

## EVERY BREEDER SHOULD POSSESS DIPPING TANK

Even Carefully Kept Herds and Flocks Are Liable to Become Infested With Vermin—Inexpensive Plant Illustrated.



A Practical Dipping Tank.

The time to rid flocks of sheep and herds of swine of ticks and lice is during the warm months and then there will be none to bother with in the winter time and to annoy animals so that only half or no profits can be had from them. Of course while flocks and herds are cleaned up, the buildings must also be properly renovated and cleaned up, or there may be a general reinfestation from them, says Wisconsin Agriculturist. Every hog and sheep farm should have a dipping tank as a part of its regular equipment, for even carefully kept herds and flocks are liable to become infested with vermin such as lice and ticks. A convenient, inexpensive and durable dipping tank may be constructed on the plan of the one represented in the accompanying illustration. The sheep or hogs are driven in at a receiving chute, plunged into a tank containing a disinfectant solution, made to swim to the other end, where they can climb out over another chute and return to the pens or into paddocks. The general construction of the chutes does not need much explanation. That is quite clear from the plan of the illustration. Good cedar posts set firmly into the ground three feet apart, with the exception of those at the ends of the tank, which should be no farther apart than the top width of the tank, answer the purpose of supports. Pieces of 2x4-inch studding are nailed to each pair at proper height to give the incline to the floors. Planks are used for the flooring and inch boards for the sides. The incline of the receiving chute to the right of the illustration has cleats nailed across its floor to aid the animals in making the climb; the decline has no cleats and is covered with a sheet of galvanized zinc to prevent the animals resisting being plunged into the tank. The cleats of the former are nailed straight across. A gate is attached at the entrance to the chute so that a number of animals may be inclosed at a time while the dippers are working at the tank. The distance between the posts of the receiving chute on the sides is four feet, and the height of the incline is one foot and a half.

The same as that of the receiving chute, but it is longer, the distance between the posts being five instead of four feet. The floor here should also be covered with galvanized sheeting and the cleats nailed so as to allow the dripping from the wet animals to run back into the tank. Unless this is done the supply of solution in the tank will soon all be lost, and the dipping made unnecessarily much more expensive. The cleats, instead of running directly across, are short pieces nailed at angles, so that their inner ends are lower than the outer ends, and do not meet so as to let the drippings run down the center. When sheep are dipped it may become necessary to retain them in the dripping chute for a time, as those with long wool will carry even a gallon or two of the dip in their fleeces, which takes time to drain out. The dipping tank should be at least four feet deep at the end into which the animals are plunged to admit of their being entirely submerged, and should be about fifteen feet long, so that sufficient time is required by the animal to pass through for them to receive a thorough wetting from the solution, otherwise it will be necessary to hold them back for a time until this is accomplished. The deep part of the tank need not be longer than five feet, the rest of the tank becoming gradually shallower up to the dripping chute and the bottom having cleats or grooves across to assist the animals in wading along. At the top the tank should be 18 inches wide, but at the bottom a width only sufficient for the animal's feet is necessary. This will properly be about one foot. The material of which the dipping tank is made may be either wood, galvanized sheeting or concrete. Concrete will prove the most lasting, and can easily enough be molded by the owner.

### Ventilation Is Essential.

Good ventilation at all times, both by day and by night, is essential in maintaining good health with poultry. Much of the diseases with which the birds are afflicted may be traced for its origin to a neglect to provide proper ventilation.

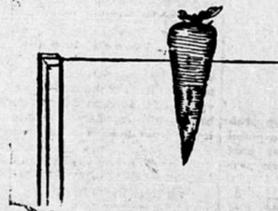
## POOR METHOD OF FARMING

Agricultural Implements Exposed to Inclemency of Weather and Used by Poultry for Roosting Places.

(By S. M. MILLER.)  
In March I drove ten miles to a big sale in another part of the county and on the way I counted five mowers, one new reaper, and six plows standing in the fields or alongside barns without shelter. In one barnyard which confined about twenty Holstein cows a good reaper stood at one side of the barn. Part of it was under the eaves from which had dripped rain and snow and formed an ice ridge six inches thick. A big Plymouth Rock rooster stood proudly on one of the blades of the machine and there was evidence that this was the favorite roosting place of the flock.

de was broken off. At the sale a fine reaper and mower were sold. The reaper was in a leaky shed but the mower stood in a corner of an alfalfa field. The reaper brought \$14 and the mower nine dollars. Both were new two years ago. I bought a likely looking Jersey heifer but when I got her home discovered that she was lousy. The owner of this farm told me he was going to move to Canada where he could get some cheap land for his boys. "There's nothin' in farmin' in the states any more," he said. "Land's too high. I figger I can buy 300 acres up in Canada for what my 120 will bring here."

## METHOD OF FEEDING POULTRY



The device shown in the illustration gives a novel way to feed mangels, cabbage and so on to poultry. When the lower portion is all eaten off the tops fall down sufficiently to allow the chicks a share as well as the fowls. The rod is made to rest in a groove on posts set in the ground. The roots do not get soiled, and this proves an economical plan. The poultry will eat all, clear to the last bit.

Perhaps he was right, but it seemed to me that if he had farmed his 120 acres right up to the handle in every way he would have been better off than after selling out, paying the expense of moving and equipping his new big farm in the northwest. The farm showed every evidence of neglect of small things. It was untidy, unthrifty in appearance and showed the lack of system. With such a farmer the bigger the farm the greater the waste. That ten-mile trip was a great object lesson to me and to my boys, who went along, as well.

### Watering Plants.

Watering in the evening, besides aiding in the spread of fungous diseases, also causes "damping off." Watering should never be practised during heavy, cloudy weather. Shade, heat and light should be considered. Plants growing in the bright sunlight always need more water than those in the shade, for evaporation and transpiration are always greater under such circumstances. Mid-day waterings, when the sun shines directly on the foliage, will burn the foliage of many of our common house plants. Shading during excessive heat will strengthen the plants and assist in retaining moisture.

### Surface Culture.

Frequent surface cultivation makes the natural food of the plant more available, prevents escape of moisture and holds water in store for summer use.

### Kindness for Brood Hen.

Don't be mean to the poor brood hen because she wants to rest. Maybe she has raised you one or two broods of chicks this season. If she has not, she has surely been doing her duty toward laying, and, anyway, she can't help it if she wants to rest. She was created that way. Do not stuff her into a little, old, nasty, dirty hole of a place, on half rations, or no rations at all. Give her a good, clean pen, with plenty of feed and clean water twice a day. Good care will soon set her to singing again; whereas, ill treatment in her weakened condition may cause a disease that will take not only her but may spread to the whole flock.

### Big Potato Crop.

On Lord Rosebery's estate at Dalmeny, Scotland, an acre has been made to produce more than 2,000 measured bushels of potatoes. This yield is so remarkable that the department of agriculture at Washington has sent an expert to Scotland to find out how it was made, and secure hints that will aid the American grower to increase his potato yield.

### Topping Pastures.

Pastures may be top-dressed and should not be grazed too heavily in spring nor too heavily. Where pastures can be plowed it is advisable to plow and reseed occasionally. The raising of clover, corn and forage crops furnishes a larger amount of protein for cattle and less feed is used to be produced.

# WHEN BIG BOSSES MIX

By JOHN BRAND  
COPYRIGHT BY THE AUTHOR

SO FAR as things political go, Pat O'Brien owns the town. So far as the railroad goes, and that is to the jumping-off place in the Pacific ocean, Joe Dale owns the railroad. Dale's railroad moves and has a man, a part of its being in O'Brien's town. Soon or late these two men were sure to war for supremacy in the town, and this is the story of how it happened. The people of the town and the stockholders of the railroad don't come into the story at all. They only furnished the sinews of war, which fact is abundant proof that the story is true.

Pat O'Brien's town calls him the cardinal. In a moment of angry defeat, a silk-stockinged enemy, too polite to liken him to the devil, sardoniously dubbed him a second Cardinal Richelieu. The name tickled the town's fancy, and it stuck. The cardinal didn't mind. He was too busy to cavil at mere names. His business as a stockbroker grew with the town, he had for customers men like John, the son and henchman of Joe Dale, and when John bought and sold stocks it was to be supposed that the cardinal profited through inside knowledge. Other business friends were powerful and their friendship financially worth while. Colonel Legarde, who controls the Superior railroad, is also president of the Interstate Electric railway, an electric road, with terminals and local lines in the town. The electric road needed many political favors and the cardinal obtained them for it, or for his friend Colonel Legarde. Really there was no other way to get anything. Unless and until Pat nodded his head there was nothing doing, for the town council fed out of his hand and state legislators followed out his orders.

Pat O'Brien waxed rich. But one generation away from the "old scow" his clothes spelled American business man, but his neckties faded to the solar spectrum to a neutral tint, and marked the politician who bought and sold franchises and dealt out jobs at will. Knowing the times to talk and to keep silence, a loyal friend and a deadly enemy, he made money for his stock-dabbling customers, serenely grafting his political way as the surest means to a desired end, and was worth a million and a half, at least. He owned the town.

As John Dale's business of owning the railroad grew greater and more complex, he was more and more away from Lacedaemon—for that is better Greek than the real name of the town, anyhow—it became necessary for him to ask favors of the cardinal, and the favors were given with open hand. Dale found it necessary, too, to have a daily local organ and a voice wherewith to fool the people. He bought the Daily Planet Publishing company, and made Pat O'Brien president. Dale regarded the presidency a reward for favors received and a final binding of the town boss to his chariot tail. The cardinal knew that Pollock, the editor, received all his orders from Dale, and regarded the nature among the other railroad kings, ruling had become a habit with Joe Dale. He made and unmade towns and the people in them at will, and expected no other interest than Joe Dale's to be thought of, or moved in, or lived for by any one connected with him. Sometimes he mistook his man, as when one day he went into the office of one of his eminent and well-paid legal aids and found the lawyer dead to the outside world and Joe Dale's business in a volume of Balzac.

The railroad king blew up. "I don't pay you to read dum French novels," he roared. The lawyer looked at him a long moment.

"Mr. Dale," he finally said, "you pay me for what I know, not what I do. I'll read dum French novels"—crescendo—"or do any other durn thing"—fortissimo—"any dum time or any dum place"—fortissimo—"I dum please!" ending with a Wagnerian bang on the table.

Whereupon Joe Dale changed the subject. Dale thought he owned the president of the Daily Planet company, but the cardinal had other thoughts about the matter. Colonel Legarde wanted a new franchise for an extension of the Interstate to a summer resort, some 30 miles away. The proposed extension would pass through another town or two on its way to the lake and would parallel Joe Dale's steam road. Now Joe Dale and the cardinal were bitterly at odds over various grabbings and snatchings each had made at the other's magnateship. The cardinal could not see that this concerned him at all. The extension would be a benefit and a convenience to the town. There was money in it for him. The deal was on.

Then Joe Dale came from New York and sent for the cardinal. The two men faced each other with the eyes of poker players in a game, keen, deep, unfathomable. For the rest, it might have been a whiskered farmer in his Sunday suit meeting a city man, otherwise correctly clad, wearing a red, red ascot tie.

"I hear," said Dale, "that the Interstate people want a franchise for that foolish summer resort extension of theirs."

"I hear so too," the cardinal replied.

"Well, let's cut it short. They can't get it."

"The extension would be a good thing for the town, Mr. Dale."

"I don't want it. It parallels my road. Your city council must refuse the franchise. Here was no slushy talk or thought of the rights of people or of stockholders. It was "my road, and "your council." The cardinal was undisturbed.

"The people want it, Mr. Dale," he said, "it will be a great convenience for travel between the towns and the lake."

Dale measured his man again. There were the cool, unfathomable eyes, the correct clothes, the red tie. The red necktie settled it. O'Brien was not a cheap politician after all. He must be shown.

"You know, O'Brien, the Planet will oppose this thing to the bitter end, and you are the president of the Daily Planet Publishing company. It will place you in a nasty light." This was no news to the cardinal, and his eyes were accustomed to nasty lights. But he said, in the tone of a man who half surrenders: "I hadn't thought of that."

## Lure of the City Strong

Strange Fascination That Even Beauty of the Country Is Unable to Overcome.

The middle-aged woman was at the St. Regis, and there one of her friends found her, to her great surprise. "You don't mean to tell me," she exclaimed the caller, "that you have given up your beautiful home in the country?"

"Yes, I have. My daughter simply took me out of it."

"Why?"

"Because she doesn't like the country. Whenever she visited me out there she complained so bitterly about things that we were both unhappy. She thought the cream was horrible—all full of thick lumps, instead of smooth and thin, like real city cream. The butter, she said, tasted like grass, and the broilers didn't taste 'high,' like the kind she was used to. There was so much light it made her eyes ache, and the scent of roses kept her awake at night, so she said the place and brought me in here."

"Reminds me," said the caller, "of an old play, in which I once saw Mrs. Gilbert. In one scene she portrayed a woman who had just returned to New York after a long absence. She opened a window which was supposed to overlook Broadway, leaned out, took a long whiff, and then exclaimed, 'Spectacular! Oh, the dear, delightful, dinky New York!'"—New York Press.



"YOU BLOCK THAT FRANCHISE OR YOU WON'T BE PRESIDENT OF THE PLANET COMPANY LONG"



"PAT I HAVE A PRIVATE TIP THAT A BIG KILLING IS COMING OFF IN NIPPER STOCK"

"Pollock will roast you," the magnate went on, "of course he can't do it by name, but he will do you up. You must block this franchise. I insist on it, as your friend."

"Well, Mr. Dale, Colonel Legarde is my friend too," continued the cardinal.

"The extension will parallel my road. You must stop it," snapped Dale, irritated by the mention of his enemy's name. He cared nothing about the extension itself, but that Colonel Legarde wanted it was enough to make him fight the franchise. O'Brien knew this as the real reason and went on deliberately.

"It will be a hard thing to do. Colonel Legarde is popular."

This second mention of Legarde was too much for the temper of the railroad king. He blew up.

"Dum Legarde!" he shouted. "You block that franchise or you won't be president of the Planet company long."

"Hold on, Mr. Dale. Don't get hostile. I'd no idea you were so dead set against this thing." "Well, I am. And I don't want to have to tell you about again."

"You won't have to," the cardinal assured him, and departed, well satisfied with the fact that he had made Dale too mad to see that no promise had been given to block the obnoxious franchise.

Joe Dale went back to New York convinced that he had shown the man with the red necktie it was not safe for Joe Dale's men to fool with the Dale buzz saw. Apparently he had, for when the franchise came before the council it was chewed over, chewed up, delayed, tabled, taken up again, juggled with, side tracked and everything but killed outright. Public interest in it lagged. Pollock of the Planet, his fears soothed by the parliamentary acrobatics which he thought were only O'Brien's method of "saving face," took himself and his loaded editorial pen to New York on business.

This was the cardinal's time, and he acted quickly. At the next meeting of the city council the franchise was rushed through. But this was not all. In the absence of Pollock the president of the Planet company assumed authority, and the morning after, out came the Planet with news descriptions of the Interstate extension, scare-head, first page, and double-leaded indorsement of the council's action, the need of Lacedaemon for the proposed road and the many benefits it would bring to the city on the editorial page. The people read and marveled. Some laughed and others of the knowing ones looked scared. Dale's

guns were spiked. He had no other local means of attacking the franchise or the cardinal, and any way the deed was done. All wondered what he would do.

They didn't wonder long. As fast as a railroad king can get over the rails, Joe Dale came to Lacedaemon. He almost literally threw the Daily Planet out of its office windows, murdered it and jumped on its corpse. He fired Pat O'Brien from the presidency with force and arms. It would have been tragic, if everybody had not been grinning at Dale's futile wrath. As it was, the only satisfaction the irate railroad king got out of it was to tell a few party leaders who besought him to continue the paper or sell it, that he would let the Western Associated Press franchise expire rather than see another fool paper like that in Lacedaemon. Even this small satisfaction was lessened when Pollock insisted on his salary being continued to the end of an iron-clad four-year contract. Mr. Dale went back to New York with new ideas about city bosses and their ways.

The episode, for it was only an episode in the life of busy Lacedaemon, was soon almost forgotten. The cardinal had shown Joe Dale that he was boss of the town. Joe Dale had chopped off the cardinal's presidential head in retaliation. John Dale continued his business friend and customer, and the whole affair was dismissed from the cardinal's busy mind as closed, with honors even.

But Joe Dale was not through with Pat O'Brien. It is a railroad king's prerogative to punish, as well as to reward, and for the punishment of O'Brien, Dale laid a trap the effectiveness of which lay entirely in its simplicity.

Came John Dale one day to the cardinal and said: "Pat, I have a private tip that a big killing is coming off in Nipper stock. Buy me ten thousand at the market and hold on until I tell you to let go."

"All right," said the cardinal, and bought another ten thousand as well for his own account. Nipper advanced a point. He called in a few chosen friends who formed a pool and invested heavily. Nipper advanced two points, five points. Pat bought more, he would pull out when John Dale did and retire from active business with his profits.

John Dale himself had gone to New York on the day he gave his order to O'Brien. Within a day Nipper began to sag. Then it dropped below the buying point. The pool put up more margins. The stock still dropped, swiftly now, and the other members of the pool became alarmed. Pat reassured them. They're shaking out the small blocks of stock," he said, "then you'll see her sky-rocket."

Nipper continued to toboggan. Pat's friends were seriously concerned. They talked of selling and pocketing their losses, but he showed them his hand. "Look here," he said, "John Dale is in this thing up to his neck and we know where he gets his private tips. Here's what he has on my books alone. As long as he holds on and keeps up his margins, I'm satisfied. His friends knew the cardinal; they knew he, too, was "up to his neck;" they held on.

Suddenly Nipper went down like mercury in blizzard weather. The friends were wildly alarmed. They insisted that John Dale was giving Dick the "double cross." Though he did not believe it, he wired to New York for special and private investigation of John Dale's movements. There and after a little delay tidings came that made the pool-sharers very sick men. John Dale had gone to New York, had a short talk with his father, then gone straightway to his broker and sold short ten thousand Nipper at the market. The profits on the sale as the stock went down would pay his losses on the Lacedaemon purchase. Meanwhile Joe Dale would see to it that Nipper did go down until Pat O'Brien was utterly swamped.

Of course the pool made haste to sell out. John Dale's private tip had been a prophecy. A killing had been made and O'Brien and his friends were the slaughtered ones. When the debris was finally swept up the cardinal, who had plunged himself on his own private account, found himself poorer by some \$750,000. It had cost him that much to disobey the mandate of a railroad king. But he still owns Lacedaemon.



## TELLS OF CUSTER MASSACRE

Indians Acknowledge Bravery of General, But Butchered Up His Brother Horribly.

Passing the evening of his eventful life in peace and comfort at his orchard home in Kilkickat county, Wash., southwest of Spokane, is Benjamin Gallentine, frontiersman and Indian fighter with the United States regulars in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming from 1870 to 1876. He enlisted at Wheeling, Va., in 1870, and with a company of recruits was sent to Camp Hancock, then located at Elsmark, N. D., being afterward shifted to Fort Lincoln, where General Custer was in command of the Seventh cavalry.

Gallentine was on the battlefield the day after the Custer massacre on June 25, 1876, and this is his version of the affair:

"When the Sioux broke over the limits of their reservation and were committing ravages in Wyoming and Montana, the government sent out a force of regulars from St. Paul under General Terry and Crook. There were 18 companies of infantry in the company. I was placed with the Seventeenth infantry.

"The Seventh cavalry and companies of infantry left Fort Lincoln in June, 1876, with General Terry in command. For the Little Big Horn country, where several thousand Indians, led by Sitting Bull, were on the warpath, and crowded back against the Big Horn mountains and river.

"We crossed the Yellowstone river on a steambot at a point where the Northern Pacific is now bridged, and went into camp. There in where General Terry ordered Custer and Reno to go ahead with the cavalry and discover the rendezvous of the Indians. A day was set for the big battle.

"Being with Terry, I was not far from the scene of the Custer battle. Evidently Custer was led into a trap. After advancing nearly the entire length of the Indian camp, thousands of yelling Sioux and other tribes appeared from ambush and started their deadly work against the little band of cavalymen. The battle lasted nearly two hours, and of Custer's command not a soul escaped death.

"While the battle was going on Reno and Bentline were fortifying on



The Battle Lasted Two Hours.

the bluffs at the head of the Indian village. After wiping out Custer's band, the Indians, carrying Custer's battle flags, made a rush for the fortifications and killed all but fifteen or twenty cavalymen in each company.

"I was on the battleground with Terry the second day after the massacre, and was detailed to help bury the dead, which took us two days. We found every soldier stripped and mutilated in the most horrible manner. Custer evidently was not touched after he fell. We found a small riding whip laced across his nose, probably an acknowledgment of his bravery.

"However, his brother, Capt. Tom Custer, fared differently. His heart had been cut out and laid across his breast. It was the belief that this act was perpetrated by Rain-in-the-face, a Sioux chief.

"While I was stationed at Fort Lincoln in 1873 a man appeared who had successfully impersonated a woman for 20 years, and not until a year afterward was his identity discovered.

"Joseph Newman, quartermaster-sergeant of the Seventh cavalry, with his wife, Jane, arrived from Texas, having traveled the entire distance on horseback. Jane was an ordinary looking working woman, and was made laundress for the regiment, being also called upon when a nurse was required.

"Jane died in the hospital at Fort Lincoln in 1874. Before passing away she asked to be buried in the garrison she wore. Custer, however, ordered the regulation burial, and was soon apprised of the fact that Jane was a man.

"Custer summoned Newman to headquarters and asked him where the domestic felicity came in by having a man for a wife. Newman stubbornly maintained that his dead wife was a woman. This denial coming just after hearing the verdict of a physician, so vexed Custer that he kicked Newman off the porch.

"Three days after this incident Newman was found dead in a stable. He had committed suicide by firing a bullet through his brain. He left nothing explaining his act, hence it could not be ascertained whether it was through shame or the loss of his companion that made life not worth the living."

Magazine on Battleship.  
On the battleship Mississippi the men print and publish a little monthly magazine, chronicling news of naval affairs and life aboard ship. The little organ is the property of the Mississippi Club.