

POULTRY FACTS



LITTLE TROUBLE WITH GEES

Many Farms Adapted for Raising Small Number of Fowls—Pasturage is Quite Essential.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In our efforts to increase the production of poultry, which is being urged by the department of agriculture, we should not ignore turkeys, ducks and geese. Many farms are well adapted for geese-raising. They



Flock of Toulouse Geese.

may be raised in small numbers successfully and at a profit on farms where there is low, rough pasture land with a natural supply of water. Geese are generally quite free from disease and insect pests, but occasionally are affected by ailments common to poultry. Grass makes up the bulk of their food, and for this reason pasturage is essential. A body of water, while not absolutely essential, is valuable where geese are raised, and some breeders consider it important during the breeding season. Geese are good foragers, and for this reason many farmers in the South keep them to kill the weeds in the cotton fields.

Geese need little protection in the way of a house, except in winter and during stormy weather. Some kind of a shelter should be provided for the young goslings, and the same precautions taken in raising chickens as to keep the coops and houses clean and provided with plenty of straw scattered about the floor, should be taken.

Geese like other kinds of poultry, should be selected for size, prolificacy and vitality. They should be mated several months prior to the breeding season to obtain the best results. Good matings are not changed from year to year unless the results are unsatisfactory. A gander may be mated with one to four geese, but pair or trio matings usually give the best results. When mated, geese are allowed to run in flocks. From four to twenty-five geese may be kept on an acre of land, and under most conditions ten is a fair average.

PREPARE GEES FOR MARKET

Young Fowls Can Be Fed Advantageously While on Grass or Confinement in Small Yards.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Before marketing the young geese the average farmer can feed advantageously a fattening ration either while the geese are on grass range or confined to small yards, but it is doubtful whether it would pay him to confine them to a special or small pens and make a specialty of fattening unless he has a special market or retail trade for well-fattened stock.

Geese are usually killed and plucked in the same manner as other kinds of poultry. Some markets prefer dry-plucked geese, while in other markets no difference is made in the price of scalded or dry-plucked geese. When feathers are to be saved, fowls should not be scalded but should be plucked dry before or after steaming.

RAISING GEES FOR PROFIT

Fowls Earn Their Own Living by Foraging in Pastures—Alfalfa Field is Ideal.

That there is big money in raising geese is conceded by every one who has had anything to do with the raising of them. They earn their own living by foraging in the pastures and meadows, and when great quantities of alfalfa are raised would be an ideal place for them.

FIXTURES OF POULTRY HOUSE

Construction Should Be So That Everything Can Be Readily Removed and Cleaned.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

As far as possible, the interior fixtures of a poultry house, such as roosts, nests, dust boxes, drinking fountains, feed troughs and grit boxes, should be so constructed as to permit them to be readily removed and cleaned.

Mortality Among Poultry

The high mortality common in young poultry usually is due to some of the following causes: Exposure to dampness and cold; improper feeding; close confinement; lice; predatory animals; weakness in the parent stock.

Clean Litter for Grain

Provide 4 or 5 inches of good, clean litter on the floor of the poultry house in which to scatter the grain feed. The hens must exercise in order to get the grain, and this promotes health and egg production.



Orion P. Howe

Nearly 1,000,000 Soldiers Who Served in Federal Army Were Under 16 Years of Age



Orion P. Howe as a Soldier

THE FACT that the draft law under which the United States is now raising its armies placed the minimum age of men to be included in the draft at twenty-one years has called attention to the extreme youth of the men who made up the forces that fought and won the Civil war.

It may truthfully be said that the war was won by an army of school-boys. The younger generation probably is not aware of the fact that nearly a million of those who carried muskets on behalf of the Federal cause were less than sixteen years of age when they enlisted. Statistics show that there were exactly 844,891 boys under that age in the Federal army. There were 1,151,438 under eighteen years of age, and of the total enlistments of 2,778,369 there were 2,159,798 under twenty-one years of age.

Not only were the great majority of privates less than twenty-one years of age, but the records show that companies, regiments and brigades were commanded literally by schoolboys. At the close of the war, it is said it was the exception to find a brigade or division commander who was more than thirty years old.

Brig. Gen. John L. Clem is generally credited with being the youngest soldier on record. He was born in Newark, O., August 13, 1851. He was not quite ten years old when he entered the volunteer service as a drummer at the beginning of the war. Two years later, when he was still not quite twelve years old, he was regularly enlisted and took his place in the ranks. He was made a sergeant for bravery displayed in the battle of Chickamauga and served until the close of the war. He returned to school when the war ended and graduated from the Newark high school. In 1871 he was appointed a second lieutenant in the regular army and remained in the regular service until 1915, when he was retired with the rank of brigadier general.

Among the heroes who were awarded the congressional medal of honor for valor shown upon the field of battle there were many who were mere children. A veteran officer of the Federal army, writing in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, recalled some interesting history connected with some of these youthful heroes. The writer gave the following account of some of these unusual cases:

"Robinson B. Murphy was born May 11, 1849. He enlisted as musician at the beginning of the war and the official statement of the action for which he gained his congress medal reads:

"At Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864, being orderly to the brigade commander, he voluntarily led two regiments as re-enforcements into line of battle, where he had his horse shot from under him."

"He enlisted August 6, 1862, at the age of twelve years, two months and twenty-four days, in the One Hundred Twenty-seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was made orderly to the colonel of the regiment. In January, 1864, he was made orderly to Gen. J. A. J. Lightburn, and participated in several hard-fought battles. In the army he was known as 'Bob.' When he performed the wonderful feat that gained him the medal he was only fifteen years old. The circumstances under which young Murphy led two regiments into battle were as follows:

"The division in which General Lightburn commanded was that day on the extreme right of the army, which was being flanked by the enemy. Young Murphy was sent to the right by his general to find out the situation, and finding that the enemy had flanked the right wing and was driving them, he rode on his pony down the line and met General Logan, who commanded that day, and begged him with tears in his eyes for re-enforcements, telling him they were cutting our right all to pieces. The general replied: 'I have ordered re-enforcements from the left, and here they come now, and if you know where they are needed, Bob, show them in.' And that is how he came to lead the two regiments that day. General Lightburn wrote regarding Bob that he was 'not only brave and faithful, but displayed remarkable judgment for one of his age, as I soon found out. I could depend on him under any circumstances that might arise.'

"And here is another very little chap who gained his medal, Orion P. Howe, born December 29, 1848. He enlisted early in the war and was wounded at Vicksburg and three times at Dallas, Ga. His record is a brilliant one, and General Sherman tells the story in a letter of August 8, 1863:

"Headquarters Fifteenth Army Corps, Camp on Black River, August 8, 1863.

"Hon. E. Stanton, Secretary of War.

"Sir: I take the liberty of asking, through you, that something be done for a lad named Orion P. Howe of Waukegan, Ill., who belongs to the Fifty-fifth Illinois, but at present is home wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman. When the assault on Vicksburg was at its height, on the 19th of May, and I was in front near the road, which formed my line of attack, this young lad came up to me, wounded and bleeding, with a good, healthy boy's cry: 'General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Malmberg; the men are nearly all out.' 'What's the matter, my boy?' 'They shot me in the leg, sir, but I can go to the hospital. Send the

Union Saved by Army of Schoolboys



Gen. John L. Clem, youngest soldier on record

cartridges right away." Even where he stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once. I would attend to the cartridges and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned and called as loud as he could: 'Caliber 54.' I have not seen the lad since, and his colonel (Malmberg) on inquiry gives me the address above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education. What arrested my attention then was—and what renewed my memory of the fact now is—that one so young, carrying a musket-ball through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part of the caliber of his musket, 54, which you know is an unusual one. I'll warrant that the boy has in him the elements of a man, and I commend him to the government as one worth the fostering care of one of the national institutions. I am, with respect,

"Your obedient servant,
"W. T. SHERMAN,
"Major General Commanding."

"When the poet, George H. Boker, learned of the episode of young Howe, he put the story in verse.

"John Cook, too, gained a medal of honor when a mere child. He was born in Ohio, August 10, 1847, and enlisted in Battery B, Fourth United States artillery, at the breaking out of the war. He was serving as bugler at Antietam, and certainly did enough to merit his medal. The boy distinguished himself at Antietam and in every fight in which the command was engaged. At Antietam the battery was knocked to pieces, losing about 50 per cent of the men, killed or wounded. Captain Campbell fell, severely wounded, and young Cook assisted him to the rear, quickly returning to the firing line, where, seeing nearly all the men down and not enough left to man the guns, the little fellow unstrapped a pouch of ammunition from the body of a dead gunner who was lying near one of the caissons, ran forward with it and acted as gunner until the end of the fight.

"J. C. Julius Langbein was a very small boy, indeed, when at the battle of Camden, North Carolina, April 15, 1862, he won his congress medal. The official record states that 'when a drummer boy, he voluntarily and under a heavy fire went to the aid of a wounded officer, procured medical aid for him and aided in carrying him to a place of safety.' After the battle he was granted a short leave of absence to visit his parents, and what a thrill of happiness the boy must have felt when he handed his mother a commendatory letter from his company commander.

"And here is another boy who wears the congress medal of honor, nobly won: George D. Sidman, a schoolboy from Michigan, a mere child in years, when he made his great record and won the medal for 'distinguished bravery in battle at Gaines Mills, June 27, 1862.' This battle, the second of the 'Seven Days' battles before Richmond, was one of the most disastrous battles of the Civil war, wherein Fitz John Porter's Fifth army corps was pitted against the three army corps of Generals Longstreet, Hill and 'Stonewall' Jackson.

"Brig. Gen. Daniel Butterfield's brigade, composed of the Twelfth, Seventeenth and Forty-fourth New York, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and Sixteenth Michigan Volunteer Infantry regiments, that day occupied the left line of battle in the form of a curve, with the Sixteenth and Eighty-third on the extreme left and resting on the border of Chickahominy swamp. Here the brigade was called upon to resist several desperate charges of the enemy during the day, which, in every instance, resulted in defeat of the attacking forces.

"It was in this 'forlorn hope' rally that Sidman, then a youth of seventeen, serving in the ranks of Company C, Sixteenth Michigan, as a private, but borne on the rolls of his company as a drummer boy, distinguished himself by waving his gun and calling upon his comrades to rally on the colors as he had done, thus setting an example that was

speedily followed by a number of others, and winning the approbation of Major Welch of his regiment, who was a witness of the heroic act. He was in the front rank of the charge back upon the enemy, and in the almost hand-to-hand conflict that followed fell severely wounded through the left hip by a minnie ball.

"On the morning of December 13, 1862, while the Fifth corps was drawn up in line of battle on Stafford heights waiting for orders to cross the Rappahannock river and enter Fredericksburg, Colonel Stockton, commanding the Third brigade, First Division, called upon the Sixteenth Michigan for a volunteer to carry the new brigade flag that had just reached the command. Sidman, but now partially recovered from his wound, sprang from the ranks and begged for this duty. His patriotism and fidelity to duty, well known to Major Welch, now commanding the regiment, won for him the coveted prize, much to the chagrin of several other comrades who valiantly offered their services. Leading his brigade on its famous charge up Marye's heights, in that terrible slaughter under Burnside, he was again wounded, but not so severely as to prevent him from planting the colors within 150 yards of the enemy's line, where they remained for 30 hours. Three days later he proudly bore his flag back across the Rappahannock, marked by a broken shaft and several holes, caused by the enemy's missiles during the charge.

"It was in this battle, Sunday, December 14, 1862, while the brigade lay all day hugging the ground behind the slight elevation a few yards in front of the enemy, momentarily expecting an attack, that Sidman, with a comrade of his own company, displayed humanity as well as remarkable valor by running the gauntlet through a railroad cut for canisters of water for the sick and wounded comrades who could not be removed from the lines; this at a time, too, when the enemy's sharpshooters were so stationed as to command the ground a considerable distance in the rear of the brigade lines. It was this distinguished service of humanity at Fredericksburg, in the face of a vigilant enemy and with almost certain death staring him in the face, that prompted his officers in recommending him for the medal of honor. The war department, with a full record knowledge of his service from Gaines Mills to Fredericksburg, and for reasons best known to itself, decided that the medal was earned at the first-named battle, with continuing merit to the end of his military service.

"Perhaps the most dangerous duty that a soldier can be engaged in is that of scout. In a book published after the war, and called 'Hampton and His Cavalry,' the following definition of a scout is given: 'The scouts of the army did not constitute a distinct organization, but suitable men volunteering for this duty were detailed from the different commands. The position required not only coolness, courage, zeal and intelligence, but special faculties born in some few men.'

"The line of demarcation between a scout and a spy was at times very ill-defined, for, as the scouts were usually dressed in enemy's uniforms which they had captured, they were by strict military law subject to the penalty of spies if taken without the enemy's lines, and they were not without pleasant experiences of that sort.

"Undoubtedly one of the most distinguished of this class was Archibald Hamilton Rowand, Jr., who received the medal because of the indorsement of General Sheridan, who knew and appreciated his great services to the cause.

"Rowand was born March 6, 1845, in Philadelphia, Pa., and enlisted June 17, 1862, in Company K, First West Virginia cavalry, and served until August 17, 1863. His services were not only remarkable, but most valuable to the cause. He was one of the most daring and most trusted of Sheridan's scouts.

"Once, while scouting for Averill, he was captured, but told such a plausible story to the Confederate officers about being a Confederate scout with verbal orders from an distant general to another that he was allowed to depart. The first time he was detailed on scout duty his two companions were shot and killed. On his next trip his comrade and his own horse were killed when they were 18 miles inside of the Confederate lines, but Rowand managed to dodge the enemy's bullets and get back alive, vowing at every jump never to go on scout duty again. He soon recovered from his fright, however, and started out on another trip. While with Sheridan he was asked to locate the notorious partisan leader, Maj. Harry Gilmore, and, if possible, effect his capture.

"After several days' hard work he found Gilmore stopping in a large country mansion near Moorcroft, Va. This he reported to Sheridan, who sent with him about fifteen scouts under Colonel Young. They dressed in Confederate uniforms and, followed by 800 Federal cavalry at a distance of several miles, to be of assistance in case the true character of the scouts was discovered, they arrived near Gilmore's command about daybreak, and Rowand went forward alone and, single-handed, captured the vidette without a shot being fired. The scouts then entered the family mansion and took Gilmore out of bed and back to Sheridan's headquarters."

He Was Nearly There.

During McClellan's march up the Peninsula, a tall Vermontier got separated from his regiment and was tramping through the mud trying to overtake it. He came to a crossing and was puzzled which road to take, but a native came along and the soldier inquired: 'Where does this road lead to?' 'To hell,' answered the surly Southerner. 'Waah,' drawled the Green Mountain boy, 'judging by the lay of the land and the looks of the people, I calculate I'm most there.'

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

LITTLE PRAIRIE DOGS.

"There are so many animals who sleep in the winter and do not wake up until the spring" commenced Daddy, "and I have told you about ever and ever so many of the ones who don't think a night is nearly enough at a time for a sleep. They think to doze and dream all the winter long and to forget the cold weather is the right thing to do. But when spring comes they want to be around again.

"Many of the little creatures who would sleep if they were free for the winter time do not take such long naps if they are in the zoo. It is mostly because the weather in the cages is different from the weather outdoors. There the snow and rain and sleet and hail can't touch them. And they are fed regular meals.

"Among the animals who have been asleep all winter have been the frogs, toads, turtles, snakes, bears, woodchucks, and a good many others, but the ones who thought they had the best sleep of all were the little prairie dogs.

"They always go to sleep—even if they're in the zoo, and they dig their holes in the ground where they burrow down when the weather gets chilly.

"It's funny about our cousin, Mr. Woodchuck," said Peter Prairie Dog. "What is funny?" asked Pat, his younger brother.

"We are so alike in many ways, and in others quite different." "Pray explain," said Pat. "I'm younger and I don't know nearly so much. In fact, I'm very, very young, so young that I can't learn the lesson of remembering my age."

"That's not a lesson," said Peter, "but no matter. Remembering your age is a habit."

"What's a habit?" asked Pat, who was very fond of asking questions.

"A habit is something we do regularly because we have become accustomed to doing it," answered Peter, waving his tail.

"But, Pat, my dear brother, if you keep asking so many little odd questions, I'll never be able to tell you the difference between Mr. Woodchuck and myself."

"Pat was about to ask what little odd questions were, but stopped just in time, and instead of speaking, gave a funny little bark.

"I won't interrupt any more," said Pat.

"Mr. Woodchuck and his family," said Peter, "are our cousins. And what Mr. Woodchuck does, the whole family do, but we're only cousins, we have different ways. Still, everything Grandfather Prairie Dog does, we do, too. All families have the same ways for the most part."

"Peter Prairie dog barked and wagged his tail, turned around twice and then began again:

"Mr. Woodchuck is like us in the way he sleeps. He will not budge all the winter long, nor show any sign of life when he is sleeping. The farmer always knows that spring has come when the woodchuck appears. He goes into one of his holes and shuts off the other two which he has in the summer time, for he has quite a fine house, has Mr. Woodchuck. But if he should be disturbed by anyone in the cold weather he will stay rolled up in a ball and will not open his eyes. Now and again he will grunt, that's all.

"Now we sleep in much the same way. But we are different." "Pat listened attentively. He knew all the rest that Peter had been telling him, but he didn't know what was coming.

"Mr. Woodchuck is very sorrowful, which means the same as sad. He gets the 'blues' and becomes grumpy and unhappy and we are always pleasant.

"Often when 'What is Funny?' they think we are barking, we are really laughing, for we laugh with our tails. It's fine to be able to laugh forwards and backwards."

"Fine," echoed Pat.

"We like a great deal of the same food as Mr. Woodchuck does—vegetables and roots. But oh, carrots are the favorite dish of the prairie dogs." And Pat barked in agreement.

"We never make pets, though we're so pleasant and cheerful. It's just that we're not very fond of being too tame, and Mr. Woodchuck is like us in that respect, too.

"But to think of ever being unhappy in this beautiful, spring and summer world," said Peter, "for as long as we sleep in the winter we have no worry at all." And they barked happily as they ran to join their brothers and cousins."

Solar and Sidereal Years. Our word solar is derived from the Latin word sol, meaning the sun, and the term solar year means the period occupied by the earth in making its revolution around the sun. Ordinarily we call that 365 days, but to be astronomically exact, it is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 45 seconds. The word sidereal is derived from the Latin sidus, a star, and a sidereal year means the period of the earth's revolution around the sun as measured by the stars. The sidereal year is a few minutes longer than the solar year.

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Sizing Him Up.
June—"Can he trace back his ancestry far?" Jesse—"Not very far, for a man who cannot earn over \$15 a week."

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Alloyed Bliss.
A friend overheard this on the street car:
"Maude doesn't look quite happy."
"She isn't."
"Why, she ought to be. She's got a beautiful new engagement ring—"
"Yes, but she hasn't found out how much it cost yet."

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Business Mind.
A prominent Indianapolis banker, thinking to practice a little conservation, took five Liberty loan colored posters home to his four-year-old son to use as playthings, telling him they were Liberty bonds. The boy, evidently inheriting some of his father's own business ability, started out in the neighborhood to sell the "bonds" for a nickel each. He succeeded promptly in selling all five, and brought the quarter to his father to buy a Thrift stamp. —Indianapolis News.

The Secret.
Mullins observes that, while married men contend that their wives cannot keep a secret, these men themselves are "just as bad."
He tells of a married man who buttonholed him at the club and told him a lot of gossip. "Don't let this go any further, Henry," he said earnestly.
"Certainly not," said Mullins, "but how did you chance to hear it?"
"Oh, the wife, of course," responded the other. "She's just like all women—can't keep a secret to save her life!"

Wouldn't Need To.
Pat walked into the post office after getting into the telephone box he called a wrong number. As there was no such number the switch attendant did not answer him. Pat shouted again, but received no answer.
The lady of the post office opened the door and told him to shout a little louder, which he did, but still no answer.
Again she said she would require him to speak louder.
Pat got angry at this, and, turning to the lady, said:

"Begorra, if I could shout any louder I wouldn't use your 'blomin' ould telephone at all!" —Tit-Bits.

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