating when they don't lay when eggs pay!

One thing puts pullets back—cockerels are allowed to play catch'er.

They are raced all day and get scrawny.

Pullets mature best alone, where there is quiet.

Sporty cockerels have too much mouth. They fuss over the females, the females get to fussing, and this racket and roughhouse harm the harem.

Bloody duels ensue, every cockerel having couchers with megaphone mouths that bring chaos to the nervous system.

This puts every cackler on one nerve

Growth is checked, and laying is retarded.

The conquering crower swaggers into the coop to show his proud scars.



BACHELOR GIRLS.

and the pullets take off his bloody comb and eat his tail and thus become feather fiends.

Some feed pullets egg stimulants, and if they wish to that's their biz.

This is not necessary to make roosters lay. Many have contracts to deliver so many eggs per month, and to get these when old hens molt they must come from pullets. Thus pullets are often forced for early eggs by feeding much mash and meat and marketed after the rush. But this ration will make mules soft and give them abnormal combs, while at dinner they may start a free fight and chase the pullets out of sight.

Pullets for strong winter laying are not forced, but built up for business, so that when matured they have the stamina to keep laying, and when mated for breeding their eggs hatch strong chicks.

These as well as show birds and molting hens should have special treatment, which is impossible with cockerels butting in. Separate the sexes. Both will do better. The cockerels may be capouized, fattened for market or fed for breeders or show birds. They will not run themselves thin, and the breeders will thus preserve their sexual strength for the breeding pen.

DON'TS.

Don't feed corn exclusively. A variety of grains for great gains.

Don't feed bran alone as soft mash. It's mighty poor chicken hash.

Don't feed prepared chick feed that contains cattle powder. Just smell. You can tell.

Don't throw the feed down on the ground where fowls daily run. Such a dirty breakfast table would a mine mule disable.

QUIT THAT KNOCKIN'!

Hey, Bill, you quit your knockin' now
About this cleanin' house;
You are a brainless idiot,
Perhaps you've got a souse.

Why, if that cleanin' wasn't done
The dirt would git so high
You'd have to climb a ladder, sir,
To see a patch of sky.

Bedbugs would swarm all over you
And eat you while asleep.
Microbes most multitudinous
Would pile up six feet deep.

The moths would eat you baldheaded
And skin the pup and cat
And eat that fifty dollar bird
Upon Mariar's hat.

Big rats would chew your great toe off,
Mice joy ride down your back,
And smells of all that's horrible
Would your proboscis rack.

Cobwebs would hang in great festoons,
Big spiders sting you sore
And skeeters sing your requiem,
Then drain you of your gore.

The flies would kidnap all of you,
Typhoid and smallpox come.
The whole shebang would be bughouse
And everything go bum.

Let those who wish to live like hogs.
I'll help Mariar scrub—
Yep; she may let her tongue run loose
And boss me with a club.

C. M. BARNITZ.

S. R. (sub rosa).—Dictated by Mariar.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. I am an amateur photographer and have been interested in your pictures. Do you use film or plate, and how do you get such good pictures?

A. We use a plate camera (5 by 7) with A No. 1 lens and shutter. You must learn the trick by experience. It requires much patience, and you'll often be tempted to break that resolution not to cuss.

Q. I am a woman fancier and especially interested in your articles on poultry diseases. Postmortems are very offensive to me, however, especially examination and opening of the intestines. Perhaps you may suggest a way out.

A. Postmortem is not pleasant for any one. There is less gas, less smell, if performed early. Sprinkle the cavity and organs with a weak solution of carbolic acid. Open intestines and other parts in clear water in which some acid has been dropped. This kills smells and prevents poison.

Q. I live near the water and can get plenty of fish for my hens and ducks. Is it a good ration?

A. Fish is good for ducks in breeding season, but gives a fishy flavor to their flesh. If much is fed it will affect the flavor of eggs, and it is claimed mollusks and fish often transmit tapeworm to fowl.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

In having photographs taken for advertising cuts put a man on the job that understands such work. A poor picture of a good rooster is a mighty poor business booster.

When a friend asks you to view his flock don't say "It's rotten" even if such is the case. If yours is superior invite him round and he'll see the difference. An uppercut word is often absurd, and applied to chickens it stirs up the dickens.

Cabbage is an excellent green food for winter, and the trimmings may often be secured free from the marketman. We get all we want free from the truckers in this vicinity, and they are glad to get rid of it.

In human as well as hen diseases the knowledge of prevention is more important than pill practice. Don't found your hope on dope. Count sanitary measures among your chief treasures.

When you supply moisture by placing water in your incubator fill the pan nearly full of sand and keep it wet. Sand is a better evaporating surface than water, and hatching eggs will lose 5 per cent less weight where it is used.

It must be remembered that eggs are perishable. After the first week they quickly deteriorate in hatchability, flavor and weight. Let it be remembered that people are getting more particular about their food every day, and this tendency must be catered to to make it pay.

J. O. V. Wise, a farmer of Longmont, Colo., killed the grasshoppers on his acres with oil and gathered up 125 bushels to feed his chickens next winter. Oh, what a cinch!

Adobe soil containing very little grit, flocks on such ground must be supplied. Sharp crystal grit that does not wear smooth is best.

The York County Agricultural society of Pennsylvania added a new premium to its list this year by offering a prize for the best display of eggs. Let those fair associations that offer premiums for the biggest dog and stuffed skunks take notice.

Let New York and other eastern markets that knock at buying eggs by weight look at Frisco and then come up to date. Many of our western friends ceased to buy eggs by the dozen long ago; but, then, you know, Pop Penn and Dad Knickerbocker were always slow.

Missouri has again butted in and smashed another world's record to smithereens by raising a Holstein cow that gave 16,744 pounds of milk in six months. With all her poultry prestige she can't beat Philadelphia and Baltimore turning out fresh green quacks.

The conditions laid down by certain fair authorities for egg exhibits are these: Uniformity in size, color, cleanliness, freshness and flavor.

At the Y. M. C. A. poultry show, Portland, Ore., roosters were entered in a crowing contest. One cockadoodle crowed twelve times in ten minutes and won the prize. This nearly equals our congressional cockalorums.

A BAD "BASE BAWL CLUB."

There is a club, Oh, boo, hoo, hoo, hoo!
It bawls round everywhere.
Each member has a crooked mouth,
Drawn down by tons of care.

Each member has a store of groans—
They make groans by wholesale—
And when they sigh and cry, "Oh, my!"
What a tremendous wail!

Each member has a stack of frowns—
They make frowns by the ton—
A frown they'd place on each sweet face
And leave no room for fun.

Each member lives in a black cloud—
They make clouds while you wait—
They'd like to take our smiling skies
And paint them nasty slate.

Each member has a tear bag big,
And when they squeeze tears out
You better stand from under, friend;
There'll be a waterspout.

But let these croaks go "Boo, hoo, hoo!"
They'll get the ha-ha here.
This pretty world is not for sighs,
Our future not for fear.

"Laugh and grow fat." Ha, ha! That's good;
Be kind, be true. That's fine!
Let others bawl their blind eyes out,
I say. No whine in mine:
Moral.—Abstain from whine.

C. M. BARNITZ.

CELIBACY FOR COCKERELS.

Feathers oft hide a multitude of skinny young roosters at market, but when the thin blue shanked carcass is revealed it is difficult for the cook's anger to be concealed.

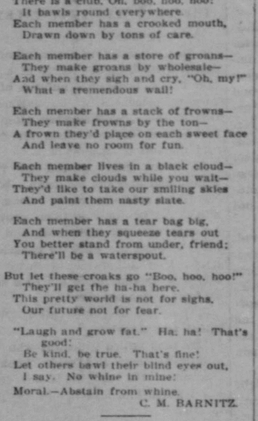
That bird might have been plump and pretty if the farmer had kept him from running after the hens and fed him to a finish.

This does not refer to culls.

A cull once a cull always.

To the cook pot with the culls.

This includes the giraffes of the flock—those long legged, knockneed pullets



BEAUTIFUL BACHELORS.

and cockerels that eat and eat, but gain no meat. Many do not care to caponize surplus cockerels. They do not wish to operate, or they do not wish to wait for them to grow.

The practical fellow, however, pens his young roosters alone in a quiet place where they have little room for exercise and plumps them up with the following finisher fed for three weeks three times a day:

Ground oats	2 parts
Ground barley	2 parts
Ground corn	2 parts

This is wet up in whole milk, skim milk or buttermilk, seasoned with salt.

When cockerels for breeders or show

Q. I live on a street, yet we can simplify the dirty part of our chicken housecleaning by doing more cleaning as we go along, using movable roosts and nests, fighting vermin every day and laying solid, ratproof, concrete floors. When we spray lime it means the whole interior white, concrete floors and all, the nests and roosts being sprayed outside. Some make an excellent job of it, with one exception—they don't remove the filthy dirt floor as deep as it is rank and renew with new, sweet soil.



SPRAYING LIME.

This explains much winter sickness. An exchange of sweet garden soil for sick henhouse soil is easy and a benefit to both. Some clean everything tip-top but the chickens.

The chickens? Yes, and a man's foolish to get time in his eye destroying vermin in the house if he allows a lousy flock to return to fill the clean coop with crawlers.

Four dollars is a small price for a louse machine that cleans a flock quickly and saves its price soon in economy of time, labor and powder.

Some still stuff the ceiling for warmth, with straw and forget to renew it year after year. What a fine residence for disease germs and hanging palace for mites and ticks! Vermin implies rats and mice. These should be destroyed.

Removing filth also implies thorough disinfection. This is surely accomplished inside by spraying with lime. a five dollar machine, as shown, doing the work perfectly.



RUNNING THE LOUSE MACHINE.

But with all our thorough work inside it will be a failure if the yards outside are bare, foul and sodden with germs, for the fowls will simply bear bacteria back into the clean building and make it a pesthole.

The yards made sanitary, the value of this complete cleaning will be seen in the health of the flocks and in increased profit.

DON'TS.

Don't feed dry bone as part of the ration. It does quite well for shell; otherwise a sell.

Don't feed pork cracklings with the idea that they are meat. They are simply greasy, salty fiber.

Don't feed new wheat at first heavy and alone, and be moderate in first feeding fresh cut bone.

Don't let turkey poults have corn till they "shoot the red," and beware of soggy meal and bread.

Don't use beef scrap that is lumpy and gray and smells like fertilizer. It's a chick paralyzer.

Don't compete at shows simply to down some fellow. He who hates in this age should be kept in a cage.

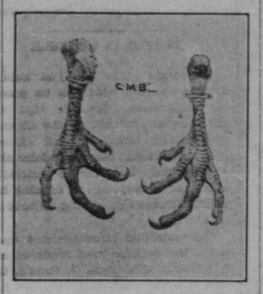
TOO MUCH HOT AIR.

Well, of all the freaks you should have seen those hatched by a neighbor this season. Many had twisted trilbys like the picture, others just pipped the shell and stuck fast, and, acting the good Samaritan, he helped them out, and from their appearance they surely needed it.

Some had one wing, others had legs of different lengths, some had cross bills or great eyes that glared in a menacing manner. But the majority were crooked, their heads and tails touching, their twisted toes beating the air.

What he said is not in the dictionary, and what he wrote to that incubator manufacturer you will not find among his testimonials.

Thinking it might be ancestry, he ran to the coop and examined every chicken's toes, but found all straight. He concluded, after reading a city farmer's editorial, that moisture was



TWISTED TRILBYS.

needed and set his heavy incubator up in the damp cellar and ran it carefully for three more weeks and got zero.

The eggs were pipped, but that's all. They were full of twisted monstrosities, unassimilated yolks and blood.

We examined the eggs and machine and found that the thermometer had told him a lie—it had lied straight ahead for six weeks. The machine had run at 110 degrees, but the thermometer had registered only 103 degrees; hence freaks.

Too much hot air is bad anywhere.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

At a Chester (Pa.) cockfight nine sports jumped out of the windows to escape the cops. They thought the windows were only a few feet from the ground when they were twenty. Some were crippled for life.

As it has become a habit to investigate everything, we advise you to peel your eye for gold bricks among the many get-rich-quick systems that are now extensively advertised to catch people interested in poultry.

That it pays to advertise is shown by the fact that nearly every one cooks chicken for the preacher when he visits. When newspapers advertised a preacher's predilection for poultry they saved the cooks from worrying about what to cook and also made the preacher sure of a good square meal. As this increases sales vastly the poultryman should not just remember the editor in his prayers, but should give him a good big roast often.

Butter, milk and eggs seem naturally to go together, and we notice the dairy wagons generally sell eggs to a good private trade. Poultry and fruit, poultry and dairy, poultry and bees, two combined or all in one, afford interesting employment and produce commodities that are always in demand and bring good prices.

Cock birds often do not eat after a fight, because their beaks are so broken they cannot pick up the food. If their feed is not so bunched at this time that they may punch their beaks full they often starve.

The United States attorney at Pittsburg filed testimony in court that one ounce of frozen eggs contains 2,156,000,000 bacteria. He declared that 20,000 pounds were shipped from Nebraska to Pittsburg in two months. It's about time other states stop making a dump of Pennsylvania.

Henry Peters of Jefferson county, Pa., tracked the animal that stole his ducks and chickens and captured a wildcat with five kittens. A wildcat in a henroop is bad, but a wildcat scheme is worse.

There's as much difference between high and low grade incubator thermometers as between wholesome mushrooms and deadly toadstools. Appearances oft show no inferiority, but results prove superiority.

In sending stock to customers stretch a point to please them. Select a crate that is strong, but light, so the express may not be so heavy. If you watch for his interest as well as your own it will surely pay.

In visiting California see the ostriches and big trees, of course. But don't forget Petaluma, the poultry metropolis of the world, and be sure to call on Editor Snow of her weekly poultry journal, the only poultry weekly in the United States. He is the only Snow in California and yet awfully warm hearted.

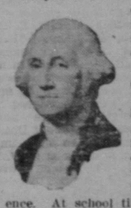
When you locate a squab farm get close to market you expect to serve. Distance makes the expenses greater and also affects condition of shipments. A squab raiser near New York last year sold $25,000 worth of birds to hotels and restaurants of the metropolis.

You may always recognize an experienced fancier by the fact that you learn from his conversation, and he doesn't tell you all he knows the first time you meet. It's the boys make the noise.

C. M. Barnitz.

THE HALL OF FAME.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—First president of United States of America. Born Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22, 1732; died Mount Vernon, Va., Dec. 14, 1799. Commander in chief of colonial armies in war for independence. At school till about sixteen years of age. Engaged in surveying 1748-51. Appointed adjutant Virginia troops in 1751. Volunteer aid-de-camp to General Braddock of British army in battle of the Monongahela in 1755. Married Martha Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, Jan. 9, 1759, and settled as planter at Mount Vernon. Delegate to Virginia house of burgesses and to Continental congresses of 1774 and 1775. Appointed commander in chief of Continental forces June 15, 1775. Compelled surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781, thereby winning independence of the American colonies. Unanimously elected president of United States in February, 1789, and inaugurated at New York April 30 next. Unanimously re-elected in 1792.



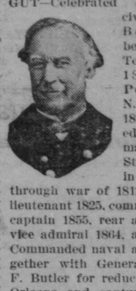
THE HALL OF FAME.

MARY LYON—Forerunner of higher education for women. Born Buckland, Mass., Feb. 28, 1797; died South Hadley, Mass., on March 5, 1849. She was a teacher for many years and in 1830 conceived the idea of a permanent seminary for girls. This was received coldly, and she next proposed an institution which should give a thorough education to girls of moderate means, the plan being to divide household tasks among all the students in such ways that they would not interfere with school duties. This proposal was received with enthusiasm, money was raised and the Mount Holyoke seminary was started, of which Miss Lyon was made the head for the rest of her life.



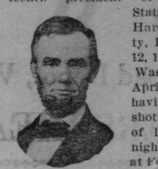
THE HALL OF FAME.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT—Celebrated admiral of civil war days. Born Campbell's Station, Tenn., July 5, 1801; died Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 14, 1870. Appointed midshipman in United States navy in 1810, served through war of 1812. Promoted lieutenant 1825, commander 1841, captain 1855, rear admiral 1862, vice admiral 1864, admiral 1866. Commanded naval armament together with General Benjamin F. Butler for reduction of New Orleans and captured the city April 25, 1862. Ran the batteries at Vicksburg June 28, up river, and again July 15, down river, returning to New Orleans. Aug. 5, 1864, supported by land force under General Gordon Granger, Farragut fought his way past Confederate forts at entrance to Mobile bay and after a desperate struggle captured the Confederate ironclad Tennessee. This put an end to the blockade running at Mobile.



THE HALL OF FAME.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Sixteenth president of United States. Born Hardin county, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809; died Washington, April 15, 1865, having been shot in back of head the night before at Ford's theater by John Wilkes Booth, assassin. Descended from Quaker family of English origin. Parents exceedingly poor. Settled with family in Indiana in 1816 and in Illinois in 1830. Was farm laborer, storekeeper, surveyor, captain in Black Hawk war. Whig member of Illinois legislature 1834-42. Whig member of congress 1847-49. Admitted to bar in 1836. His debates with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858, in which Lincoln took pronounced stand against slavery as an institution, attracted national attention. Nominated for president by Republican party in 1860, elected, inaugurated March 4, 1861. As executive he handled the serious problem of the civil war. Emancipated all negro slaves as a war measure Jan. 1, 1863. Re-elected president in 1864.



THE THINKING GERMAN

By SARAH BAXTER

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Being a woman with no children and not content with the occupation housekeeping alone gave me, I decided to go into the business of raising squabs for market. Having ample room in my back yard, I erected dovecotes there and put in a dozen pairs of pigeons. About the time I began to think of selling my surplus on counting my young birds I missed several of them. There was a leak somewhere.

Behind our place, facing on another road, was a shanty in which lived a German cobbler named Hans Schreiber. One night, hearing a noise in my back yard, I went out with a dark lantern and flashed it on Schreiber getting over the back fence. He was warned that the next time he was caught in our yard he would be prosecuted under the law. He put on a great deal of injured innocence, but continued to steal my squabs. Finally I caught him again, had him arrested and the next morning appeared against him in court.

"Jutch," he said to the court, assuming the expression of a martyr, "I leaf it to you wedder a poor man like me can affort to eat squap. How woult I know I like squap if I don't know how dey taste. I got to puy 'em first, hafn't I, to know wedder I like 'em?"

"That's a very ingenious argument, Hans," said the prosecutor, taking up the case, "but it won't work. Did you never taste any kind of game—duck, quail, snipe?"

"Neffer. Do you take me for a shentleman?"

"You've eaten young chickens, haven't you?"

"Proilers! You think I can affort to eat proilers? All t' proilers go into t' houses of shentlemen like you. Pesites, ven t' proilers are two years olt I don' like 'em."

"How can a broiler be two years old?" asked the prosecutor. "I should consider a chicken two years old a pretty aged bird."

"A proiler not pe two years olt! H'm! Yo' go to t' colt storage house. Yo' fint 'em t'ree, four, fife years' olt."

"We're not trying the cold storage men," said the prosecutor. "We're trying you, Hans Schreiber, for stealing Mrs. Perkins' squabs. What did you eat for breakfast this morning?"

"Sausage."

"Anything else?"

"Breat und coffee."

"Are you sure you didn't eat squab?"

"Sure."

"Hans, did you ever hear of Herr Roentgen?"

"No."

"He discovered a process by which one may look inside the body and see what's there."

Hans looked uneasy.

"Now I'm going," continued the prosecutor, "to use one of these machines to look inside your stomach, and if I find squab there his honor will send you up for a long term. If you will confess I'll ask him to let you off with a small fine—just enough to pay for the birds you have stolen. Now, will you submit to the test or confess?"

"Vat is t' principle of t' machine?" asked Schreiber.

The lawyer was a bit staggered.

"The principle is that a peculiar light called the Roentgen ray illuminates a man's inside and shows what is there."

The prisoner thought awhile, then said:

"I like t' see how dat is done. You show me vat you hat for breakfast dis morning, und I tell you what I do."

"Come, come," said the lawyer sternly, "enough of this. Send for the machine."

He whispered to an attendant to go to an optician near by and bring a certain instrument he designated. When it arrived the German looked at it with much interest. It consisted of two brass cylinders, with glasses at each end, mounted on an upright.

"Now, Hans," said the attorney, "before applying the test I'll give you one more chance. Will you confess?"

Hans hesitated. The instinct of investigation indigenous with his race struggled with his fear of detection. At last he said:

"If you fint the squap in my stomach how long for I go to shail?"

The lawyer looked at the judge, who was watching this new method of trial much amused.

"Thirty days," said his honor.

"I risk it," said Hans. "Look into my stomach."

"I withdraw the charge," I said, coming to the lawyer's rescue.

"The charge is withdrawn," said the judge, struggling to repress laughter. "Prisoner, if another such charge is made against you and you are proved guilty I'll send you up for six months."

"I vants to see," said the prisoner, "vat vent truh my stomach dis morning."

"That's not necessary now," said the prosecutor, "since the charge has been withdrawn and his honor has dismissed the case."

"Jutch," persisted Hans, "I vants to know if the machine can do the vonderful t'ings the shentleman says it can do. I'm reaty to go to shail to find that out."

The judge winked at the prosecutor, who placed the tubes against the German's stomach and, after pretending to look into it, said to the judge.

"Since the case has been dismissed, your honor, I will say that squab is plainly visible in the man's stomach."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Hans. "Dot machine is no goot. I didn't eat squap this morning. I eat a shicken vot I took from anudder voman's henroost."

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