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Thursday, June 11, 1908

HEN HATCHES SNAKES.

Her Owner Then Kills Her on Account of Her Stupidity.

Peter Wise, living near Omega, Ill., had the surprise of his life when he pulled a sitting hen off the nest that she had made in the edge of a straw stack. He had noticed her sitting there for some time and began to suspect that she was sitting on a door knob or a nest of spoiled eggs.

When he lifted her up, instead of a brood of chickens or a batch of spoiled eggs, there was a bunch of snakes, little sleek black fellows, each about seven inches long and wriggling furiously.

Mr. Wise promptly dispatched the snakes, 11 in number, and the hen was disposed of by having her neck wrung. Mr. Wise said that he had no use for a hen that could not tell the difference between a snake's egg and her own product.

What a Newspaper Means.

It used to be said in derision that "all one needs to start a newspaper is a box of blacking and a shirttail full of type."

It did not take much to start a newspaper in former days—a Washington handpress and a few cases of "long primer," and a few more of "brevier," with a case or two of "display" type—all costing something like five or six hundred dollars new; if second hand, much less than that.

It is different now, and the difference can best be illustrated by example. Take The Bamberg Herald for instance—in a new and small and not very wealthy county, with a small white population. Not counting the job type and many other articles, it has:

A large newspaper press, to be run by an individual motor.

Two job presses, each run by an individual motor.

A thirty-five hundred dollar linotype, run by an individual motor.

The entire plant, not counting in the building, represents an investment of about ten thousand dollars.

There are many county print shops that have equipments equaling that of the Bamberg paper. This is simply characteristic of the spirit of the age. Old styles and methods have been left behind. It is an age of progress, and he who wishes to meet the demands of the day must "get a move on" and keep up with the procession. This is nowhere more true than in the newspaper business and the printing business generally.—Newberry Observer.

Polished and Vigorous.

Observing a passenger with the unlighted butt of a cigar in his fingers, the street car conductor requested him to put it out.

"It is out, you chump," responded the passenger.

"Pardon me," resumed the conductor, "if I have failed to make myself clear. The condition to which I had reference was not one of mere temporary noncombustion, but of elimination, the eradication, I might say, of the physical presence of your nicotine laden remnant, this process followed necessarily by cessation of the odor now permeating an atmosphere somewhat deficient, I fear, in the essential element of ozone. I'm a humble conductor, and my aim is to please; but, you big porcupine stiff, you throw that cigar through the door or I'll throw you and it both out. See?"

"Excuse me, professor," replied the passenger meekly, and the incident was closed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Optimistic to the End.

Sometime ago there was a flood in Western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Dave."

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well they said the crops would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

HAS ITS USES.

The hammer is a useful tool. And if you ever doubt it Just try to build a chicken coop Or picket fence without it. But if you use the iron sledge For other kinds of knocking, Go tapping at your neighbors' faults. Results are somewhat shocking.

Do not be a knocker. Kind, impatient sir— Hammer out for every one Sharpened, as it were. Though you're armed for business With a tinner's kit. You can hardly ever Make a three base hit.

There's nothing wrong about it if You're listed with the tollers And hooping barrels is your trade Or building iron boilers. But if you only wield a pen And toy with words and grammar It isn't very bright in you To use it as a hammer.

Do not be a knocker As through life you pass. If you're looking out for faults, Get a looking glass. Throw away your hammer And your friends surprise. Do some boosting if you're Needing exercise.

Just as Good.

"You can't tell what a man knows by looking at him." "You can tell something else by watching him, though." "What?" "What he does not know."

His View.

"How did you like the story you just finished?"

"Too pathetic," replied the old bachelor.

"Anybody killed?"

"No."

"Lose their money?"

"No."

"Then, where was the pathetic part?"

"They got married."

Part of the Routine.

"Hear about that incident in the navy?"

"No. What was it?"

"Boat sunk, and every soul on board went down with her."

"Incident! I should call that a calamity."

"Not when you knew it was a submarine."

Right in His Line.

"Did you tell the judge you just took the overcoat as a joke?"

"Yes, I mentioned it to him."

"Did he see the point?"

"I should judge so from the way he acted. He has a fine sense of humor."

Didn't Catch Him.

It would have been exposure If he had been a grafter. He met it with composure And guded them ever after.

Yourself, For Instance.

"I hate a hypocrite."

"Still, he has his uses."

"As how?"

"When you stave off a bill collector."



Malodorous. She hides the fact her life is sad Because of corns and bunions. But then she can't not keep it hid That she is fond of onions.

The Only Way.

"Do you find that a man can live on less in a small town than in a city?"

"If he has to."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Knowing what not to do with a thing helps some to.

In a display of stationery one doesn't care to see a scarcity of pay envelopes.

It is hard to hire a man to pray for you as efficiently as he prays for himself.

It isn't hard work to give some people an intellectual treat, and the returns are often out of all proportion to the cost.

The trouble about the bread of idleness is that it has a way of not materializing when too many of us get idle.

It begins to look as if the poor we shall always find to be of us.

Neither a song nor a sermon is as appetizing as a loaf of bread.

The man who has a good time when times aren't good has either an imagination or a million.

Cleanliness is next and maintains its position.

The uplift somehow doesn't seem to concern itself sufficiently with the source of pantry supplies.

Farm and Garden

WINTERING BEES.

Packing Colonies in Straw in an Open Storm Shed.

At the back side of the bee building at the Montana experiment station and running the length of it is a room with a dirt floor fitted up with two skeleton shelves of 2 by 4 so that some forty or fifty colonies of bees may be wintered under as nearly normal conditions as possible, with the entrances connected with the outside, permitting the bees to fly at will.

Above these rooms in the gable roof is ample storage room for empty hives and for surplus combs when not in use for the honey harvest.

During the first two winters prior to the erection of this bee house experi-

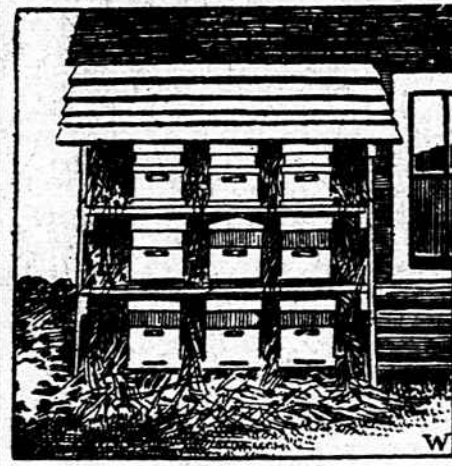


SHELTER FOR BEEHIVES.

ments were carried on in outdoor wintering and in packing a number of colonies in straw under one roof. The experiments during the last two years were not only modified by the indoor wintering with packing only above the colonies, but also by packing colonies in straw in an open shed against the side of the house. (See the accompanying figures.)

Outdoor wintering is usually accomplished in chaff hives, and one great objection is the expensiveness of these hives. Otherwise, since it is the most normal condition for bees, this method is to be recommended for inexperienced beekeepers. The feature of these chaff hives is a double wall with from three to eight inches of space between the walls on all sides, including the bottom, filled with some nonconductor of heat like straw, chaff, paper or ground cork. The effect of this packing is to retain the heat and at the same time permit the moisture produced by the bees to pass off.

To further permit moisture to escape the oil or carriage cloth quilt used in summer is removed and a canvas quilt placed over the frames. Above this newspapers, a piece of old quilting or a chaff tray may be used to retain the heat. Then above this material to retain the heat there should be an open space with free ventilation, accomplished by auger holes through the gable ends of the roof. The roof and whole hive should be thoroughly painted and the hive placed several inches off the ground to prevent freezing and thawing and the attendant soaking up of water. The entrance formed by a bridge passageway through the packing at the usual place is contracted to



HIVES IN PLACE.

[Ready for a winter protection of boards and straw to be put across the front.] an inch or so for the winter. There should be in most instances no trouble in wintering bees so packed if they are strong in numbers and with plenty of stores.—Montana Experimental Station.

Dried Leaves Useful.

Plenty of dried leaves should be gathered for bedding and to bank up cellars and pits, suggests American Cultivator. Bog hay is also good for this purpose. In some localities large areas of brook hay and bog hay have this year not been considered worth cutting for stock, but now that work is not so pressing some farmers could find time to cut this grass for bedding and mulch. Simply mow it, leave it for a day or two, then turn the swaths, and next day it will be cured well enough for these purposes.

An Osage Hedge.

An osage hedge if trimmed up five or six feet may be converted into a first class hog and cattle tight fence by adding about six barbed wires, writes a farmer in Iowa Homestead. In a year or two when the branches grow out again over the wire it makes an impregnable barrier to live stock's exit or entrance.

Care of the Horse.

Since your horse does for you the work you cannot do yourself you are under obligation to do for your horse the work your horse cannot do for himself—curry and brush him.—Farm Journal.

It Is to Laugh.



Duraplat (returning home at 4 a. m.)—Hello! Don't shout into the apparatus like that, miss; you deafen me.—Pele Mele.

Too Late.



The Small Boy—Please, sir, will you help teach my little brother to swim? The Old Gentleman—But I don't see your little brother. The Small Boy—Oh, he's tied on the string.—Sketch.

Not Him.



Kindly Old Gent—Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy? Little Boy—No. I doesn't read 'em, sur.—Punch.

It Distressed Him.



"Doesn't it distress you, Mr. Wawbawsh, when you notice how much the current slang phrases seem to appeal to so many people nowadays instead of good, pure English?" "It does, for a fact! Looks like they had the dictionaries skinned a mile!"—Browning's.

Love's Young Dream.



"You used to tell me you would love me always."

"Yes, and we were both young enough to believe it."—Philadelphia Press.

Physiological.



First Boatman to Second Ditto—E's got more brains in 'is 'ead than you and me 'as got in the rest of our bodies.—Tatler.

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