

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

HOW CULLING PAYS POULTRY KEEPER.



A Few Properly Selected Hens Will Produce as Many Eggs at Less Cost Than a Greater Number Not Culled.

REDUCING FEED BILL OF FLOCK

Results of Some Culling Demonstrations Held by Several County Agents

SELL UNPROFITABLE FOWLS

Poultry Keepers Are Urged to Dispose of All Nonlaying Hens—Farmers Save Money by Selling on Co-Operative Plan.

The advantage of culling the poultry flock—eliminating the unprofitable layers—is shown by a number of reports being received by the United States department of agriculture from county agents who have conducted culling demonstrations. In many instances the culled birds were retained and fed for a few weeks in order to demonstrate to the farmers the advantage of proper culling. "Culling drives" supervised by county agents were conducted by poultry raisers in many localities. In one community in Missouri the nonproducers in more than 300 farm flocks were taken out in one day and sent to market. In making a report to the department of agriculture on the culling work in Missouri, H. E. Cosby, state extension poultry husbandman, says:

Saving in Grain.

"Miss Nellie McGhee, emergency home demonstration agent of Green county, together with County Agent E. A. Cockefer, report that 16,007 birds were culled out of 40,100—about 40 per cent. These 16,007 were sold, making a saving in grain in the form of \$9,640.80." The interest on the money received for the sale of the culled birds would bring the total saving to about \$10,000, Mr. Cosby further says: "To show the efficiency and accuracy of local leaders the following will suffice: From one flock of 75 chickens, 25 were culled out. Only one egg was laid in the culled pen in four days. From another flock of 200 chickens, 60 were culled. The pen of culled birds produced only two eggs in three days. Fifty-two birds were culled from a flock of 58 hens, leaving only six good ones. In four days only one egg was laid in the pen of 52 culled."

One county agent reports on two flocks. There were 142 hens in the first flock, 105 of which were selected to make up the winter pen of layers, while 37 were put in the culled pen and fed the same ration as the others for two weeks. During this period the hens that were selected for winter layers laid 620 eggs, or an average of about 6 eggs each, while 15 eggs were produced in the other pen; less than one egg for every two hens.

In the second flock there were 92 hens, 67 of which were retained and 25 put in the culled class. In one week the 67 good birds produced 137 eggs, while in the pen of 25 discarded hens only eight were produced.

Co-Operative Marketing.

A "cull the flock" campaign was held in nine Mississippi counties this fall, and as a result 10,702 birds weighing 25,000 pounds were marketed. These birds came from 1,340 flocks. If they had been retained throughout the winter, they would have been fed at a loss. Through the help of county agents these birds were sold by a co-operative plan and brought \$5,085. If they had been sold by the individual owners they would have brought \$4,144, the extension poultry husbandman estimates. The co-operative selling plan thus saved the farmers \$1,554.

Culling the Flock.

With feed high in price and in many cases difficult to get, it is of greatest importance to cull the poultry flock. Culling serves two purposes: First, it insures that the feed will be consumed by the better-producing hens, thereby increasing the profit. Second, it makes it possible to save those best suited for breeders, both on account of their better production and on account of

their superior strength and vitality, qualities so essential to layers if they are to stand up under the severe strain of heavy laying. Under war conditions it is imperative that the poor producers be weeded out; the slacker hen must go. Weeding out the poor hens gives those left more room and a better chance. Where trap nesting is practiced, culling is a comparatively simple process.

Culling should be continuous throughout the year. This continuous culling should consist of weeding out, when discovered, any hen which is sick, which is very thin or emaciated, or which shows evidences of nonproduction, weakness, or poor vitality.

The whole flock should also be given a careful and systematic culling at some one time. The hens should be handled individually and gone over carefully with the object of dividing them into two lots, one the better producers and the other the poorer producers. From the better producers it is also desirable to pick out as many of the best as will be needed for breeders. Band or otherwise mark these hens so that eggs from them only will be saved for hatching. Market those selected as the poor producers. Save for laying and breeding those selected as the better producers.

When a single systematic culling is made, the best time to do this is in August or September. At this time it is easier to form a fairly close estimate of the relative value of a hen as an egg producer and to weed out the nonproducers. Hens which show indications of laying at this time are those which on the average have been the better producers for the year. It must be remembered, too, that the better producers during the first laying year are those which will be the better producers in subsequent years. Hens showing indications of having been good producers throughout the year should be retained for the next year regardless of their age, but relatively few hens will prove to be profitable producers beyond their second laying year if of the heavier breeds, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red, Wyandotte, or Orpington, or beyond their third laying year if of the lighter breeds such as the Leghorn. Additional culling during July is also desirable in order to eliminate hens which have started to molt and have stopped laying.

In going over the entire flock for the purpose of culling there are a number of points or characteristics which should be given special attention in selecting the layers from the nonlayers. Where the different characteristics, or several of them in the case of any individual, agree as indicating good production or poor production, selection is comparatively accurate. Where they do not agree, judgment must be used in deciding which should be given the greatest weight. The following are the main points to consider:

Sickness and lack of vigor are usually indicated by listlessness, inactivity, tendency to stay on or under the roost during the day, poor appetite, dull eye, dark or bluish color of comb, long toe nails, snaky or crow head, and the tendency to go to roost early in the evening and to be one of the last to leave the roost in the morning.

SAVE THESE HENS

Healthy, strong, vigorous, alert and active; good eaters; not molting or just beginning to molt in September or October; with large, moist vents; with large, bright-red combs; thin, pliable pelvic bones well spread apart, wide spread between pelvic bones and rear end of keel, and large, soft, pliable abdomen. In breeds with yellow skins and shanks, the hens saved should also show pale or white shanks, and pale or white beaks and vents.

Produce the infertile egg. Infertile eggs are produced by hens that have no male birds with them. Removing the male bird has no influence on the number of eggs laid by the hens.



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stagg said. "I'll carry Hannah's Carolyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said:

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kept me going, folks—the chapel bell. It just seemed to be calling me home."

Joseph Stagg carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men helped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter—just because she couldn't find the sexton?"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em, Chet and Miss Mandy, did their best."

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's hack, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the hack driver was naturally as curious as anybody. So he willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably, Doctor Nugent having just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Pitcher of George Washington! pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's job."

Carolyn May did not altogether understand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the carpenter's daughter. The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual vitally interested in the adventure who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident, Doctor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stagg surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stagg found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambition.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter air, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunt Rose declared that Carolyn May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunt Rose would have said. Composition writing was her bane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning. The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil—and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

The Rev. Afton Driggs watched her puzzled face and laboring fingers for some moments before calling out of his window to her. Several sheets of sermon paper lay before him on the desk and perhaps he was having almost as hard a time putting on the paper what he desired to say as Carolyn May was having with her writing.

Finally, he came to the window and spoke to her. "Carolyn May," he said, "what are you writing?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs, is that you?" said the little girl, getting up quickly and

coming nearer. "Did you ever have to write a composition?"

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write one or two each week." And he sighed.

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl agreed. "You have to write sermons. And that must be a terribly tedious thing to do, for they have to be longer than my composition—a great deal longer."

"So it is a composition that is troubling you," the young minister remarked.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to write—I really don't. Miss Minnie says for us not to try any flights of fancy. I don't just know what those are. But she says, write what is in us. Now, that don't seem like a composition," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

"What doesn't?"

"Why, writing what is in us," explained the little girl, staring in a



"Carolyn May," he said, "What Are You Writing?"

puzzled fashion at her slate, on which she had written several lines. "You see, I have written down all the things that I'm member is in me."

"For pity's sake! let me see it, child," said the minister, quickly reaching down for the slate. When he brought it to a level with his eyes he was amazed by the following:

"In me there is my heart, my liver, my lungs, my verform pendicks, my stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece of peppermint candy and my dinner."

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut off this explosion by a sudden cough. "I guess it isn't much of a composition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said frankly. "But how can you make your inwards be pleasant reading?"

The minister was having no little difficulty in restraining his mirth. "Go around to the door, Carolyn May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you in. Perhaps I can help you in this composition writing."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried the little girl. "That is awful kind of you."

The clerk, man did not seem to mind neglecting his task for the pleasure of helping Carolyn May with hers. He explained quite clearly just what Miss Minnie meant by "writing what is in you."

"Oh! it's what you think about a thing yourself—not what other folks think," cried Carolyn May. "Why, I can do that. I thought it was something like those physiology lessons. Then I can write about anything I want to, can't I?"

"I think so," replied the minister.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish I might do something for you in return."

"Help me with my sermon, perhaps?" he asked, smiling.

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May was very earnest.

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would you go about writing a sermon if you had one to write?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping her hands, "I know just how I'd do it."

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps you have an inspiration for writing sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sunshine and the sky—and the mountains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd write a sermon."

The clergyman's face had grown grave as he listened to her, but he kissed her warmly as she chucked her head and bade her good-by. When she had gone from the study he read again

the text written at the top of the first sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah.

"To write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier," he murmured as he crumpled the sheet of paper in his hand and dropped it in the waste-basket.

CHAPTER XV.

The Awakening.

With the opening of spring and the close of the shedding season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty miles deeper into the forest—mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

All that was left on the site of the busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbers and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boiler and engine.

And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the hackman, had brought in.

The old woman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a graderate nurse like Miss Mandy."

"I reckon that's some spell ahead," chuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr. Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy?" exclaimed the carpenter, startled. "What about, child?"

"Why, about everything. You know, once I asked you about her being happy, and—and you didn't seem favorable. You said 'Bah!'"

The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the patience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said:

"I dunno but you're right, Carolyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not in this world," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure—to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I mean about Miss Amanda."

"What about Mandy?"

"She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good as can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she can't be real happy."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

"Why—cause— Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt, but the child went bravely on.

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How'd you know they're so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss Mandy, 'cause he always speaks so—so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the



"I Know My Uncle Joe Likes Miss Amanda."

observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy ag'n, and we ought to make 'em so."

"Huh! Who ought to?"

"You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, turning Cherry into the dooryard. "Huh!"

This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. The little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not sidetrack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It doesn't take much to convince a man that he needs a rest.

CANADA'S NEW DEVELOPMENT

After the War a Period of Prosperity.

It is evident that the Government of the Dominion in its programme of reconstruction and development is undertaking a work of tremendous importance. There will be available the labor for work that has been silent since 1914, and the rehabilitation of this labor will entail the thought and energy of most capable heads. The transition period from war to peace will be rapid and thorough, and, instead of Canada sinking into a state of lethargy, there will be a continued period of wakefulness that will give employment to the unemployed, and render to the capitalist and producer ample return for his money, effort and enterprise.

The agricultural potentialities of the great Canadian West possess illimitable acres of the best of soil, capable of producing millions of bushels of the best of grain. The cost of growing this is lower than any place on the continent. There will be a greater demand than ever for these lands, the consequent production will be heavier and the profits attractive. Cattle industry will be one of the chief developments, and the encouragement of it will lie in the continued high prices that beef products will bring. European countries have been depleted of cattle, and the demand for beef, cattle and dairy products will tax the efforts of the producer for years to come.

Western Canada offers unequalled opportunities for development in this line.

In the Canadian West plans are being laid for the development of electrical power which can be produced cheaply. There is an abundance of coal and water power that could be used in developing this useful energy. What cheap power produced in this way will mean to the farmer and development of industrial enterprises cannot be estimated in figures.

More extensive development of the water power at Niagara, on the St. Lawrence and at waterfalls all over the country, is ready to be launched.

Peace will see new mine fields opened up, and it is equally certain that shipbuilding, railway equipment, steel production, and many of the industries will go forward with a bound.

Canadian industries will be required in the reconstruction of Europe, and already the Canadian Government has sent across the seas a commission for the purpose of securing orders. Canada took an early and prominent part in the war, and in the days of peace will be found equally active. She feels that by the valor and loyalty of her people she has earned a large share of the business and prosperity that will follow the war period, and she proposes to get it.—Advertisement.

The View of It.

"Do you believe in heredity?"
"Not at all. Neither of my parents is either smart or good-looking."

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

An examining physician for one of the prominent life insurance companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp-Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The Time.

"Pop, when are people's salad days?" "When they need dressing down, son."

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

It takes a political orator to say things that sound well and mean nothing.

A stubborn fountain pen has wrecked many a man's train of thought.

Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Soothing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids. "I Don't" After the Morning, Morning or Night will give you comfort and relief. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when you need it. It's the Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.