The Wreckers

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

...right by Charles Scribner's Sons

"RESIGNED—GAVE UP AND RAN AWAY?"

...nopsis.—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmie ...s, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, ...her small cousin. Unseen, they witness a peculiar train holdup, in which ...cial car is carried off. Norcross recognizes the car stolen as John Chad...'s financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Portal City. He and Dodds ...Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the ...er Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by ...kenridge Dunton, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila ...is stopping at Portal City accepts. Dodds overhears conversation be...en Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Portal City financiers, in which ...y admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnaping, their object being to keep Chad...k from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short ...k, which would jeopardize their interests. To curb the monopoly controlled ...Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Citizens' ...rage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in ...ila Macrae. Dodds learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her ...band. Norcross does not know this.

CHAPTER V

—4—

And Satan Came Also

...w your office lights from the ...' was the way the Red Tower ...t began on me, and his voice ...e straight back to the Oregon ...and a lumber camp where the ...ers were at work. "Where is Norcross?"

...old him that Mr. Norcross was ...n, and that I didn't suppose he ...d come back to the office again ...night, now that it was so late. ...y name is Hatch, of the Red ...r company," he grated, after a ...y or two. "You're the one they ...Dodds, aren't you?"

...mitted it, and he went on.

...rcross brought you here with ...m the West, didn't he? What ...n you getting here?"

...as on the tip of my tongue to ...him out right there and then ...ell him it was none of his busi... But the second thought (which ...lways as good as it's said to ...) whispered to me to lead him on ...ow far he would go. So I ...him the figures of my pay check.

"...needing another shorthand ...and I can afford to pay a good ...re than that," he growled. "...tell me you are well up at the ...your trade. Are you open to an ..."

"...him have it straight then. "Not ...you," I said.

"...why not from me?"

...was where I made my first ...k. All of a sudden I got so ...at the thought that he was ac...trying to buy me that I couldn't ...thing but red, and I blurted "...because I don't hire out to work ...y strong-arm outfit—not if I ...it!"

...a little while he sat blinking ...from under his bushy eyebrows, ...his hard mouth was drawn into ...ight line with a mean little ...e coming and going at the cor... of it.

...n he got ready to speak again ...d, "You're only a boy. You want ...t on in the world, don't you? ...offering you a good chance: the ...you ever had. You don't owe ...cross anything more than your ...do you?"

"Maybe not."

"That's better. Put on your hat ...come along with me. I want to ...you what I can do for you in a ...e field than railroading ever was, ...ever will be. It'll pay you—" and ...named a figure that very nearly ...me fall dead out of my chair.

...course, it was all plain enough. ...had him on the hip with that ...business, with me for a .... And he was trying to fix the ...

"...ness we needn't beat about the ...s any longer, Mr. Hatch," I said, ...g up to him. "I haven't told ...heriff, or anybody but Mr. Nor... what I know about a certain ...train hold-up that happened a ...weeks ago down at Sand Creek ...but that isn't saying that I'm ...ing to."

"...had had the sense of a field ...I might have known that I ...match for such a man; but ...the sense—lacked it good and ...

"...like your boss," he said. "You'd go a long distance out ...way to make an enemy when ...no need of it. That hold-up ...was a joke, from start to .... I don't know how you and Nor...e to get in on it; the joke ...t to be on John Chadwick. ...before, at a little dinner we ...ing him at the railroad club, ...there never was a railroad ...that couldn't have been stood .... A few of us got together after... and put up a job on him; sent ...to Strathcona and arranged ...him held up on the way back." ...Chadwick didn't take it as a ...," I retorted.

"...he didn't; and that's why ...all anxious now to dig a hole ...the thing decently. Perhaps ...all been taking a drop too ...at the club dinner that night." ...that I swelled up man-size and ...the whole kettle of fat into ...fire.

"Of course, it was a joke!" I rip...out. "And your coming here to... try to hire me away from Mr. ...is another. The woods are ...good shorthand men, Mr. Hatch, ...the present I think I shall ...where I am—where a court ...can find me when I'm ..."

"...all nonsense, and you know ...re not too much of a kid to ...thing," he snapped, shooting ...heavy jaw at me. "I merely ...to give you a chance to get ...railroad collar, if you felt .... I like a fighting man; and ...nerve. Take a night and ...it. Maybe you'll think dif...in the morning."

...was another chance for me to ...with a whole skin, but by this ...was completely lost to any ...ighing and measuring of the possible consequences. Leaning across the desk end I gave him a final shot, just as he was getting up to go.

"Listen, Mr. Hatch," I said. "You haven't fooled me for a single minute. Your guess is right; I heard every word that passed between you and Mr. Henckel that Monday morning in the Bullard lobby. As I say, I haven't told anybody yet but Mr. Norcross; but if you go to making trouble for him and the railroad company, I'll go into court and swear to what I know!"

He was half-way out of the door when I got through, and he never made any sign that he heard what I said. After he was gone I began to sense, just a little, how big a fool I had made of myself. But I was still mad clear through at the idea that he had taken me for the other kind of a fool—the kind that wouldn't know enough to be sure that the president of a big corporation wouldn't get down to tampering with a common clerk unless there was some big thing to be stood off by it.

Stewing and sizzling over it, I puttered around with the papers on my desk for quite a little while before I remembered the two telegrams, and the fact that I'd have to go and stick the three-bladed knife into Mr. Norcross. When I did remember, I shoved the messages into my pocket, flicked off the lights and started to go uptown and hunt for the boss.

After closing the outer door of the office I don't recall anything particular except that I felt my way down the headquarters stair in the dark and groped across the lower hall to the outside door that served for the staircase entrance from the street. When I had felt around and found the brass

Everything Went Blank.

knob, something happened, I didn't know just what. In the tiny little fraction of a second that I had left, as you might say, between the hearse and the grave, I had a vague notion that the door was falling over on me and mashing me flat; and after that, everything went blank.

When I came to life out of what seemed like an endless succession of bad dreams it was broad daylight and the sun was shining brightly through some filmy kind of curtain stuff in a big window that looked out toward the west. I was in bed, the room was strange, and my right hand was wrapped up in a lot of cotton and bandaged.

I hadn't more than made the first restless move before I saw a sort of pie-faced woman in a nurse's cap and apron start to get up from where she was sitting by the window. Before she could come over to the bed, somebody opened a door and tip-toed in ahead of nursey. I had to blink hard two or three times before I could really make up my mind that the tip-toer was Maisie Ann. She looked as if she might be the nurse's understudy. She had a nifty little lace cap on her thick mop of hair, and I guess her apron was meant to be nursey too, only it was frilled and tucked to a fare-you-well.

"You poor, poor boy!" she cooed, patting my pillow just like my grandmother used to when I was a little kid and had the mumps or the measles. "Are you still roaming around in the Oregon woods?"

That brought my dream, or one of them, back; the one about wandering around in a forest of Douglas fir and having to jump and dodge to keep the big trees from falling on me and smashing me.

"No more woods for mine," I said, sort of feebly. And then: "Where am I?"

"You are in bed in the spare room at Cousin Basil's. They wanted to take you to the railroad hospital that night, but when they telephoned up here to try to find Mr. Norcross, Cousin Basil went right down and brought you home with him in the ambulance."

"'That night,' you say?" I parroted. "It was last night that the door fell on me, wasn't it?"

"I don't know anything about a door, but the night that they found you all burnt and crippled, lying at the foot of your office stairs, was three days ago. You have been out of your head nearly all the time ever since."

"Burnt and crippled? What happened to me, Maisie Ann?"

"Nobody knows; not even the doctors. We've been hoping that some day you'd be able to tell us. Can't you tell me now, Jimmie?"

I told her all there was to tell, mumbling around among the words the best I could. Then she told me how the headquarters watchman had found me about midnight; with my right hand scorched black and the rest of me apparently dead and ready to be buried. The ambulance surgeon had insisted, and was still insisting, that I had been handling a live wire; but there were no wires at all in the lower hall, and nothing stronger than an incandescent light current in the entire office building.

"And you say I've been here hanging on by my eyelashes for three days? What has been going on in all that time, Maisie Ann? Hasn't anybody been here to see me?"

She gave a little nod. "Everybody, nearly. Mr. Van Britt has been up every day, and sometimes twice a day. He has been awfully anxious for you to come alive."

"But Mr. Norcross?" I queried. "Hasn't he been up?"

She shook her head and turned her face away, and she was looking straight out of the window at the setting sun when she asked, "When was the last time you saw Mr. Norcross, Jimmie?"

I choked a little over a big scare that seemed to rush up out of the bed-clothes to smother me. But I made out to answer her question, telling her how Mr. Norcross had left the office maybe half an hour or so before I did, that night, going up-town with Mr. Ripley. Then I asked her why she wanted to know.

"Because nobody has seen him since a little later that same night," she said, saying it very softly and without turning her head. And then: "Mr. Van Britt found a letter from Mr. Norcross on his desk the next morning. It was just a little typewritten note, on a Hotel Bullard letter sheet, saying that he had made up his mind that the Pioneer Short Line wasn't worth fighting for, and that he was resigning and taking the midnight train for the East."

I sat straight up in bed; I should have had to do it if both arms had been burnt to a crisp clear to the shoulders.

"Resigned?—gave up and ran away? I don't believe that for a single minute, Maisie Ann!" I burst out.

She was shaking her head again, still without turning her face so that I could see it.

"I—I'm afraid it's all true, Jimmie. There were two telegrams that came to Mr. Norcross the night he went away; one from Mr. Chadwick and the other from Mr. Dunton. I heard Mr. Van Britt telling Cousin Sheila what the messages were. He'd seen the copies of them that they keep in the telegraph office."

It was on my tongue's end to say that Mr. Norcross never had seen those two telegrams, because I had them in my pocket and was on my way to deliver them when I got shot; but I didn't. Instead, I said: "And you think that was why Mr. Norcross threw up his hands and ran away?"

"No; I don't think anything of the sort. I know what it was, and you know what it was," and at that she turned around and pushed me gently down among the pillows.

"What was it?" I whispered, more than half afraid that I was going to hear a confirmation of my own breath-taking conviction. And I heard it, all right.

"It was what I was telling you about, that same evening, you remember—down in the hall when you brought the flowers for Cousin Sheila. You told him what I told you, didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have a chance—not any real chance."

"Then somebody else told him, Jimmie; and that is the reason he has resigned and gone away. Mr. Van Britt thinks it was on account of the two messages from Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Dunton, and that is why he wants to talk to you about it. But you know, and I know, Jimmie, dear; and for Cousin Sheila's sake and Mr. Norcross', we must never lisp it to a human soul. A new general manager has been appointed, and he is on his way out here from New York. Everything has gone to pieces on the railroad, and all of Mr. Norcross' friends are getting ready to resign. Isn't it perfectly heart-breaking?"

It was; it was so heart-breaking that I just gasped once or twice and went off the hooks again, with Maisie Ann's frightened little shriek ringing in my ears as she tried to hold me back from slipping over the edge.

CHAPTER VI

What Every Man Knows——

I wasn't gone very long on this second excursion into the woozy-woozles, though it was night-time, and the shaded electric light was turned on when I opened my eyes and found Mrs. Sheila sitting by the bedside. The change in Mrs. Sheila sort of made me gasp. She wasn't any less pretty as she sat there with her hands clasped in her lap, but she was different; sober, and with the laugh all gone out of the big gray eyes, and a look in them as if she had suddenly become so wise that nobody could ever fool her.

"You are feeling better now?" she asked, when she found me staring at her.

I told her I guessed I was, but that my hand hurt me some.

"You have had a great shock of some kind—besides the burn, Jimmie," she rejoined, folding up the bed covers so that the bandaged hand would rest easier. "The doctors are all puzzled. Does your head feel quite clear now—so that you can think?"

"It feels as if I had a crazy clock in it," I said. "But the thinking part is all right. Have you heard anything from Mr. Norcross yet?"

"Not a word. We have been hoping that you could tell us something when you should recover sufficiently to talk. Can't you, Jimmie?"

Remembering what Maisie Ann had told me just before I went off the hooks, I thought I might tell her a lot if I dared to. But that wouldn't do. So I just said:

"I told Maisie Ann all I knew about Mr. Norcross. He left the office some little time before I did—with Mr. Ripley. I didn't know where they were going."

"They went to the hotel," she helped out. "Mr. Ripley says they sat in the lobby until after ten o'clock, and then Mr. Norcross went up to his rooms."

Of course, I knew that Mr. Ripley knew all about the Hatch ruction; but if he hadn't told her, I wasn't going to tell her.

"There was some trouble in connection with Mr. Hatch that evening, wasn't there?" she asked.

"Hatch had some trouble—yes. But I guess the boss didn't have any," I replied.

"Tell me about it," she commanded; and I told her just as little as I could; how Hatch had had an interview with the boss earlier in the evening, while I was away.

"It wasn't a quarrel?" she suggested.

"Why should they quarrel?" I asked.

She shook her head. "You are sparring with me, Jimmie, in some mistaken idea of being loyal to Mr. Norcross. You needn't, you know. Mr. Norcross has told me all about his plans; he has even been generous enough to say that I helped him make them. That is why I cannot understand why he should do as he has done—or at least as everybody believes he has done."

I saw how it was. She was trying to find some explanation that would clear the boss, and perhaps implicate the Hatch crowd. I couldn't tell her the real reason why he had run away. Maisie Ann had been right as right about that; we must keep it to our two selves. But I tried to let her down easy.

"Mr. Van Britt has told you about those two telegrams that came after Mr. Norcross left the office," I said, still covering up the fact that the telegrams hadn't been delivered—that they were probably in the pocket of my coat right now, wherever that was. "They were enough to make any man throw up his hands and quit, I should say."

"No," she insisted, looking me straight in the eyes. "You are not telling the truth now, Jimmie. You know Mr. Norcross better than any of us, and you know that it isn't the least little bit like him to walk out and leave everything to go to wreck. Have you ever known of his doing anything like that before?"

I had to admit that I hadn't; that, on the other hand, it was the very thing you'd least expect him to do. But at the same time I had to hang on to my sham belief that it was the thing he had done: either that, or tell her the truth.

"Every man reaches his limit, some time!" I protested. "What was Mr. Norcross to do, I'd like to know; with Mr. Chadwick getting scared out, and Mr. Dunton threatening to fire him?"

"The thing he wouldn't do would be to go off and leave all of his friends, Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Hornack, and all the rest, to fight it out alone. You know that as well as I do, Jimmie Dodds!"

"If you won't take my theory, you must have one of your own," I said; not knowing what else to say.

"I have," she flashed back, "and I want you to hurry and get well so that you can help me trace it out."

"Me?" I queried.

"Yes, you. The others are all so stupid! even Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Ripley. They insist that Mr. Norcross went east to see and talk with Mr.

"You Are Sparring With Me, Jimmie."

Chadwick. They have found out that Mr. Chadwick left Chicago the day after he sent that telegram, to go up into the Canadian woods to look at some mines, or something. They say that Mr. Norcross has followed him, and that is why they don't hear anything from him."

"What do you think?" I asked.

She didn't answer right away, and in the little pause I saw a sort of frightened look come into her eyes. But all she said was, "I want you to hurry up and get well, Jimmie, so you can help."

"I'm well enough now, if they'll let me get up."

"Not tonight; tomorrow, maybe." Then: "Mr. Van Britt is down-stairs with Cousin Basil. He has been very anxious to talk with you as soon as you were able to talk. May I send him up?"

Of course I said yes; and pretty soon after she went away, our one and only millionaire came in. He looked as he always did; just as if he had that minute stepped out of a Turkish bath where they shave and scrub and polish a man till he shines.

"How are you, Jimmie?" he rapped out. "Glad to see you on earth again. Feeling a little more fit, tonight?"

I told him I didn't think it would take more than half a dozen fellows of my size to knock me out, but I was gaining. Then he sat down and put me on the question rack. I gave him

"We Must Stand by Him and Defend Him."

all I had—except that thing about the undelivered telegrams and two or three others that I couldn't give him or anybody.

"We're in pretty bad shape, aren't we?" I suggested.

"We couldn't be in worse shape," was the way he put it. Then he told me a little more than Maisie Ann had; how President Dunton had wired to stop all the betterment work on the Short Line until the new general manager could get on the ground; how the local capitalists at the head of the new Citizens' Storage & Warehouse organization were scared plumb out of their shoes and were afraid to make a move; and how the newspapers all over the state were saying that it was just what they had expected—that the railroad was crooked in root and branch, and that a good man couldn't stay with it long enough to get his breath.

"Then the new general manager has been appointed?" I asked.

He nodded. "Some fellow by the name of Dismuke. I don't know him, and neither does Hornack. He is on his way west now, they say."

"Mr. Norcross hasn't shown up at Mr. Chadwick's Chicago offices?" I ventured.

"No. The telegraph people have been wiring everywhere and can't get any trace of him."

"Tell them to try Galesburg. That's where his people live."

"I know," he said; and he made a note of the address on the back of an envelope. Then he came at me again, on the "direct," as a lawyer would say.

"You've been closer to Norcross in an intimate way than any of us, Jimmie: haven't you seen or heard something that would help to turn a little more light on this damnable blow-up?"

I hadn't—outside of the one thing I couldn't talk about—and I told him so, and at this he let me see a little more of what was going on in his own mind.

"You're one of us, in a way, Jimmie, and I can talk freely to you. Mrs. Macrae insists that there has been foul play of some sort. You say you weren't present when Hatch called on Norcross at the office that night?"

"No; I came in just after Hatch went away."

"Did Norcross say anything to make you think there had been a fight?"

"He told me that Hatch was abusive and had made threats—in a business way."

"In a business way? What do you mean by that?"

I quoted the boss' own words, as nearly as I could recall them.

"So Hatch did make a threat, then? Can you add anything more?"

I could, but I didn't want to. Mr. Van Britt didn't know anything about the Sand Creek siding hold-up, or I supposed he didn't, and I didn't want to be the first one to tell him. Besides, the whole business was beside the mark. Maisie Ann knew, and I knew, that the boss, strong and unbreakable as he was in other ways, had simply thrown up his hands and quit because somebody had told him that Mrs. Sheila had a husband living. So I just said:

"Nothing that would help out," and after he had talked a little while longer our only millionaire went downstairs again.

It's so funny how things change around for a person just by giving them time to sort of shake down into place and fit themselves together. After a while the chin edge of the wedge that Mrs. Sheila had been trying to drive into me began to take hold, just a little, in spite of what I knew—or thought I knew. Was it barely possible, after all, that there had been foul play of some sort?

In the first place, something had been done to me by somebody: it was a sure thing that I hadn't crippled and half-killed myself all by my lonesome. Then they had said that the boss stayed up with Mr. Ripley that night until after ten o'clock, and had then gone up to go to bed. That being the case, how could anybody have got to him between that time and the leaving time of the midnight Fast Mail to tell him about Mrs. Sheila?

Anyway it was stacked up, it made a three-cornered puzzle, needing somebody to tackle it right away; and when I finally went to sleep it was with the notion that, sick or no sick, I was going to turn out early in the morning and get busy.

I was well enough to get up the next morning, and when I phoned to Mr. Van Britt he sent his car out to the major's to take me down to the office. Just before I left the house, Mrs. Sheila waylaid me, and after telling me that I must be careful and not take cold in the burnt hand, she put in another word about the boss' disappearance.

"I want you to remember what I said last night, Jimmie, and not let the others talk you over into the belief that Mr. Norcross has gone away because he was either discouraged or afraid. He wouldn't do that: you know it, and I know it. We are his friends, you and I, and we must stand by him and defend him when he isn't here to defend himself."

It did me good to hear her talk that way. I had been sort of getting ready to dislike her for letting the boss get in so deep and not telling him straight out that she was a married woman and he mustn't; but when I saw that she was trying to be just as loyal to him as I was, it pulled me over to her side again.

Though the boss' disappearance was now four days old, things were still in a sort of daze down at the railroad offices. Mr. Van Britt, being the general superintendent and next in command, had moved over into the boss' office, and Fred May was doing his shorthand work. They wouldn't let me do anything much—I couldn't do much with my right arm in a sling—so I had a chance to hang around and size up the situation. If you want to know how it sized up, you can take it from me that it was pretty bad. People all along the line were bombarding Mr. Van Britt with letters and telegrams wanting to know what was going to be done, and what the change in management was going to mean for the public, and all that. You see, Mr. Norcross had laid out a mighty attractive program in the little time he had been at the wheel, and now it looked as if it was all going to be dumped into the ditch.

Jimmie turns sleuth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAID BIBLE SCENES IN CHINA

Native Artist Had No Conception of Any Other Land Outside of His Own.

In north Fukien province there dwelt an artist who painted pictures on silk for the gentry of his little village. The people in this secluded hamlet nestled amid the hills, had never seen automobiles or airplanes, nor did they take the long journey to Shanghai to watch the great steamers come in laden with merchandise and messages from the ports of the world. But they knew the words of Confucius and Lao-tse and they lived and died with simple dignity as their fathers had done before them. One evening the artist, who had been working all day on a memorial portrait, strolled out into the dark, cool street to refresh his tired soul, writes Elsie F. Weil in Asia Magazine. The tiny white church of the foreign god beyond the tea shop was brilliantly lighted. The artist stood a moment in the open door. The young missionary was talking most eloquently; he was not preaching, but he seemed to be telling stories that were as fascinating as those recited in the bazaars. Almost in spite of himself the artist sank unobtrusively into an empty seat. For the first time he heard some of the beautiful old stories of the Bible, which have held the people of the West enthralled for 2,000 years. And the artist returned to his home and made pictures of the story of Noah and the flood, and of the parables of the lost sheep and of the prodigal son and of many others that were in the book of the western missionary. But he had never heard of the Palestine. To him Noah was Chinese, and the lost sheep belonged to a farmer of his province and the prodigal son might well have been a dissolute youth of his own village.

Rifled Oil Pipes.

The principle of the rifled gun is applied to pipes for pumping oil. The crude oil of California is mostly thick, viscous and difficult to pump through long lines. Heating cannot be successfully applied to a long pipe, and mixing with water results in an emulsion from which the oil cannot be readily separated. The best means of dealing with these viscous oils is by means of a pipe rifled on the inside, so that the oil, mixed with about 10 per cent of water, is caused to whirl rapidly. The water, being heavier than the oil, seeks the outside and forms a thin film, which lubricates the pipe for the passage of the oil. The friction is thus so far reduced that the oil has been pumped easily through a line thirty-one miles long. The water and the oil come out entirely separate at the end of the line.

Judging a Poet.

There are two ways of measuring a poet, either by an absolute aesthetic standard, or relatively to his position in the literary history of his country and the conditions of his generation. Both should be borne in mind as coefficients in a perfectly fair judgment. If his positive merit is to be settled irrevocably by the former, yet an intelligent criticism will find its advantage not only in considering what he was, but what, under the given circumstances, it was possible for him to be.—James Russell Lowell.

Cotton and Oxygen.

Because the hollow fibres of cotton are loaded with oxygen they burn with a quick flash. When you add to cotton, which is already loaded with oxygen, oil, which is also loaded with oxygen, the excess of oxygen is likely sooner or later to make the cotton burst into flame. That is how spontaneous combustion occurs among oily rags.

SUCCESS IN RAISING GEESE

Fowls Subsist Largely on Grass During Growing Season, and Require Little Attention.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Practically all the geese in this country are raised in small flocks on general farms, and few, if any, farms are devoted entirely to raising geese. Geese can be raised successfully in small numbers and at a profit on farms where there is plenty of grass or pasture land with a natural supply of water. The birds, both young and old, are very hardy and are rarely affected by any disease or insect pests. Grass makes up the bulk of the feed for geese, and it is doubtful whether it pays to raise them unless good grass range is available. Geese are the closest known grazers, and both the mature geese and the partially grown goslings will get their entire living from a good pasture so long as the grass remains green.

A body of water where they can swim is considered essential during the breeding season, and is desirable during the rest of the year. If there is no natural pond, an artificial one or tanks may be supplied to advantage. The market for geese is not so general as for chickens; this fact should be considered, poultry specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture say, in undertaking to raise geese. The demand and the price paid for geese are usually good in sections where geese fattening is conducted on a large scale.

Geese are fed a ration to produce eggs during the latter part of the winter (about February 1, in the northeastern section of this country) or so that the goslings will be hatched by the time there is good grass pasture. They are allowed to make nests on the floor of the house, or large boxes, barrels, or shelters are provided for that purpose.

Goslings hatched under hens should be examined for head lice, and a little grease—lard or vaseline—applied with the fingers on the head and neck. Some breeders who hatch with both geese and hens give all the goslings to the geese, which make the best moth-

Geese Grow Rapidly and Are Rarely Affected With Disease.

ers. A few breeders prefer to breed the goslings artificially, keeping them from one to three weeks in the house at night in a covered bushel basket.

To keep a record of their age and breeding the web of the feet of the newly hatched goslings should be punched. Hens with goslings may be confined to the coop and the goslings allowed to range. In mild weather the hens are allowed to brood the goslings from seven to ten days, when the latter are able to take care of themselves. It is very necessary to keep the young goslings dry, so they are usually kept confined in the morning until the dew is dried off, and they should not be allowed to get into water until partly feathered. This occurs when they are from two to four weeks old, depending on the weather and their range. Goslings caught and apparently drowned in a cold rain may sometimes be revived by drying in flannel near a fire.

Good-sized growing coops with board floors should be provided for the goslings, which must be protected from their enemies. When on range, the young bird needs some attention, as they may get lost or caught in post holes and odd corners. Young goslings, if confined, should be given grass yards and the coops removed frequently to fresh grass. It is better to keep the growing goslings separate from the old stock. Shade should be provided in hot weather. If very young goslings are allowed to run with large animals, they are apt to be injured or killed.

MAKE FOWLS WORK FOR FOOD

Grains Scattered in Litter Compel Hens to Exercise—Green Feed Aids Digestion.

All scratch feed or whole grain should be scattered in the litter, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Hens like to work for their living. Troughs or hoppers should be used for dry mash. They keep this feed always accessible. Noon is the time to provide fresh green food. It aids digestion.

Get Rid of Roosters.

After the hatching season, cook, sell, or pen your rooster. Hens not running with a male bird will produce infertile eggs—quality eggs that keep best and market best. The rooster does not help the hens to lay.

Get Rid of Egg Eater.

Get rid of the egg eater if you have one in your flock, for she will soon teach the habit to others.