

# THE FALL AND WINTER CARE OF THE PULLETS

Comfortable Quarters and Balanced Ration Needed to Get the Best Results  
By James J. Halpin, Michigan.

When the cold nights begin to come it is time to bring the pullets into winter quarters. They should then begin to show signs of approaching maturity. Before bringing them in, clean the house they are to occupy, whitewash it thoroughly and disinfect the perches, nest boxes, etc. Be sure that the disinfectant enters every crack and crevice. Then cover the floor with about four inches of fine gravel or sand. Cover this with six inches of dry, clean, long straw, as the pullets will break it up quickly enough. Where leaves are plentiful they may be used and make very satisfactory litter, although they do not last as long as straw.

When the house is ready remove the pullets to it carefully. Do not carry them by one leg only or otherwise misuse them. Any rough handling at this time will mean a subsequent loss in the eggbasket. Of course a change always produces timidity, but by exercising great care they will soon become accustomed to their new quarters. When about to enter the house a slight noise announcing one's approach before opening the doors will prevent fright and injury from a sudden rush or flight against obstacles in the pen. Chickens soon get to know the call of a low, soft whistle announcing to them the coming of the feed basket. At this stage the reproductive organs are developing rapidly and any abuse or frightening may cause the loss of some of the finest in the flock.

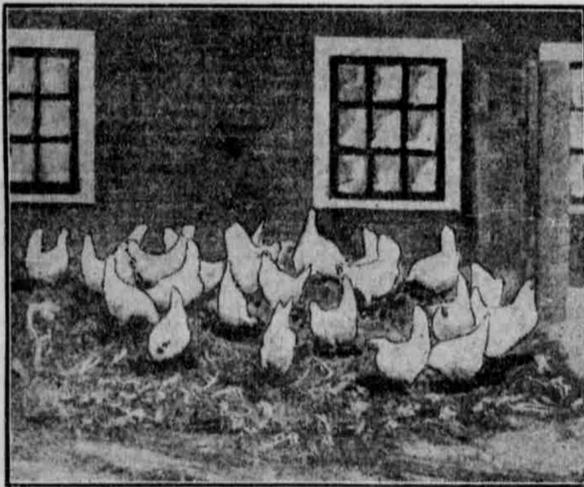
We have entered poultry houses in the winter where the windows have been closed for days at a time. The hens are found standing around with their feathers ruffled and looking as if they were nearly frozen to death. In accustomed pullets to their new quarters, see that they always have plenty of fresh air without a draught. One of the best systems of ventilation is to have a window hinged on one side and cloth on the other so that either one can be swung in at will. Those having sliding windows can ar-

such as hotel swill, horse meat, or other carrion. If milk or meat scraps cannot be secured locally it is better to buy commercial beef scrap or granulated milk. These will keep indefinitely when properly stored.

The green food may be supplied in the form of cut alfalfa or clover hay. The hens will eat it either dry or steamed. Mangolds or beets and cabbage also make excellent food and should be fed raw. Beets should be sliced lengthwise until the hens learn to eat them, when they may be thrown in whole. The mangel-wurtzel is the best variety for chicken feed. The cabbage should be hung up on a string where the hens can get exercise working at it. Onions, turnips, potatoes and several other vegetables may be fed. These, however, should be cooked until soft and then mixed with about an equal bulk of bran; feed while still quite warm. We prefer to feed such a feed at noon. Be careful not to feed too much, as the hens are very fond of soft, moist mash, and will gorge themselves with it if given a chance. Be sure that each hen can get her share and do not feed more than they will eat up clean in 15 minutes. Also be careful to have the vegetables dry enough so that when the bran is added it will make a crumbly, moist mixture.

Always be careful to feed clean food of all kinds, and shun all bad smelling disinfectants. The egg shell is porous and will, therefore, allow the egg to absorb bad odors. Store the eggs in a clean place and market them at least once a week; by following this method one should soon be able to get a reputation for furnishing eggs that are good and genuinely fresh.

When the pullets are brought in from the range they may not be completely feathered. If not, an occasional feed of sweet corn will be a great treat for them and will help them produce a new coat of feathers. Sunflower seeds contain oil and make an excellent addition to the ration, helping to produce new feathers quickly.



Our illustration represents 25 White Leghorn pullets reared according to methods outlined here. Twelve of these pullets were hatched early in May, 1906, and the remaining 14 during the early part of the following month. On November 30, 1906, the

average weight of this pen of pullets was 3½ pounds. The first egg produced by this pen was laid October 23, and during the 30 days of November a total of three hundred and ninety-one eggs were produced by the pen.

range to slide one in from either side. Both should usually be left open a little while during the day except in extremely cold weather. Hens enjoy sunshine and fresh air but it should come through the window and not through cracks and crevices. No one should expect hens to lay well in a house that is not constructed with tight walls. The sides of many hen houses are made of unmatched lumber, which has shrunk, leaving cracks through which wind, rain and snow blow, perhaps directly on the fowls. No one should expect hens to do well in such a place. A few dollars spent on building paper and a few feet of battens will work a great change for the better. Simply spread the building paper smoothly over the sides of the house and then place battens on every 18 inches. A good coat of paint will improve the appearance, and make it more lasting.

Next let us consider the feed that the pullets should have when they come in off the range. While on the range they doubtless found an abundance of green food and meat in the form of grass and insects. We must supply these two foods when the pullets are confined to the laying houses. If we can secure skim milk at a reasonable price, or have it on the farm it will be found to be an excellent food. Very often one can buy green bone and scraps or waste meat from the markets at a reasonable price. Any of these may be utilized as well as scraps from the table, as long as they are fresh. No one should be guilty of feeding partially decayed meat in any form. We cannot expect people to pay good prices for eggs if our fowls eat unclean food. In some instances the hens are fed the meat from any animal that dies; this practice should not be allowed. Numerous complaints are made annually because even fresh eggs are off in flavor. When the source of the trouble is traced out we invariably find the hens have been fed unclean food,

Oil meal or oil cake may also be added to the mash feed. We like to use 100 pounds of bran, 75 pounds of middlings, 25 pounds oil meal, 100 pounds corn meal and 100 pounds beef scrap. Canada peas also make an excellent addition to the ration during the moulting period. The fowls soon learn to eat them and they will help keep the birds vigorous during the strain of the moulting period.

There is as much in care and management as in the food. Keep the hens busy all day and then give them enough to fill the crops at night. In this way one can have healthy fowls and avoid many bad habits. If a hopper is used to feed mash, supply a light feed of grain in the litter in the morning; stir it in well so they have to work to find it. At noon open the hopper and let them help themselves until about four o'clock, when it should be closed and the hens fed an abundant feed of grain. If some grain is left in the litter they will search it out the next morning. If moist mash is fed it should be given at noon and then in moderation as the hens are very fond of warm, crumbly mash in cold weather, and may engorge their crops if fed too much. Aim to have a constant supply of fresh water. Do not allow the fowls to get too hungry but endeavor to keep them comfortable, busy and contented. By strict adherence to these rules one should be able to make the strong vigorous pullets lay well all the fall and winter.

**Lime in the Poultry House.**—A good coat of fresh whitewash is probably worth more to most poultry houses than anything else. The use of fumigation is attended with many uncertainties, as we do not know how much the poisonous fumes affect lice, mites and disease germs. But when these are covered up with a good coat of lime it is doubtful if they are in any condition to do damage.

# WHAT'S IN A NAME

A GOOD DEAL WHEN IT IS THE NAME OF A NATIONAL FOREST



GILA RIVER NATIONAL FOREST



ROCK COLUMN ON "CASTLE ROCK"



NATURAL CAVE, OUTLET FOR CANYON

CASTLE ROCK FROM SOUTH EAST SHOWING HARD STRATA OF SAND.

In the process of redistricting the national forests, which has just been completed, numerous changes of name were made. These changes were by no means haphazard or arbitrary. The new names have been chosen on account of their importance in local and national history, and they will serve for all time as reminders of men and events prominently connected with the country's progress from the pioneer days. Merely to read them understandingly is to trace the salient facts of western growth and development.

The national forests in New Mexico, with the significance and derivation of their names, are as follows:

The Alamo National forest is named from Fort Alamo, which received its name from the old Alamo mission of Texas. This fort is the site of the most memorable battle which has ever been fought on Texas soil, being the altar on which William R. Travis, Davy Crockett, James Bowie, J. B. Bonham and their heroic companions offered up their lives in the cause of liberty and popular government. The name Alamo signifies "cottonwood" or "poplar," and was probably given it by the troops quartered there who come from Fort Alamo de Parras, in the province of Coahuila, to which province Texas was annexed. This forest includes 1,164,906 acres, and is under the supervision of Acting Supervisor Arthur M. Neal, with headquarters at Alamogordo.

The Carson National forest takes its name from the city, pass, lake, river and valley in Nevada, all of which were named after the Rocky mountain guide, Kit Carson, one of the most picturesque figures of western history. His early life was spent on the plains, where he met Gen. John C. Fremont, by whom he was engaged as guide in subsequent explorations. In this capacity he was eminently useful and to him is probably due much of the success of these explorations. He was perhaps better known to a larger number of Indian tribes than any other white man, and from his long life among them learned their habits and customs, understood their mode of warfare and spoke their language as his mother tongue. No man did more than he in furthering the settlement of the northwestern wilderness.

The Chiricahua National forest is named from the Chiricahua Apaches, who were one of the most warlike branches of all the Apache nation. They made their home in the depths of what is now the Chiricahua forest, and the Cochise strongholds where Cochise, their greatest warrior of modern times, for years defied the white man, is an important point for sight-seers in the region. The word means "mountain" or "lawless," that is, "Indians living in the mountains and having little respect for the white man's laws." This forest includes 466,497 acres and is in charge of Acting Supervisor A. H. Zachau, with headquarters at Douglas, Ariz.

The Datil National forest derives its name from a large mountain spur of the Rockies called the "Datils." There is no certain knowledge of the meaning of the word. It has by some been supposed to be the Spanish word meaning the fruit of the date palm, and various other explanations have been given as to its origin. One of the most probable is that it is an Apache Indian word, because there are several words similar to it in the Apache language. This forest includes 1,848,915 acres and is in charge of Acting

Supervisor R. F. Balthis, with headquarters at Magdalena.

The Gila National forest is named from the county in Arizona and the river in Arizona and New Mexico. The name is said to be of Spanish origin, but the meaning is lost. The area of this forest is 1,762,621 acres. Supervisor W. H. Goddard is in charge, with headquarters at Silver City.

The Jemez National forest takes its name from the Jemez river, which derived its name from a division of North American Indians who occupied the pueblo of Jemez on this river. Supervisor Ross McMillan is in charge of this forest, with headquarters at Santa Fe. The area included is 978,720 acres.

Lincoln county, which was named after Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, gives the name to the Lincoln National forest. Supervisor J. H. Kinney is in charge of this forest, with headquarters at Capitan. The area included is 596,603 acres.

The Magdalena National forest is named from the mountains of that name. When the early Spanish explorers arrived in the region of what is now called the Magdalena mountains they saw in the distance upon one of the isolated buttes a striking representation of a woman's face, and with their simple religious enthusiasm they named it the "Mountain of Our Lady Magdalena." On closer examination the woman's face proves to be a rock formation. At the back of the head a dense growth of oak brush makes a good substitute for hair. At a distance the face and features are almost perfect. The area included in this forest is 558,445 acres. Supervisor John Kerr is in charge, with headquarters at Magdalena.

The Manzano mountains give the name to the Manzano National forest. This range of mountains is called the Manzano, from the Spanish word meaning "apple." In the heart of the Manzano mountains there are several very old and extremely large apple trees near the site of an old ruined mission. They were probably planted by some of the earlier priests who explored the country in either the fifteenth or sixteenth century. These trees are now surrounded by a fence, and every effort is being made by the people of that vicinity to preserve them because of their great age and historical associations. This forest includes 567,110 acres and is in charge of Acting Supervisor A. D. Read, with headquarters at Albuquerque.

The Pecos river gives its name to the Pecos National forest. The origin of the name Pecos is not positively known. It was first used by Onate, the Spanish explorer, who arrived at the site of the present ruin of the village of Pecos on July 24, 1598. This village was then called Cleuye, and the river upon which it was located, which is now called the Pecos river, was then called the Salado. In his report of his visit to this village of Cleuye, Onate referred to it for the first time, so far as written history is concerned, as Pecos. The river then known as the Salado eventually became known as the Pecos. The forest is called the Pecos forest because the headwaters of the Pecos river are almost in the center of it. The Pecos river is by far the most important river of New Mexico from an irrigation standpoint. Supervisor Ross McMillan, with headquarters at Santa Fe, is in charge. The area included in this forest is 450,859 acres.

# THE GREAT GAME

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

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It was a big day at the race track, and as it was also a holiday, there were at least four thousand men crowding and pushing one another in the pool room.

There were three men among the 4,000 who were vitally interested in each other's movements, but it was not until they came in from the second heat that Mr. William Lyman—address not found in the directory—discovered J. Brownley of the San Francisco detective force standing before the boards, well in front of the crowds and apparently studying the odds with thoughtful eyes. It occurred to Mr. Lyman that J. Brownley's other eye was keeping watch on the rear exits.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive eyes.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously, "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing, Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great, but you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite future. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He's follered us all the way from Frisco," he grumbled wrathfully, "an' three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tin-type, Mickey. I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. S'pose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrances and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvelous short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire?" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old gag. We'll do somethin' original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch—awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd—the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our skins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thickest of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman caught Collins' eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering them over with the air of a man who has plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His

revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, leveling the weapon at Collins' head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and jammed against those in front. Only 20, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It was marvelous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more than 20 of whom knew the cause for their flight, were bearing down on him in a howling, fear-stricken mob, sweeping toward the rear exits.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to run for life or death in the same direction. Even as he ran Brownley saw men piling on each other in layers in their frantic efforts to jump from the windows, but he shot past them for the broader exit ahead and felt himself whiz dizzily through the air as he took a flying jump into the back enclosure and landed on all fours on something soft and struggling—a German of vast circumference, who swore frightfully at the concussion. A pain shot through Brownley's foot, but he rolled swiftly to one side, just as the pushing, struggling mass poured out on the ground.

It was over in three minutes, and men rushed from all sides to disentangle the heaped-up mass of humanity. Many picked themselves up and limped off, disheveled and cursing, but some had to be lifted carefully, with broken ribs and legs, and bleeding faces, and above and around there was a babel of excited questions. Rolls of money had disappeared in the rush, watches were lost and hats gone, but no one knew what had happened.

Later, some of the few who had seen it told how slight a matter had started a great stampede, and J. Brownley swore to himself as he went



"MESSRS. LYMAN AND COLLINS"

through the streets in an ambulance, with a leg and ankle that would lay him up for weeks to come, and 10,000 bruises distributed impartially over his person, but Messrs. William Lyman and M. Collins were far away, speeding through the land in a Pullman car and drinking cool drinks.

Even J. Brownley and his exasperated aids did not guess that they had done this thing.

"It was a great game," sighed Mr. Collins, contentedly, tapping his glass with his finger and noting with dreamy satisfaction that their nearest fellow-traveler was three chairs away.

"It was the slickest thing I've seen this season, and there was lots of money dropped or pinched in the shuffle. I went in with the crowd, Billy, and I made some fair pickings myself."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Lyman, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We've made the haul of our lives this day, and if Brownley wasn't killed, it'd take him all summer to piece himself together again. It certainly was a great game, Mickey. We'll work it again."

**All Right and Regular.**  
Neighbor—I've some awful bad news to tell ye, Mrs. Tubbs. Y'r husband was blowed up in the dynamite explosion this mornin', and y'r family doctor, who was talkin' to him at the time, got blowed up, too.

Mrs. Tubbs—Dearie me! Well, I'm glad the doctor was with him, 'cause now there won't need to be no inquest. —New York Weekly.

**A Paying Profession.**  
Mr. Million—H'm! Want to marry my daughter? Newspaper reporter, I understand. I never heard of a newspaper reporter getting rich.

Mr. Quickpen—Oh, there are plenty of lucky reporters. I know a dozen who have married heiresses. —New York Weekly.

**Corking Fishing.**  
Yeast—How was the fishing up in the country?  
Crimsonbeak—Corking! I never killed so many worms in my life!

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of ignorance. —Sprits.