Ted Williams's Lumber Deal---A Romance of the Business World

WHEN Ted Williams, who was the Williams Lumber Company, not incorporated, flung himself into his accustomed seat at the Lumbermen's Club with the announcement that he was going after the Sanders Wagon Company dimension stock contract he created a mild sensation.

Williams was young enough and inexperienced enough to believe that he could make money out of the tough customers of the business, and the veterans who had long ago crossed the wagon company off their list regarded him about as they would have done if he had planned going over the falls in a canoe.

"Old Man Sanders," said Harry Brown, "is the hardest grader in three States, and has the art of buying lumber down to a fine point. He gets the lowest price and the best stock in the world, and takes delight in skinning an unsophisticated chap like you. In anybody were to make a little money out of his business a highly embellished medal would be in order."

Williams laughed and "guessed" he'd take a chance. As a matter of fact, he had just concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Fred Textor, who ran a little circular mill up in the mountains, much further away from civilization and the hardwood markets than the actual mileage would indicate. Textor knew how to saw logs into lumber and delighted to handle a dimension proposition; while, on the other hand, he needed financial assistance from time to time and knew as much about selling his product as the proverbial Berkshire concerning holidays.

Hence Williams believed that by using his meagre capital judiciously to finance the operations of Textor's mill, the latter would be able to supply him with just the stock at just the prices he needed to compete with the big manufacturers, who sold direct. So when he went in to see Johnson, lumber buyer for the Sanders company, he was not a bit perturbed, and asked for the list of dimension stock the contract was to cover as though he had been handling the business for years.

Johnson grinned when he made his request.

"You're the only local hardwood man who has been in so far," he said. "Looks as if you people around here don't want to sell to anybody that knows lumber, doesn't it?"

Williams smiled amiably and said he didn't mind having the minimum of competition.

When he had an opportunity to go over the list at his office and figured the number of pieces and the quantity of material in each he estimated roughly that the business involved about $8,000. That would be a rather big order for Textor to handle, but as the contract was to cover the wagon company's requirements for some time ahead, inasmuch as the material was to be air dried before use, immediate delivery was not expected. He put a copy of the specifications into the mail that night and asked Textor to get a quotation back as soon as he could.

Textor's bid was $7,350, which was not far from what Williams had expected. The mill man closed his letter by saying, "As I am running pretty close to the wind, I shall have to rely on you to advance the money as the material comes from the saw."

Williams ran his hand through his hair and did a little figuring to see whether the Williams Lumber Company could pay cash for stock and carry the account as long as it would probably run. It looked as though, in the event he got the contract, he would soon have most of his money tied up in wagon stock.

"But here's my chance to get started on the wagon business," he told Miss Blanche, who was his stenographer, and also his guide, counsellor and friend.

Miss Blanche had been business doctor to many a concern, and from the heights of 35 she looked down upon him with more understanding and sympathy than he perhaps appreciated. Moreover, she believed in him, and made use of her knowledge of business routine to keep him out of trouble on more than one occasion.

"I am going to make a play for this wagon trade," he went on, "and if Textor is as good a mill man as I think he is, we'll be able to make some money out of Sanders in spite of all their predictions."

The Williams Lumber Company's bid on the dimension stock was $8,500, this being the delivered price, and including freight and a 7½ per cent. margin over the mill price. The quotation was not high, and in fact had been figured with a view to meeting competition, for although none of the other local concerns was bidding, Williams expected that the company would have a number of quotations from mills which handled the trade direct. But he was not particularly surprised, though considerably elated, when a long envelope, bearing the lithographed reproduction of the Sanders factory in the upper left hand corner, made its appearance one morning in the first mail. He slit open the envelope and read:

Williams Lumber Company,
Monarch Building, City.

Dear Sirs: This is to advise you that your bid of $8,500 on material as specified in Proposal No. 231, copy of which is hereto attached, has been accepted. Deliveries are to be made as ordered by us. Our usual terms of 2 per cent. 10 days, net 60, will be applied on all payments.

Yours very truly,
Sanders Wagon Company,
By JAMES P. SANDERS, President.

"The old boy signed this letter himself," thought the lumberman, as he ran over the specifications to make sure that they agreed with those on which his bid was based. "Wonder if he intends this as evidence of his esteem and affection?"

He dictated a line to Textor advising him to get busy, and followed the letter down to the mill two days later to see whether everything was in shape. As he swung off the accommodation that passed Textor's station—the depot and a general store were the only things in sight, in addition to the mill itself—he saw several teams delivering logs, and realized that Textor was getting ready to go ahead with the order.

"How soon do they want deliveries on this?" the millman inquired as Williams strode into the mill yard, where Textor was supervising the unloading of the logs.

"Right away, I suppose," said Williams. "They will probably want it kept coming to them at the rate of a carload a week. That is my idea of their consumption, though they haven't said at what rate they want the stock delivered."

"Well, it sure takes the cash to buy logs," said Textor with a laugh, kicking at the bark of an oak log with his hob nailed boot. "I'll want you to come down and inspect this stuff every week or so and let me have the money on it. That's the only way we can keep going."

"Sure," said Ted. "There'll be no trouble about that. Better go ahead and buy the timber you need and have the logs delivered as soon as you can. The concern this stock goes to is mighty hard to get along with, and I'm anxious to put everything through without any delay."

"We'll have the mill running tomorrow," declared Textor.

A few days later Williams sent his inspector, Graham, to look over the stock which had been manufactured, and the report was O. K., so that he promptly sent the millman a check to cover the quantity shown on the tally. At the same time he telephoned Johnson to learn when the first delivery should be made.

"No hurry," said the lumber buyer. "I'll let you know. We have a good supply on hand, and as the factory isn't crowded with work it'll be a couple of weeks yet."

"I'd like to get started loading," said Williams. "I've had about a carload cut up and it's ready to be shipped."

"I'll tell you when we want it," said Johnson curtly as he hung up the telephone.

Williams was a little puzzled as well as irritated at the attitude of the Sanders buyer, but refused to take it seriously.

"I guess they're all pretty crusty out there," he told Miss Blanche. "But we can't afford to hold up that stock indefinitely. Textor has his logs at the mill and is working on the order and it wouldn't do to call a halt now. Anyway, the wagon people will probably want it all in a bunch when they begin to specify shipping dates."

So the country mill kept cutting the dimension stock out of the oak and hickory logs brought in to the mill and the piles of assorted sizes under the shed leading from the mill began to take on imposing proportions. In fact to Williams, who came to look things over now and then, that pile of material looked like the First National Bank in his own home town. It represented money; it was chuck full of money, but it looked as though it were going to be hard to get that money out. That too was not unlike the bank.

Williams called up Johnson a month after the order had been placed and told him that if it was convenient he'd like to deliver some of the material. Johnson hesitated a moment.

"Hold the wire," he said finally, "and I'll find out how we stand out in the lumber yard."

Williams waited with what patience he could muster while Johnson talked with the superintendent. At last he returned to the telephone.

"We don't need the stock very bad right now," he said, "but suppose you ship us a car of well assorted sizes. I'll let you know later about the remainder."

"All right, we'll shoot one in," replied Ted, hanging up hastily before Johnson could change his mind.

He felt somehow like shouting. A load had been lifted off his mind, for he had really begun to get worried about that dimension stock, which had been eating into his working capital all too rapidly. Textor had written him that he would be finished with the order in another week, and yet not a cent had been realized on the contract as yet.

"By Jove," he said when Miss Blanche called his attention to the fact that the discount period on a carload of quartered oak shipped some time previously was expiring, "I'll have to take that contract around to the bank and borrow some money on it if I'm going to keep on doing business with other people. This Sanders deal has just about squeezed me dry."

He got Textor on long distance and told him to have a car loaded as soon as possible.

"We'll check the count here," he said, "so you needn't wait for Graham to handle it."

He received the car number in due time and arranged to have Graham at the wagon works when the shipment was unloaded. His inspector went through the car with the wagon company's man and reported that the stock was in good shape, the number of pieces tallied with the invoice to the Williams Lumber Company, as made up by Textor, and that the wagon inspector had no fault to find.

Williams decided that this was the psychological moment to invade the financial district, and so, straightening his tie and pulling his soft hat a little further down over his eyes, he told Miss Blanche that he was going to see about extending his line of credit at the First National.

He dropped in on Dobbs, cashier of the bank, who received him with his usual oily smile. Williams knew that Sanders was a director and one of the customers of the bank, and assumed that on this account it would be all the easier to borrow the money, as the bank was of course familiar with its business.

"I've got a big contract with the wagon company," he said, "and have had several carloads of dimension stock manufactured at a country mill. You know that we have to finance a proposition of that kind, and if you've seen any of our checks going through the bank you probably know that we've been using up most of our ready money buying the lumber.

"Of course, I've got other accounts to handle, and as the Sanders company won't require immediate deliveries I would like to have, say, $5,000 for the next sixty days. The contract amounts to $8,500 and is as good as gold."

"Got the contract with you?" inquired Dobbs.

Williams tossed it on the table, with the specifications attached.

"Uh—huh," replied the cashier, looking it over with a familiarity that suggested that he had handled similar transactions before. "How much of this lumber has been delivered?"

"One car," said Williams. "It was unloaded to-day."

"I suppose this money won't be due until the material is accepted?"

"No, but there's no question about that. The wagon company's inspector didn't throw out a single piece, and I can vouch for the character of the manufacturer."

"I'd like to let you have that money, Mr. Williams," said the cashier, leaning back in his chair and taking off his eyeglasses, "but the fact is I don't see that the order amounts to anything. It's practically nothing more than an option on your lumber, as I see it, and until it is delivered and accepted it's not worth much as collateral on a loan. I'm sorry that I can't accommodate you."

His tone had a ring of finality that didn't permit much of an opening for a rejoinder, though Williams attempted one rather weakly.

"It's perfectly good," was about all he could say, but the banker shook his head and turned to his desk.

"Gee whiz," thought the young lumberman as he went down the steps of the bank. "I'm up against it. I can't very well borrow money at any other bank after being turned down at the First National. I'll just have to see Johnson and get deliveries on the rest of that lumber, that's all."

And he boarded a suburban car, bound for the factory, without further hesitation.

He strode into the office of Johnson, the lumber buyer, without waiting for the telephone girl to query that dignitary. But if he thought he was to have the advantage of the first word he was mistaken.

"Just the man I wanted to see," said the buyer, looking up from his work. "It's about that car of dimension stock. I thought you claimed to have had some experience in manufacturing that kind of material."

"I have," replied Williams, feeling himself getting pale around the lips. "What's wrong with it?"

"Everything," replied Johnson coolly. "Those specifications, my dear young man, are for the material dried and dressed. The stock should have been cut with allowance for shrinkage in the kiln and dressing. Yet you've delivered the rough stock cut to the size that it has to go into our wagons. We can't use a foot of it!"

Williams dropped into a chair, his eyes bulging.

"Can't use it," he repeated. "Why, man, I knew that the stock had to be dried and dressed, but I assumed that your specifications allowed for the shrinkage. Every dimension order I ever handled called for the sizes as they were to be cut at the mill. You've got to take that stock, Johnson!"

The buyer drew from his desk the proposal form on which the bid had been submitted and pointed to a two line note, printed in the finest of fine type, at the bottom:

"In cutting to size, allow a reasonable margin for shrinkage in drying and waste in dressing."

"You see, Williams," he said in a voice that was meant to be kindly, "you have simply made a bad mistake. Now, on the rest of this stock be more careful, because we can't possibly take it in if it isn't properly made. Our wagons are certain definite sizes, and the lumber has got to fit those sizes. We can't cut them down, you know."

And he smiled at the humor of the idea.

"Every piece contained in your specifications," said Williams, rising from his chair and attempting to speak calmly, "has been cut and is ready to be shipped. What's more, it's been paid for. Those specifications were followed to the letter, and I shall expect you to take the material."

"Good-by," said Johnson coldly, taking up the receiver and asking the operator to connect him with the president's office.

When Williams reached his office and dropped into his chair without taking off his hat and overcoat his mind was still wrestling with the big problem that had suddenly confronted him. He began to appreciate why lumbermen had steered clear of the Sanders dimension business. Lumber, once cut to size, can be used, as a general rule, only by the factory that ordered it, in the absence of standardization, and consequently a rejection such as had been handed him by Johnson simply meant that the market value of his stock had depreciated nearly 100 per cent.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Blanche quickly.

He told her in a few words what had happened. She knit her brows and pondered a few moments.

"Wagon sizes are irregular enough," she declared, "but the only way out is to find some other manufacturer who buys that kind of stock. I'll get out a letter to-night to every vehicle concern on our list. We may be lucky enough to run into one that can use it."

The next day Williams called on Harry Brown for advice. Brown generously refrained from saying "I told you so," but had little encouragement to offer.

"You were sure to be trimmed from the moment you stacked up against Sanders," he said. "That's how they pay dividends out there. It's a case of heads I win, tails you lose.

"When you agree to cut up stock for him you are putting yourself in his hands, because you're making something you can market nowhere else.

"His game is to reject and mark down and throw out until he can get the stock at his own price. If you had made allowances for shrinkage, he would have insisted on your manufacturing the material or accepting a big reduction in price on that account.

"He's got you and that's all there is to it. Take your medicine and charge it up to experience. The wagon company will probably be willing to take the stuff off your hands for a consideration, and if I were you I'd get out as quickly as possible and forget it."

Williams was very nearly inclined to follow this plan. In fact, assuming that he could actually sell the material to the wagon company at any price, this seemed to be the only alternative, inasmuch as practically all of his working capital was tied up there. Like many another ambitious young business man with limited resources, Williams had learned the danger of putting all his eggs in one basket, and then trusting their safety to the party of the second part.

He dropped in on Johnson, after thinking things over and deciding that a lawsuit would be valueless, in view of the provisions of the contract, prepared to surrender as gracefully as possible, especially as the results of Miss Blanche's letters had been far from encouraging.

"Well, you've got me," he said to the lumber buyer at the factory. "I'm willing to clean up and make a settlement. How much are you going to soak me for?"

Johnson cleared his throat and looked self-righteous.

"Now, Williams," he began, "you understand that we can't use that material to advantage at all. We'll have to rework it at considerable expense into something else, if we take it. But I'm sorry for you and would like to help you out. Suppose we give you $4,500 for it."

Williams stared at him in amazement. Then his face grew red as he struggled for utterance. His plans for a self-possessed, diplomatic surrender were suddenly forgotten.

"Why, you infernal robber!" he almost shouted. "Why don't you take a piece of lead pipe and go to it right? Sell you that stock for $4,500? Never! I'll let it rot first. You've got the nerve of a Mexican bandit to make a proposition of that kind!"

But as he strode out the door still swelling with just indignation, he could not help realizing that he had paid rather dearly for his outburst.

"It was worth it, though," he told himself going back to headquarters in the street car. "I'll have to hold that material till the cows come home, probably, and do business on a commission basis until I can get another bank roll; but I'm just Irish enough to be willing to shoot my wad that way as any other. That fellow Johnson is my meat if I ever have a chance to do him!"

And in spite of the fact that he was practically down and out financially he was almost merry as he told Miss Blanche what they had tried to do to him.

"By the Great Horn Spoon," he declared in finishing his recital, "the Sanders Wagon Company will pay me that money with interest, or my name isn't Ted Williams!"

It was a little tough to have to give up choice accounts that he had worked up personally and turn them over to other lumbermen, taking a measly $5 a car profit, just because he couldn't manage to carry the accounts; but Williams buckled down to the work, determined to make back the money he had lost, and get to a point where he could cross swords with the Sanders outfit again.

He knew that crooked buyers are few and far between, and that square dealing is the rule and not the exception in business. Hence the treatment to which he had been subjected was all the more unpleasant, and every time he thought of the wagon stock under the shed at Textor's mill—the latter had kindly granted free storage, in view of the situation—he gritted his teeth and told himself that his chance would come.

Then the war broke. Business had not been any too good before, but when the bottom dropped out of exports the hardwood mills closed down with remarkable unanimity. Prices broke rapidly and Williams had cause to congratulate himself that he was not a manufacturer and could take his profits whether quotations were high or low. But buyers were afraid of the slumping market, and for months orders were so scarce that it took a fine tooth comb to find them.

A little later, however, predictions of war business materialized and the situation began to brighten. The mills remained closed and the active demand for certain kinds and grades of lumber needed for munitions of war diminished the supply more rapidly than was generally realized. One day Williams read a brief news item to the effect that a certain concern had booked up several million dollars worth of foreign business and were going to be the busiest manufacturers in America, so busy in fact that much of the goods would have to be made in other plants.

Williams decided that there might be a chance to sell some lumber there and promptly caught a sleeper for the town where the factory was situated. He found lumbermen, wagon manufacturers, saddlery and harness men and in fact everybody else who was affected ever so slightly by the war situation camping out there and learned to his disappointment that orders for all the material needed had been placed.

Going home that night he was about to step into the smoking room of the Pullman when he heard familiar voices. They were those of Sanders and Johnson, who had evidently been at the factory as well.

"What are we going to do about the material for that order, Johnson?" President Sanders was asking his lumber buyer. The hardwood man, looking quickly behind him, saw that the coast was clear, and decided to forget ethics for a moment and eavesdrop. "We have got to handle our part of the contract in sixty days and our stock of lumber and parts is simply shot to pieces. I was counting on the wagon trade being dull for a year when I instructed you to let up on all buying."

"Yes," rejoined Johnson, "and the worst of it is that this war business has cleaned up all the thick stock in the country. Two inch dry lumber and thicker is practically off the market. We can't wait to have it manufactured because of the delay, and anyway putting green stock through the dry kiln would waste too much time, even if we didn't have to air dry it for a while.

"Another thing, we have got to get the lumber near at hand, because if we attempt to buy too far away from the factory the time required to make deliveries will be prohibitive. We're forced to buy in the immediate vicinity of the plant—and it's going to be a hard job to get the stuff we need at the time we need it."

They were silent a moment, while Williams, just behind the curtains of the smoking compartment, was breathing with his mouth open and thinking fast.

Suddenly Johnson slapped his thigh.

"I've an idea!" he exclaimed. "You remember about eighteen months ago, when that young fool Williams took a contract for dimension stock? There was a big pile of it—nearly enough to cover the hard end of this order. He got hotheaded and refused to sell at our price when his material was rejected—even took back the carload he had already delivered. I've heard he's still holding it. If we can get hold of him and persuade him to part with the stock for the cost of manufacture it'll solve most of our problem!"

"That sounds reasonable," agreed Sanders. "Get in touch with his office the minute we reach home tomorrow morning."

"There's no use waiting until tomorrow," said Williams, stepping into the smoking room. "I'm willing to talk business now."

The expression that came over the faces of both of the wagon men was worth the price of admission, Williams assured his friends later.

"I overheard part of your conversation," he continued, "and it seems you need my lumber now as much as I needed your business a year and a half ago. Well, I'm willing to trade."

Johnson looked relieved and his superior signalled Williams to sit down.

"That's the way to talk," said Johnson, extending a cigar. "We're all business men and we can put this thing through in a jiffy. As I remember it, the order ran to about $8,500, didn't it?"

Williams dehorned the cigar, lighted it and got it to burning freely before he replied.

"Eighteen months ago," he corrected Johnson, "its value was eighty-five hundred dollars. But you know, of course, that thick lumber is scarce; that dry lumber is scarcer, and that thick dry wagon stock is scarcest of all. The price of my dimension stock, cut to fit your wagon sizes, has of course risen in accord with the economic law of supply and demand."

"Well?" they asked him together.

"Now I can sell this lumber without much trouble, but I'm willing to help you out, because I feel sorry for you. I'll let you have it for $17,000."

Johnson laughed loudly, but somewhat hollowly.

"My dear boy," he said, reaching across and tapping Williams on the knee, "you must think we are running a charitable institution. Ten thousand would be a big price for it."

"Not at all," was the reply. "Eighteen months ago you cut my price in half; it's only reasonable that I should double it now. And, besides, I'm waiving interest, which would be a perfectly proper charge."

Johnson and Sanders exchanged glances.

"I see you're a rather shrewd business man, in spite of being a trifle young," said Sanders, drily. "It seems you cut your eye teeth on that wagon stock contract of ours. We'll pay you the money you ask for it, subject, of course, to our inspection at the factory."

"Subject to my inspection at the mill," retorted Williams. "I'll deliver the stock when I get a certified check for it."

"All right. Have it your way," said the wagon manufacturer. "You're a pretty wise young man and I like to do business with a chap who knows his own mind. You'll get the check tomorrow, and the sooner you can deliver the material the better."

"Good night, gentlemen," said Williams, as he slipped out of the smoking compartment and I went back to pleasant dreams in lower inn.

"Why, how do you do?" said Dobbs of the First National, with the same oily smile that Williams knew so well, on the morning the lumberman came in and got the cash for his certified check. He had decided it was just as well to take no chances. "The First National is in a position to extend your line of credit, Mr. Williams, and we'll be glad to see you any time."

"Thanks, Mr. Dobbs," returned Ted, slipping the package of new bills into his inside pocket, "but I've transferred my account. Good-by."

HOW HARDNESS PROSPERED

BY close attention to business and a certain aptitude for making the best of all opportunities, great and small, Mr. Hardness had succeeded, before fairly reaching middle age in amassing a comfortable fortune. He was not by any means in the millionaire class, but he felt that he was fairly entitled to spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of well earned leisure.

Only recently he had made the final payment which gave him the full ownership of such a house as he and Mrs. Hardness had always desired to live in, and such moneys as he had accumulated by laying aside his surplus income were safely invested in first class securities. All that remained to be done to enable him to retire completely from the struggle in which he had been so long engaged was to find a customer who would pay him a fair price, or perhaps something more than that, for his well established business, and this he felt that he could easily do. As an initial step he set about fixing the exact price which he could accept without regretting the bargain afterward.

Close figuring was needed and he consulted carefully with Mr. Good, the gray haired bookkeeper, who had been his chief aid and counsellor from the day he started in business. Other employees had come and gone, but Mr. Good had remained with him through prosperity and adversity, always faithful, always reliable, always competent. Mr. Hardness paid him a fairly liberal salary, realizing his value, but Mr. Good's family expenses had prevented him from saving enough to buy the business for himself as he and Mr. Hardness would both have liked.

Together they figured out the assets and liabilities and the losses and gains of the business till they knew to a penny how it stood and what the owner of it could fairly expect to receive for it.

The fixed charges, or overhead expenses, were somewhat heavy in comparison with the income of the establishment, but so careful had they both been in the conduct of the business that Mr. Good's salary was the only thing that could be reduced. No other employee was paid quite as much as he was really worth, but if a substitute for Mr. Good could be found for say $1,000 a year less than he was receiving the showing would be so much better that Mr. Hardness would be justified in asking much more for the business.

He knew that Mr. Good, being now an elderly man, could not easily obtain other employment; probably would be unable to do so, and if he himself were to continue he would not think of dispensing with so valuable a man, but his affairs were in such admirable shape, owing to Mr. Good's administration of them, that a younger and cheaper man could easily keep things going for a time without deterioration.

Therefore Mr. Hardness discharged Mr. Good, hired a cheaper bookkeeper and shortly thereafter sold out for $5,000 more than he could have obtained if he had not done so.

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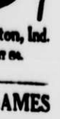

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LET NATURE TEACH IN CHICKEN RAISING

Great Care Needed to Keep Incubators at Proper Temperature.

BROODERS IMPORTANT TO

By FRANK C. HARE.

"A well hatched, healthy chick grows hisself" is an old saying, which applies to incubator hatched chicks for the reason that they do not enjoy maternal attention and protection. To have these healthy chicks to place in the brooder the operation of the incubator from the eighteenth day to the removal of the brood from the machine must be governed by the laws of nature. The last three days are most important.

Do not overheat the eggs and chicks at the pipping period. Many operators run their incubators at a temperature of 102½ degrees the first half of the hatch, then gradually increase the heat the remaining ten days until a temperature of about 104 degrees is maintained from the eighteenth day to the close of the hatch. This practice is contrary to nature and may result in less chicks hatching than when a constant temperature of 102½ degrees is held from beginning to end.

Moisten and soften the membranes (skins) inside the shell of the egg to enable the chick to emerge more readily. Sprinkle the eggs on the eighteenth day of incubation with water of 106 degrees, partially withdrawing the trays and spraying the eggs lightly with a whiskbroom. Sprinkle the interior of the egg chamber also so that the glass in the door is dripping wet.

Maintain this atmosphere of pure, moist air in the egg chamber until the pipping is finished. When the oldest chicks are dry and commence to gasp for breath open the door, partially withdraw an egg tray, dry and remove chicks to the chick chamber underneath, roll the eggs around and sprinkle the unhatched and pipped eggs and wet chicks with warm water in the manner previously described. Repeat this airing and sprinkling several times on the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first days.

The great percentage of the embryos that die in the shell at pipping time are killed by the poisonous air of the closed egg chamber. A sitting hen exposes her partially hatched eggs and chicks without decreasing the hatch; she will stand in the nest and with her beak endeavor to help a chick break the shell and gain freedom.

The ventilation of the egg chamber of an incubator is insufficient to maintain pure air, and when the chicks gasp for breath it is not because they are overheated but because they are suffering for lack of oxygen. This is the signal to open the door, purify the air, and to sprinkle the eggs with warm water to replace the moisture that has escaped. The operation does not require over two minutes and can be repeated as often as necessary. "White diarrhea" and similar intestinal disturbances are caused by this "closed door" treatment. Such chicks are difficult to raise even with ideal brooding conditions, and are usually of little value.

Hang a piece of burlap over the glass in the door of the egg chamber to darken the interior and prevent the older chicks eating the droppings. Insert a match in the crack of the door and leave a slight opening when the last chick has emerged from the shell to provide more fresh air at this period. Maintain a temperature of 102 above the egg tray, which will give a temperature of about 95 degrees in the lower part where the chicks remain until removed to the brooder. (It is assumed the incubator has a chick chamber under the egg trays, although some types do not provide this room. In that case decrease the temperature above the trays to 100 degrees.)

Do not be in a hurry to take away the chicks; wait until the youngest are dry and strong on their legs. The earliest hatched can remain in the incubator for from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, if necessary, without injury, if they have sufficient ventilation, are warm and do not eat any filth. This treatment, of course, would ruin the hatch if the air was foul.

Before dealing with the construction and operation of brooders, let us consider the natural brooding of chicks. We cannot improve on nature, and to achieve the greatest success, we must understand and abide by her laws. The temperature of the bare breast of the sitting hen is 104.6 degrees, a much greater heat than the chicks require; the temperature inside the hen's wings is 99.4 degrees, but the chicks are not compelled to remain in either of these places. If they are cold, they can be quickly warmed; if they become too warm, they can push out their head or body and cool off. We should endeavor to obtain this flexible condition in artificial brooding.

From the conditions found in natural incubation, it would seem that the latest system of brooding chicks, the use of coal burning or oil burning brooder stoves that have a temperature of 110 to 120 degrees near the stove and lower temperatures at greater distances, would be more successful than small brooders in which the chicks are kept at a certain heat. The secret of success in brooding chicks is to have some warm place (a hover), to which the chicks may run when cold and from which they can move into a more moderate temperature when too warm. Brooders that do not permit the chicks to select a comfortable heat at all times must be operated by an expert, or the brood will be endangered by being overheated or chilled.

The cost of the coal burning stove referred to has been reduced, so that it is possible to purchase a reliable style that broods up to 500 chicks at a moderate price. Such a stove is placed in the centre of a room and if chicks of different ages are brooded, the room is divided by wire partitions 18 inches high into four pens, with the stove at the centre corner of each. The different lots hover around the stove at night and will not crowd into the corner because it is too warm there. They prefer to sleep two or three feet from the stove.

To be continued.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION
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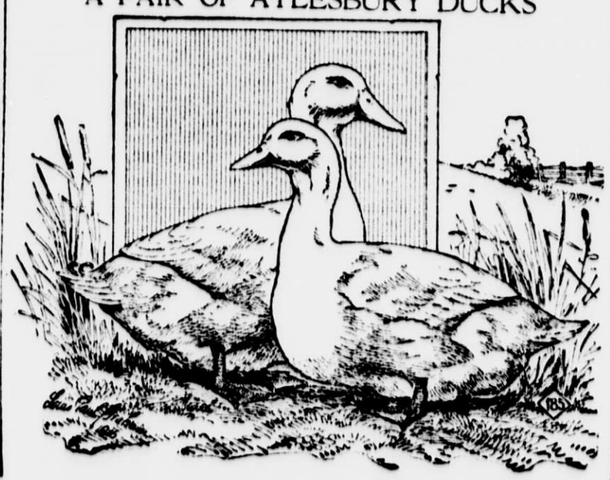
Chicks, $15; Eggs, $8 per 100 and up.
O'MEARA BROS., Box S, Ridgewood, N. J.

A PAIR OF AYLESBURY DUCKS



WHITE ENGLISH DUCK NOT SO POPULAR HERE

Stands at Head of Breed in England Because of Rapid Growth.

The Aylesbury stands at the head of the domestic races of ducks bred in England, probably because of its rapid growth and early maturity. It was the first white domestic duck bred, formerly known as the White English, and in the early part of the last century it became known as the Aylesbury.

It originated in the vale of Aylesbury and this district bears the same relation to London as does Long Island to the markets of New York city. The difference, however, lies chiefly in the cost of rearing, and, as a rule, the yards or duckyards are smaller.

The Aylesbury ducks have an almost horizontal carriage; males weigh [illegible] pounds and females eight pounds; plumage is white, free from [illegible] dercolor. The bill is large and [illegible] and of pale flesh color, with no [illegible] yellow. The skin is light pink, [illegible] fading dead white after a few [illegible] cold storage. Their fat is also [illegible] colored, and the meat is short-grained, tender and white. The legs and feet are bright orange, with white nails.

Aylesbury ducks are great layers; in fact, this is one reason for their popularity. In flocks the average egg [illegible] is 115 per year. The eggs are large, white shelled and translucent.

The old duck is a fairly good mother but apt to be an indifferent one. The ducklings are hardy and rapid growers, easy to raise and fatten and a good green duck maturity (market size) from nine to eleven weeks.

Aylesbury ducks have never secured a firm hold in America, although many are bred for show purposes. The pink-colored bills and light legs prevent them from finding the ready sale among our housewives for the yellow-legged Pekin.