POULTRY

Rat Trap and Dry Mash Feeder in Combination

A combination rat trap and dry mash feeder is a rather novel additio. to the poultry house. The feeder is a long box, 1 foot high and 1 foot wide with a sloped and slatted top, through which the hens put their heads to eat during the day. To convert this into a rat trap, a 4-inch hole was bored in the end of the hopper, a short length of 4-inch stovepipe fastened in the hole, and a bag tied over the other end of the pipe and spread out on the ground. A heavy board cover was hinged to the feed box; this was kept open by means of a hook during the day, but the hook was released, and



Poultry Feeder and Rat Trap.

a small prop with a string attached to it used at night. The string led away to a distant window so that the poultryman could pull it without entering the poultry house and disturbing the rats. A yank at the string let the cover drop and trapped the rats inside. Then, by beating on the cover with a stick, the rats were made to run through the hole, down the pipe, and into the bag, where a few blows killed them. As long as the hens ate from the feeder the rats never seemed suspicious.—L. Harris Hiscock, Skaneateles, N. Y., in Popular Mechanics Monthly.

Pay More Attention to Feeding Poultry Flock

With the coming of cold weather and higher prices for eggs, careful poultrymen pay more attention than ever to the feeding of their flocks, so egg production may start early and be maintained as long as possible. To help meet the demand for information on feeding, the college of agriculture at Ithaca has published a bulletin containing the rations it has found by experiment to be the most efficient. Directions for the use of these feeds and for the management of flocks are also discussed, two things which, in the words of the bulletin, are "as important as the mixtures themselves."

The amount of feed depends upon the appetites of the birds, and no definite rule for feeding will apply to all conditions. Scant feeding in the morning and at noon, followed by a heavy feeding of grain in the litter of the hen house early enough so the birds will find it before dark, has given best results. Green feed, oyster shell, and clean, fresh, pure water are also essential.

Equal parts by weight of mash and grain are fed; the former is made as follows for laying hens: 100 pounds each of wheat bran, wheat middlings, cornmeal, ground oats or ground barley, and meat scrap, and three pounds of salt. The grain mixture consists of 500 pounds of cracked corn, 200 pounds each of barley and wheat, and 100 pounds of heavy oats.

A copy of the bulletin will be sent to those who write to the college at Ithaca for E 45.

Important to Note Size and Shape of All Eggs

For those who are shipping eggs to special markets, it is important to watch the size and shape of the eggs, as well as to see how many the hens are laying and what color they are. Too long an egg crushes from the top in shipping, and cuts down the receipts over a period of months; too wide an egg crushes from the side. Customers demand a fair amount of uniformity in size and shape, because it makes more attractive selling. They are willing to pay more for such quality.

"The new breeder of today can make more money by breeding for egg quality than for more eggs," says an eastern authority. "Many who go in for producing more eggs overlook so many things. I recently saw a poultryman who had a number of hens with records up to 300 eggs per year each, and he had a flock of 200 average, but of nearly 100 eggs I saw, from as many different hens, not over 20 would pass for fancy eggs on the market and bring top price. Some would simply have gone as miscellaneous eggs; they were too small and tinted."

Day of Definite Methods.

The day for haphazard methods in breeding poultry has passed into the pages of history. This is the day of definite, accurate methods. The modern poultryman must know definitely the sire and dam of the birds he raises if he is to have their exact pedigree.

Pullets Lay in Winter.

Young stock that begins to lay in the fall of the year will usually lay throughout the winter, the period when eggs are highest in price.

MOTHER'S CHOICE

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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FOUR years John Underwood had been the mainstay of the unpopular girls of Cedarville. Any girl finding herself out of luck at the last moment regarding an invitation to some festivity could depend on him as an escort, provided she had not been forestalled by a sister in similar plight. The reason for John's availability was due to the fact that he himself never asked anybody anywhere.

Occasionally he felt called upon for an explanation and could always make you understand delicately but unequivocally. "You see," he would say, "I must think of my mother. While she lives I could not let myself consider the—er—support of—er—a wife. And it's unfair to a girl to monopolize her so that some other man, not thus placed, is kept from courting her."

Very square of him, his audience would feel and, if it were young, admire him tremendously. If it were oldish, it envied his mother the possession of such a son.

Cedarville was one of those neighborly little communities which sit up nights taking a friendly interest in one another's affairs, and when John's father died it became public property that he had left only the large stucco house and a moderate insurance to his wife, and to John his coal, wood and ice business.

"What a sweet little thing Carrie Watrous is," his mother remarked one evening from her side of the mahogany dining table. "And Paula Scott has such lovely eyes."

"Yes, Mother," said John. "Can I serve you a little of this white meat? Georgiana certainly can broil!" It might be well to mention that Georgiana was the latest thing in colored cooks lest any gentle reader suspect the entrance of the heroine via a kitchen disguise.

"Where is Marilyn Drooge these days?" asked Mrs. Underwood. "She will make some man a splendid wife."

"Righto," said John. "I wonder if I may be excused? That Rotary affair begins early."

It can be seen that John bore his sacrifice quietly. He was not the one to dwell on the girls and their attractions as one who feels himself cheated.

Shortly after this conversation Paula Scott's cousin came to visit her. Now Paula was much in demand and never needed John's escort for personal use. But she did think of him for Elsie for the Tennis club dance, and dated him up accordingly.

Elsie fell for John—hard. Out on the balcony at intermission he told her gently just how he was situated, and she laid a soft hand on his sleeve and turned up at him two large orbs brimming with sympathy. He was just right in his attitude, and she thought the more of him for it!

The very next day she boldly manufactured an errand, with Paula's amused help, that took them to call on Mrs. Underwood. It was the first of a series of neighborly visits. Elsie had a winning way of absorbing the gems of wisdom possible for an older woman to let fall—directions for a dropped stitch sweater, an excellent stain remover, a recipe for gingerbread a la John's taste.

Meanwhile the other delved deep into the recesses of Elsie's simple personality. In short, what she discovered led Mrs. Underwood rather deliberately to make up her mind.

"John," she said one evening, "it's not natural for you to sacrifice your life for me. If it wasn't for me you'd marry."

"Probably," said John absentmindedly, but yet speaking truthfully what he thought he thought. He had fallen into the trap.

"From now on," continued his mother, "I am taking myself off your hands. I am bored with doing nothing. I—er—I am to be librarian at our little library. Not that I need to work. You know and I know, my dear boy, that with what I have I could manage very well! But now you and El—and any girl you fancy are free to live your own lives!"

John did not rise and, with beaming face, embrace his mother. He frowned bit off the end of a cigar and went out to keep an engagement with Elsie made by Paula.

An hour later his mother sat writing to a girlhood friend.

"Well, at last I fancy I've driven John into matrimony. It's an attitude I suppose few mothers take, and it necessitated desperate measures. But John was getting so set in his ways. And a friendly little daughter-in-law and some day a couple of nice grandchildren will repay me for a few months' picking around bookshelves. The girl is a dear—"

At that very moment her son was holding tight in his arms the girl of his mother's choice. He was still in a state of bewilderment and not yet quite sure how the situation had come about. Could it be that he, John Underwood, was snared in the very net he had so long warily dodged?

"Do you know what first made me love you, dear? Knowing how good you were to your mother. Oh, I hope she won't mind giving you partly up, but she told me yesterday how it grieved her to see you caring for somebody—she didn't say whom—and feeling that you must not propose because of her. Tell me, John, I haven't been too forward in letting you see I—I cared, too?"

John's clasp tightened. Darnation! Did captives, after all, cherish the chains that bound them?

AUNTY'S SPREE

By LYDIA LION ROBERTS

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"NOW tell us all about it, Aunt Martha," commanded vivacious Mrs. Lowe. "Harry and I have had a wonderful week taking care of your little farm, and I hope you had as pleasant a time in our little apartment. Harry and I have gone on long walks in the crispy-sweet woods, and I feel years younger."

"Well, my Henry and I feel right skittish, too," drawled Aunt Martha Snow, her plump, rosy cheeks wrinkled with smiles under her soft white hair. "We love the farm, but it did us a sight of good to get right into the city and have a look around."

"Nor her tongue hasn't stopped yet, either," slyly put in quiet Uncle Henry.

"Oh, no, oh, no, I can't bear it!" moaned Aunt Martha, and her niece jumped up in alarm.

"Sit down, child," laughed Aunt Martha, "but imagine how I felt one night when I was at the theater, laughing like an old hayseed, and a young woman behind me kept saying that. Finally I turned around, and I says, 'Sakes, child, what's the matter? Are you sick or suffering?' There was a proudful young man side of her, and he says, 'Madam, the young lady does not need your interference. She is enjoying the show.'

"'Very well,' I says, 'but some people sure have a queer way of showing their enjoyment.' It was that same night that the little usher girl got three people in the wrong seats. Finally they got located right side of Henry and me, and one of the ladies turned to me and says: 'I didn't suppose one was expected to go to the theater and find one's own seat!'

"'Well,' I says, 'it pays to use your senses most everywhere.'

"Do you know, Caroline, those people were so mad they never laughed once through the show, and it was real funny, too."

"Another day we went auto riding," Uncle Henry spoke up, "and I got a good joke on Martha. We passed a sign and she says, 'That sign says the "Goslow School." Funny name for a man; I wonder who he was?' I told her it meant for us to go slow near a school, but she just sniffed at me."

"Yes, you're awful smart," agreed his wife with cheerful sarcasm, "but I didn't order tenderloin cutlets in the restaurant. Henry says, 'My, that sounds good, let's have some.' The girl brought it in, and Henry takes a mouthful and looks at me so disgustedly and says, 'Tain't nothing but hamburg steak like you feed me at home.'"

"Did you have any boat trips?" asked Mrs. Lowe, her dark eyes shining with appreciation of the old couple's quiet fun at each other.

"Yes," promptly replied her aunt, "we were on the ocean most of one day. That was a treat, I tell you. The purser was the nicest man I ever heard. He told us to ask him any questions about the islands or the ships and he would tell us all about them."

"And once when I went to the back of the boat," interrupted Uncle Henry, "I heard a lady telling about the mansions along the shore and who lived in them. The purser came along and he says kind of low to her, 'Madam, would you please tell me those names again so I can tell the other passengers all about them.'"

"I don't care," defended Aunt Martha, "he was real kind, and when we left the boat he shook hands with everybody and said he hoped to see us again."

"Once we passed a place and the man says, 'That's Hough's Neck,'" said Uncle Henry, "and Martha looks around and says, 'whose neck?' and looks at mine. I suppose she thought likely I had a streak of dirt on it."

"We saw some wonderful art," said Aunt Martha loftily. "There was one picture that I couldn't bear to leave. I told Henry that if I could take a good look at that picture every morning I thought it would keep me good natured all day. It was so beautiful it made me ache.

"I asked a young fellow in the art room about some queer looking pictures," said Aunt Martha with a chuckle. "He said they was new art, and the artists, instead of seeing things in curves and lines, they see things now in cubes and squares. I told him the pictures looked as if they was seeing things, but I had always called that another name, and not art.

"One night I had been shopping and Henry was to meet me for supper," Aunt Martha continued with twinkling eyes. "I was early and so I walked up on the Common. The benches were full of nice, common, everyday folks like us, and I sat down and rested me awhile. The ocean breeze came up from the harbor and rustled the trees, and the sun shone sort of gentle like on the grass. The fat little pigeons waddled and fluttered around the benches and the fountain water splashed sort of tinkly-like and made a real comfortable feeling come over me. I leaned back and enjoyed it all and thought what a good time I'd had all the week and decided that sometimes it was a pretty good old world, and then Henry come along and I was sure of it."

"Now, when Martha says things like that seems as if I'd already got to Heaven—whether I'm in the city or country," returned Uncle Henry, "and so our city spree made us feel that hearts keep young even if heads grow old."

Bandits reported active, which is all right if they are having to run very fast to get away from the cops.

A good fat turkey is likely to find difficulty in taking out a life insurance policy until after Christmas.

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TALKS *to* MOTHERS *about* THEIR BABIES



By DR. J. H. MASON KNOX, JR.,
Chief, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Maryland State Department of Health.

CARE OF THE BABY'S BODY.

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HEALTHY babies should have a bath every day. A tub bath should not be given during the first week or 10 days until the cord is separated and the navel is dry. The bath is usually the event of the baby's day. The best time is in the morning before the second feeding. The face and hands should be sponged after the baby wakes before the first feeding and again at night on retiring. In very hot weather it is good practice to strip and sponge the baby several times a day.

The room temperature should not be below 70 during the bath. It is an advantage to give the bath before an open fire. The temperature of the bath water should be between 95 and 98 degrees until the baby is 6 months old, after which it is gradually reduced to 90 or even 80 degrees at a year old.

Washing The Baby.

THE face is washed with a soft cloth kept for this purpose. Then with the baby lying on the mother's lap, or preferably on a low table covered with a blanket, with the head to the left, the head and body are thoroughly soaped and the baby dipped in the warm water, the mother holding the baby with her left arm under the neck and shoulder, leaving the right arm free to sponge the body.

He should not be in the water more than two or three minutes. The baby is then lifted back to the lap or table and dried quickly by mopping with a soft towel. If the skin is irritated a bran bath will be found helpful. This is made by putting a handful of bran in a cheese cloth bag and soaking in the water until it is milky. After the baby is dry a little talcum powder may be dusted in the folds of the skin, but this should never take the place of thorough drying.

The baby's objection to the bath is usually due to the method by which it is given. Where the mother's movements are not too hurried, and the baby is placed into the water gradually, most babies enjoy the experience.

Eyes.

THE baby's eyes should be protected from strong light and from dust and wind. It is a wise custom to bathe the eyes of a baby up to two months with a weak boric solution, a teaspoonful of boracic acid to a glass of water in the morning, using a fresh piece of cotton for each eye. Soapy bath water irritates the eyes and is especially to be avoided. One or both eyes of the newborn baby occasionally exhibit excessive watering. This is due to the stoppage of the tear duct, which usually opens in a few days of itself. If not the doctor should be consulted. Of course, the doctor should be called in promptly if the eyes are red or swollen.

Mouth.

THE mouth of the young baby should be left alone. This is contrary to historic practice, but the delicate lining of the baby's mouth may be easily injured in attempting to wipe it. Nature takes care of all milk particles in the mouth which do no harm. When the teeth are cut they should be brushed with a soft tooth brush.

Nose.

THE nose may be kept clean with pledgets of cotton—cotton rolled in the fingers. No instrument should be placed into the nose, and if there is a tendency to excessive discharge a drop or two of liquid albolene may be instilled in each nostril daily.

Ears.

THE care of the ears is similar to that of the nose. Externally the ears are kept clean with a soft cloth. If wax cannot be removed with rolled cotton a doctor should be called. Probing the ear with a toothpick or an instrument is a dangerous procedure.

Scalp.

THE scalp is washed at the time of the bath. Perhaps it is well not to apply soap to the young baby's scalp more than two or three times a week. The fine scaly eruption, so-called "milk crust," is usually prevented by a little olive oil rubbed on the scalp at night.

Navel.

IF the navel bulges a pledget of cotton should be applied and held in place by the abdominal binder. If this does not correct the difficulty a doctor or trained nurse should be consulted.

Nails.

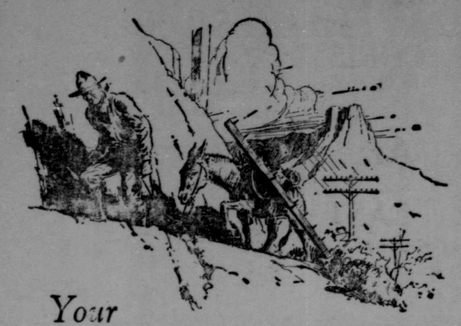
THE baby's nails should be kept short enough to prevent scratching. There is no reason why the nails should not be trimmed.

Buttocks.

IT is quite important that the buttocks should be cleaned with water or oil after each movement. Especial care should be taken to keep the movements away from the baby's genitals. The buttocks may be easily irritated by lack of care or insufficient rinsing of the napkins and from indigestion. This condition may be troublesome and a doctor should be consulted promptly.

The Genitals.

THESE organs should be kept scrupulously clean. Specific directions for their care should be obtained from the doctor.



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