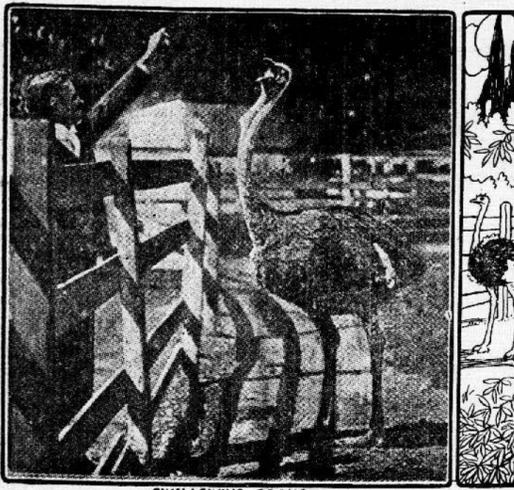


AN OSTRICH FARM



SWALLOWING ORANGES

WE HAVE today visited an ostrich farm in lovely, balmy South California, situated between Los Angeles and Pasadena, a farm that contains 200 gigantic birds. The guide informed us that some seventeen odd years ago fifty birds were brought from South Africa by Mr. Cawston, the proprietor. Of these, several died on board ship, others after their arrival, and a few only eventually became acclimated. The latter bred and multiplied. Other birds were added, and cross breeding, the fine climate, care, regular and good feeding, brought these farm ostriches to be the superiors of the wild birds which have to struggle for existence on the African deserts.

The first and largest of the corrals contains the Kindergarten. Fine children held of various ages, continuously on the move, after the restless manner of youth. "The boys wear black coats, you will perceive," said our cicerone, "the girls gray, which undervailing uniform is an assistance to strangers in determining sex, for the females run the males close in size. The babies are round that corner the same side." Three had recently been hatched out of a sitting of sixteen. "One dropped off, and then there were two!" Two perky little ones, of ten days old, with funny stubs by little backs, looking as if tousled horse-hair replaced the soft down of the calf period common to most birds, but the body such perfect ovals that, tucked in the heads and legs, and presto! one perceives they could again adroitly reënter into their vacated, big, creamy-hued shells. The parent birds, we learnt, concern themselves little about their young after their advent. Possibly the forty days they are engaged over the hatching satisfies their paternal and maternal instincts. At any rate, in this farm they are brought up by hand by an attendant, as they require to be dealt with judiciously to tide over the early months of babyhood. For the first four days they are unfed, after which they are allowed alfalfa, and they pick up gravel to aid digestion, being busily employed thereafter as we surveyed the couple, with the adroit alacrity of a robin picking up worms out of the newly-turned soil in our northern lands. Seemingly sturdy as are their little frames they have to be sheltered at night even in equable California, for damp or chill would endanger them at this early period of growth.

In the marital relationship the ostrich sets a good example to all classes of society. It is constant in attachment, never attempting, but resisting, divorce. The mate shares the long-drawn-out hours of incubation with the hen, the wife of his choice. At the age of four the male bird seeks his spouse, and having found one to his liking, sticks to her and to her only; and when she presents him with the eggs that are to carry on their kind, he does turn and turn about in the sitting, and sometimes extra innings, the good lady being exercised at the outset by the laying of an egg about three pounds in weight—each equal to thirty chicken eggs.

Alternate days until thirty days give them a store worthy their devotion to the further requisite weeks demanded for the bringing into being. There is no hilling and cooling and gathering up of material for nest-making. Such a nest it would have to be! Instead, in their native state the birds scoop out the warm sand and deposit the eggs therein; and at this Pasadena breeding corral, on a corner of

Large Demand for Rubber

New Plants Supplying Product are Eagerly Sought—Efforts to Find Substitute.

Rubber is in such demand for modern uses that not only are new plants supplying it being sought, but eager efforts are being made to produce substitutes. Artificial indigo and artificial camphor are among the great successes of modern chemistry, and artificial rubber seems to be near at hand, as the production of caoutchouc by synthesis has been already announced by Mr. Alsbrook and Dr. Docherty, Burton-on-Trent, England. A product yielding an adequate supply would take rank as one of the greatest of chemical achievements. Substitutes for rubber find some uses, and some of the most promising recent ones seem to be a patented German composition containing glue, glycerine, some salts, "lead plaster," vegetable tar parchmented by acids, "gum" or "gum" resin, vegetable balsams and wa-

terless. A process of making rubber from naphtha is said to be under test on a large scale in the Caucasus.

It Doesn't Go. Dr. Ade, at a dinner in New York, talked about American humor in England.

We draw our American character like comic valentines, he said, "I English think us funny. The characters were all comic valentines, in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, you know, and that play ran a year in London.

Our own native humor they don't understand over there. So never trip be funny in London, for it's like mag faces in church—hardly any smiles, while a host of good people annoyed and shocked."

Untrue. They say she's sickle. "I know three fellows engaged for over a year."

FILIAN COMMUNISM

NATIVES OF THE ISLANDS HAVE ALL THINGS IN COMMON.

Dr. Basil Wilson, on the Staff of British Government Physicians, Talks Interestingly of the People, Their Habits and Customs.

Accounts of a primitive communism in actual present working are brought by Dr. Basil Wilson, who is on a visit to Montreal. Dr. Wilson comes direct from Fiji, where he has lived for the last seven years, and reports that the natives of those islands still have all things in common.

"The land is held by the community," he told a representative of the Family Herald, "and each man has his little patch given him to work. Then, whether his crop is big or little, he draws his share out of the common produce. The chief gets a larger share than the other members of the tribe, but each has a right to his share, which is settled by tribal custom.

"Nor is this the only form of communism at work. Not all the land is held by the natives. They are able to sell and have sold land to white men and to natives of India, who reside in Fiji in large numbers. In such cases the land is sold by the tribe and the proceeds of the sale are divided among the tribe as is the produce of their lands."

Dr. Wilson stated that the native population of the islands was about 120,000, while there are 35,000 Indians and four or five thousand whites. The Indians have come over from India under indenture to work the sugar plantations. They are indentured for five years and then are free to stay in the islands or return, as they wish. After spending five years as free men in Fiji they are entitled to a free passage back to India, but comparatively few avail themselves of it. They find life so much easier in Fiji that they prefer to stay. They go into gardening and small trading chiefly. Their success in trading has given rise to some feeling against them on the part of the small white trader, but there is no such problem as has arisen in South Africa in this regard.

Dr. Wilson is a member of the far-flung line of the British government service. He is one of a staff of government physicians who are charged with the care of the natives and the indentured Indians. They are also allowed to practise privately among the white and free Indian population. There are at present only two private physicians in Fiji; they live in Suva, the capital, where the white population is large. The period of service of the government physicians is seven years and Dr. Wilson is now on his way home on a year's furlough.

When shrubs are first planted they should be headed back one-half or more, but after they become established they should be allowed to branch at will.

One of the prominent symptoms of shoulder lameness in horses is a difficulty of lifting and extending the limb, which is particularly noticeable when the patient is urged to trot.

The flea beetle is a small, metallic blue insect which is destructive to the fruit both as the larva and the adult. Spraying with arsenate of lead or paris green is generally effective.

Some of the amber honeys are made from the aster, goldenrod, boneseed, queen of the meadow, heartsease, wild sunflower, Spanish needle, sun-mac, magnolia and marigold.

The earliest sown lettuce should be of some of the loose growing varieties. For summer use plant cabbage lettuce, or heading varieties, as the leaves during the warm season will be whiter and more crisp.

Soy beans shed their leaves before the grain begins to ripen; therefore when hay is desired the plants must be cut when half or more of the pods are fully grown, but before the beans begin to harden.

It is a well known fact among farmers and fruit growers that blackberries improve the physical nature of the soil through their root action. When they are removed from the apple orchard the soil is left in ideal condition for the outer feeding roots of the apple trees.

While it is conceded that permanent maintenance of soil fertility without live stock is possible, it is not practicable as a statewide policy, because it is not the highest type of agriculture and because few farmers can be induced to comply with all the conditions necessary to make it effective.

The floor and walls of the dairy barn where the cows are milked must be free from dust and dirt; the cows must be brushed and their udders sponged off with a damp cloth previous to milking and the milk themselves must have clean hands and clothes.

Always market your butter regularly at current market prices. Give your customers pure, sweet, fresh butter and your reputation as a good butter maker will soon be established. When your butter is held until it is old and stale it is not wanted, and your reputation suffers as well as your pocket.

A foal may be raised on cow's milk if the latter is sweetened with sugar or molasses at the rate of two teaspoonfuls per pint and three tablespoonfuls of lime water are added at first. Give a cupful every hour at first and gradually increase amount and decrease meals to six and then to four feeds a day.

At the present time open-front poultry houses are very popular and are giving very satisfactory results. Such buildings have part or the whole of the south front covered only by fine mesh wire netting and open at all times to the weather. Fowls housed in these open-front buildings are very rarely subject to disease and prove remarkably productive. They are much less affected by weather changes than birds confined in the old-fashioned, tightly-closed buildings.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Sheep are excellent farm cleaners.

The bruise on an apple is injurious.

Lice and mites come with warm weather.

Tie the grape vines to the trellis wires before the vines begin to run.

No well bred farmer ever contents himself with scrub stock or poor crops.

It is a sad mistake for a man to make a good crop of grass into poor hay.

Pure fresh air, day and night, is one of the prime essentials for keeping fowls in good health.

Most separators do their best work with the milk at a temperature of from 85 degrees to 95 degrees Fahrenheit.

When the cream has been held at churning temperature for a period of two or three hours, it is ready to be churned.

A good way to keep manure for the garden is to fill a large box, turning it over with a fork about once a week and keeping it moist.

The government is sending out experts to various parts of the country to teach fruit growers the best methods of spraying their trees.

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At the present time open-front poultry houses are very popular and are giving very satisfactory results. Such buildings have part or the whole of the south front covered only by fine mesh wire netting and open at all times to the weather. Fowls housed in these open-front buildings are very rarely subject to disease and prove remarkably productive. They are much less affected by weather changes than birds confined in the old-fashioned, tightly-closed buildings.

Some persons advocate cutting the young potted plants loose from the mother plant as soon as they take root, while others allow them to remain attached until cold weather. Let them remain attached a month, when they are cut loose and become independent plants. The young plants must be kept well watered during the hot dry season of midsummer, as one drying out of the tender rootlets is fatal. After they are established in the pots they can be mulched with straw or meadow hay.

Ripen cream properly before churning.

There is a scarcity of good dairy cows.

The cherry tree should be headed low.

Feed all of the hens all they will eat of wheat and other nourishing feeds.

A very important part of dairying is to make it profitable all the year around.

Preventive and destructive measures are both necessary in combating hog lice.

In order to keep fowls healthy we must breed for health just as we would for any other desired quality.

When the young poult begin to get their long wing feathers, they require extra care and attention.

For feeding lambs to be used for breeding purposes preference should be given to bran, oats and linseed meal.

A well-ventilated and light and dry cellar is the best place for the incubator in operation, as it is less subject to change of temperature than any other part of the house.

For two or three years after planting, the ground among ornamental shrubs should be spaded and the surface cultivated to keep down weeds and grass and to conserve moisture.

Some states prohibit the importation of dairy and breeding cattle until they are tuberculin tested, but permit as yet unrestricted sale of stock within its boundaries.

Rape is especially valuable for breeding ewes in midsummer, when the pastures begin to fall, as the succulent feed keeps up the supply of milk for the lambs.

Never overfeed or feed pepper or other condiments to the hens you expect to furnish eggs for hatching. If you do, infertile eggs and weak chicks will be the result.

The Wisconsin experiment station finds lime is deficient in much of the grain ration fed to dairy cows and hogs. Hogs fed on phosphates and bone mash, made consistent and profitable gains.

The table value of both lettuce and radishes depends largely upon a quick growth under moderately cool conditions. For this reason the soil should be very fine of texture and fertile to stimulate the most rapid growth.

A grape vine to bear well must be cultivated and carefully pruned each year, cutting back to two, three, or not more than four canes, and carefully pinching off surplus young shoots during the summer.

There is something in sowing the corn to the soil. Trying to soil the soil to the corn is a tough proposition, as many a man who has tried corn adapted to bottom soil on his trinner upland has found to his sorrow.

The poultry products of the United States are just on a par with wheat and hay. The combined value of the three last year was around two billion dollars, an average of over 671 millions each.

A mixture of salt, two parts, and ashes, one part, should be put in the salting box at least once each week. The ashes should be rich in charcoal. The cows require a great deal of charcoal and cannot do their best without it.

Where manure is accumulated in stables and lots, and is properly saved, it goes on the land more evenly, as a rule, which is an important consideration where a man is endeavoring to keep up the land's fertility and get as much out of it as possible at the same time.

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Around the Bend

By ALICE CAMERON

Ralph Hurlbut leaned back in unaccustomed idleness and let the canoe float down stream. The sense of having nothing to do, nothing to worry about, on this glorious June morning, filled him with a dreamy content.

He was on the first vacation he had taken since college days. The last few years had been strenuous ones for the keen young business man. Mind and body had been worked hard.

As the canoe swept down stream, Ralph Hurlbut was conscious of an exhilarating excitement. His imagination pictured a dozen adventures, but one image persisted, and at last drove the others away. Ralph's youth was asserting itself. He hoped he might find her sitting on the bank or walking beneath the willows; a dream girl with the gray eyes and the sweet mouth of the woman he could love.

As he neared the turn in the stream, his odd imagining became almost real to him. It possessed his mind wholly. He could even see the gown she would wear; blue, soft, with perhaps some white fluffy stuff on it like clouds on a June sky. He gazed with a boyish eagerness toward the bend that hid her.

A few more vigorous strokes and the canoe swung dizzily around the curve and glided into the unknown part of the stream. The trees were fewer here. There were flowers near the banks. He gazed quickly about. No one was in sight. All was peaceful and quite deserted.

A deep disappointment came over him, a feeling stronger than the cause seemed to warrant. He tried to laugh it off. "Here I am mooning like an idiot!" he exclaimed, disgustedly. "I imagine a thing and then complain because it is not real." But the disappointment and the eager longing persisted.

He steadied the canoe and looked around once more. A white patch on the left bank attracted his attention. He could not see what it was, and in

pursuit, idly paddled to the shore. He drew his canoe up on the bank and picked up the object. It was a little white silk glove, long and small in hand, the fingers still curled naturally as if from living fingers were with them. He smoothed it out on his palm. The tips were soiled a trifle.

Ralph smiled down at the dainty thing. "I'll find your owner for you, little glove," he said, putting it into his pocket.

Far up the road, to his left, he caught sight of a moving patch of blue—a blue dress, a white hat! Immediately he ran up the bank and started along the road.

Before he could reach her, the wearer of the blue dress turned into a narrow path leading to the only house in sight. When Ralph arrived at the path he could see her knocking at a side door. Her back was turned to him as she pounded vigorously. Ralph walked, walking slowly up and down. The blue dress evidently had a determined owner. Ralph thought she would never cease knocking. He had his first misgiving when she shook the door. Finally, when she began to kick strenuously at the panels, he began to see that Fate had, perhaps, been misleading him.

At this moment the woman made up her mind that no one was at home. She turned away and came down the path toward Ralph, walking with impatient strides. A basket hung on her arm.

She looked about fifty years old, extremely gaunt and remarkably bad-tempered. One glance, and the fact that he had followed this person in a romantic mood, carrying her glove over his heart, moved Ralph to a fit of laughter. While she walked toward him, staring angrily, he rocked to and fro in paroxysms of mirth. The woman came almost up to him, and was about to say something in no gentle tone—to judge by her expression—when she suddenly tripped on a stone, and catching at Ralph for support, let her heavy basket fall at his feet. His coat was torn with a long rending sound and the woman sat down heavily in a crumpled heap. The cream in a glass bottle in the basket splashed lightly over Ralph, and eggs covered his shoes with a yellow coating. As he noted each new phase of the catastrophe he burst into another roar of laughter. His companion sat in the road and regarded him stonily. Finally, Ralph saw that her face was growing very pale, and at the idea that she might really be hurt, his laughter subsided. He gently tried to help her up. She struck at him awkwardly, her eyes flashing, but said nothing. Ralph was really alarmed for by this time her face was very white. "Are you hurt, madam?" he asked, anxiously. No answer. He began to talk, hoping that she would break her angry silence.

"I hope you will forgive me for laughing. You see I thought you were—er, some one else. And I was so surprised I could not help laughing. Tell me whether you are hurt. Let me help you." His face looked so handsome and so appealing that the stony expression of the woman softened a trifle.

"Well, the least you can do is to help me home," she said, gruffly. "I'm all shook up." She evidently blamed him for her fall. He raised her, and she leaned on him, grunting and groaning.

They walked on. She said nothing. Finally he began to be unpleasantly aware of her weight. His arm seemed almost paralyzed and drops of perspiration came out on his forehead. He stood still a moment in the road. "Would you mind changing to the other side? I could support you with my right arm. This one is getting a little tired." The long lips set into a grim line. "Can't," responded the woman. "My other arm's hurt too bad." He wondered vaguely how her arm could possibly be hurt, but said nothing. The woman urged him on, it seemed to Ralph interminably.

She did not speak except to urge him to walk faster. Finally, they made one last turn and came within sight of a small gray house set well back from the road in a garden of roses. Red ramblers climbed over fence and porch.

As the two drew near, a young girl arose from the steps and hurried toward the gate. "Oh! are you hurt? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, breathlessly to the woman. The latter put out her "injured" arm and opened the gate with a bang. "No! I fell down but I wasn't hurt a mite. Would ha' been home an hour ago only I wanted to teach some smart fools a lesson. She strode up the walk and into the house, letting the screen door slam after her.

Again the helpless fit of laughter came upon Ralph. He leaned against the gate, rubbing his numb arm and shouting with mirth. This time he had a sweet echo, and looked into a rosy face dimpled with fun, for after one blank moment, and a glance at the state of his attire, the girl had seemed to divine all, in a flash.

"The young man looked down somewhat ruefully at his coat and shoes. 'I seem to have received the worst of it,' he said.

The girl looked up with a trace of shyness. "You could come in and clean up. Do not mind her, she's peculiar, but—"

He broke in with a question. "Any relation?" he asked. "What if she should be the mother!"

"No! Oh, no! We are boarding here—my mother and I. Mrs. Thurston takes boarders every summer."

She started toward the house, and Ralph followed. Mrs. Thurston met them at the door. She led the young man to a room, supplied him with water and clean towels in grim silence. But as she was leaving she paused. "Gimme that coat." Ralph handed it to her, and she disappeared.

Presently she brought back the coat. The long rip was neatly mended. "Guess this'll do till you can see a tailor. Dinner ready in half an hour."

That dinner was a memorable event. It was a well-cooked meal, served in the long bay windows where the ramblers climbed in over the sill. Mrs. Thurston lost some of her grimness, and even smiled once or twice. Mrs. Farrand, the girl's mother, was very gracious.

And the girl herself? She sat by the open window, not in the blue dress he had pictured, but in snowy white. In her eyes were the lights and shadows the expressions he had seen in the eyes of the Dream Girl around the bend in the stream. His wonderful vacation had, indeed begun.

Afterward, he saw her alone for a moment on the porch. The glove lay in his pocket. He was afraid to ask her about it. Suppose it should not be hers. He drew it out slowly. The light from the window shone upon it. The girl reached up and took it from his hand.

"Why, you found my glove!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"It is yours, then?"

"Yes, I'm so glad! It is not very pleasant for no one to have a mate." He looked down at her.

"I'm finding that out, too," he murmured.

"Good night," he pressed the little soft hand in both his own for a moment. "I'll see you tomorrow morning," he said. "I've arranged with Mrs. Thurston to come here to board."

Discriminating Rat Burglar. Just before Easter 225 carnations were taken one night from the cellar of L. W. Acheson, a florist, of Pittsfield, Mass. He called in the police but they found no trace of a burglar. Mrs. Patrick Carney, living in an adjoining house, has just found the carnations in a tub in her cellar, where a rat had carried them and made a nest. To carry the flowers the rat traveled 50 feet from house to house. The flowers were all taken between midnight and five o'clock in the morning. A strange feature of the rat's theft is that he took but one variety, a pink, leaving all the white and dark red carnations undisturbed.

Potatoes Chained Together. An agricultural freak is shown in an illustration in the current number of Haus, Hof und Garten in the shape of two potatoes held together by a seven-linked chain. The chain must have been dropped and remained unnoticed on the field and a potato formed in both of the end links. They grew through the iron rings and are now held there firmly, the iron bands having depressed them at the points of contact. They were picked up at Schoenow, near Bernau, Germany.

