

POULTRY

Four Hens and a Cat

H. Perry Blanchard, Hants Co., N.S. In the first place I am not going to say anything about the cat—she was merely put on the title for her good looks and for company's sake. Also, as to the four hens, they are not for the farm; the farm should have 40 hens and a rooster. The farmer for eggs, the latter for crows. The four hens and no rooster are for the town folk to keep.

Long ago I was a clerk in a certain village; almost every morning an elderly gentleman would drop in on us young fellows for a social chat, and incidentally to tell us how many eggs he got yesterday from his four hens. They were just simple hens; none of your pure bred striped or barred or dotted something; just plain hens, whose sole duty was to lay eggs; and they certainly did their

SIMPLE MANAGEMENT

The old gentleman—pensive to his eyes—was surely proud of them, and he might be. On what did he feed them? Oh, nothing; just scraps from the table, a little warm mash on a cold day, occasionally a handful of oats or wheat in their straw. Oh, yes, I remember; when all else failed, a cake of buckwheat did the business. Why didn't he keep more hens? His limitation was that he had only a nice corner on the sunny side of his coal shed for their house.

But as I analyze his feed ration and housing in the light of present day poultry science, it is apparent that he was unconsciously up-to-date, like Josh Billings and the simplified spelling. From his well managed kitchen there must perform be some few scraps of meat, some gravy and vegetables, a shake of wheat for exercise,



Old Time Favorites

The Huron Leghorns will always be a popular breed. Since the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers they have been recognized as one of the best egg-producing breeds of poultry.

And the old gentleman had loads of grit—enough to keep any hen's gizzard lively.

NOT A GROWING CONCERN

His success is an encouragement and a warning. He kept only four hens and succeeded; had he kept a dozen or more he might have failed. Besides, for four hens, the scraps from the table about sufficed. This meant no money outlay. For a dozen hens it would mean buying their food and—so vanish the profit on the eggs.

Nearly any man or any of the folks in the house could arrange to imitate this example.

Four eggs, buy them from some reliable neighbor. Reliable, so that he won't work off on you a quartette of antediluvian cluckers for yearlings. If you can, at a reasonable figure, get some fresh stock. You may not think of it, but you should. You don't want to get any more eggs; those you already will it is that with four hens they will be pets; and it is nice to add a point for additional pride in

your poultry. Then, read the poultry column of Farm and Dairy. To know why as well as how puts a keener enjoyment on any successful work, or even on victorious drudgery. There is \$10 worth of philosophy in this last sentence. Read it over again; there is no extra charge. Make your hen house for just four hens and put up a copper-plated resolution: "Four hens the limit; only four and no more."

When a hen gets old, eat it; but boil it first to dissolve its mollicular tenacity.

A BOILED DOWN NERVEN

Try this, ye urban lover of the fresh egg; aim for eggs only, and eschew all thoughts of a sitting for chickens; and if you follow as to the care and feeding the directions of Farm and Dairy, you will not only have eggs in plenty for your small American family, but you will eventually become so attached to your gallinies, that, when you hear in the hen house a triumphant overture in E major, you will feel as proud and boastful as if every hen had laid a marble cornerstone.

National Show will Continue

Last year the National Live Stock, Horticultural and Dairy Show held in Toronto in November resulted in a loss to the Toronto ratepayers of about \$37,000. It has been doubtful ever since if the show would be continued another year. Last week, however, at a meeting of the city council of Toronto, after a discussion lasting nearly four hours, it was decided to continue the show this year. The deficit for 1914 was estimated at \$27,000.

The decision was carried by the narrow margin of 13 to 11 votes of the council. The opposition based their objections on the supposition that the Winter Fair would militate against the success of the live stock department of the Canadian National Exhibition and also claimed that the taxpayers were not in a position to assume the burden involved. They also pointed out that the directors of the Canadian National Exhibition had placed themselves on record as being opposed to the holding of any fair in Toronto that would interfere with the success of the Canadian National Exhibition. On the other hand it was argued that Toronto was the most suitable place in Ontario for the holding of this exhibition, it having the necessary facilities and accommodation.

That Rural Survey

On the front cover of Farm and Dairy last week a report of Canada's first rural survey was announced for page three. Owing to difficulties in preparing charts it was impossible to get the article in the issue of July 2. The report of this Huron Co., Ont., survey will be published July 23.

The survey was conducted by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of Canada, and some of the facts brought to light are truly startling. The question is, do the conditions discovered in Huron prevail generally? When you have read the article we would welcome comments and opinions of our folks.

Never let young chickens perch until their breast bone can endure the strain, as a crooked breast bone decreases a fowl's market value as well as breeding value.

Some people never appreciate the usefulness of the humble bird. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," until the humane owner reminds them of it.

The Dairy Cow—A Critical View

Hollis W. Field in "Agricultural Advertising"

IN the old days before intensive farming was discovered, the cow was only a necessary sort of evil on a stock farm. It was a calamity when a heifer calf was born. Running loose and boarding at a wintry hay-stack in the open, the average cow used to kill about her weight in other live stock every year. Sheep, lambs, colts, horses and even hogs occasionally were impaled upon her spiteful horns. But she never charged the bull; never molested the innocuous steer. Being a cow herself and knowing just what a cow is, she's always been loaded for cow.

At this stage in her evolution, however, the cow had an advantage. Every stock farm had no more milk than it could consume at table and milking the cow was woman's work.

Nine tenths of the hired men in the country entered into solemn contract with an employer never to milk a cow, so help him! He was as insistent in this as a city housemaid is nowadays in regard to only five in family, Thursday and Sunday afternoon off and no washing. This situation made place for the milkmaid, sung of the poets and famed for her rosy cheeks and dimpled arms.

Only for the milkmaid and the poets, the cow would have been negligible. Imagine, if you can, a Byron, Shelley, Browning or even a Cowper himself rhyming about the cow with only a sunburned hired man milking her. Now that the milkmaid has gravitated to a sales counter four aisles over and three aisles to the right from the floorwalker and when most advertisements for farm lands stipulate that he "Must be a good milker," the male population's enthusiasm for the cow is badly sagged.

Of course, ever since the milkmaid skipped her job for the new Feminism and left the hired man up against the right flank of the dairy cow, the men folk have been trying to make the work measure up to masculine dignity in spite of its musciness. Where the milkmaid used to use a two-for-five tin skimmer on a bunch of tin pans from the Ten Cent Store, the hired man whisks a \$150 cream separator; where she scooped her elbow dimples to fine advantage churning in a porcelain bowl with a tablespoon, he sparks up the gasoline motor attached to the power churn; he feeds the beast from a silo annex two stories higher than the barn; instead of agricultural bulletins on balanced winter rations, talks percentages of butter fat and protests to the crowd in the cross-roads store against milk inspection and the tuberculin test.

All of this costs money, naturally. But it has ranked the cow by the tail from the realm of poesy into the ledger of economics. Here she's got to offset charges for the milking machine, white duck uniforms for her attendants and the steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water and janitor services included in the modern dairy. And she's up against it, too!

In evolving the dairy cow to pre-

sented specifications, some of the unexpected has happened. Beef as a by-product of the modern dairy herd is as impossible as soap from soapstone. The dairy cow when first sighted in the pasture, half a mile away, is an exaggerated odder. Closer up she appears to be a hunchback on the wrong side. Her chest, showing at three years old and rolling fat might weigh 855 pounds. This isn't wholly settled, however, as the state authorities never have allowed the inmates of the asylum farm for the insane to go quite that far with the experiment.

All that the dairy cow lacks in beefness, however, is made up in mentality for devilishness. Of these breeds, too, it seems that the Jersey gets the

most of the old farmer's philosophy up the road who's just sold the last cow hair hide off his farm in order to quiet down a little pre-dead-thee repentance. In this herd, knocked down to the high bidder, was one lone Jersey which he reserved.

"She's sold," he explained to the auctioneer. Later he made some explanations that explained to inquirers.

"Two years ago I promised my wife of that there Jersey was to be the last Jersey cow in the world, though body'd have to pay me a million dollars, cash, for her, or I'd feed her to some of them smart Alecks in town. And I'm fattening her now for the butcher; she was always too peart to stay anywhere except on a meat-hook!"

It is interesting to know how that particular Jersey got her first fattening feed on her way to the butcher's. It was in the good old summer-time and at the moment that Jersey was supposed to have been knee deep in June in her owner's own pasture. It was a sunny Saturday afternoon and on a broad board in the kitchen window of a neighbor, half a mile away, two down warm New England doughnuts were cooling. My neighbor didn't know this, of course, but his Jersey did; she was right there and when the housewife suddenly entered the kitchen, twenty-three of those fresh doughnuts had disappeared into a still fresher Jersey cow.

That great trouble with the Jersey is she's almost certain to develop temperament, as artists call it. As a calf she's so pretty that everybody on the farm pets and spoils her. Later when the beefed head begins breaking her in to the milk pail she lets her put things over on him which in an old-fashioned Durham would have caused him to risk telescoping a new top boot against her starboard ribs. So by the time she's had a third or fourth calf, the Jersey cow can make more trouble for the dairy farmer than an incorporated trouble factory working three shifts.

What's the answer? Don't ask us! Five years ago Chicago's annual milk yield was \$35,000,000 and since that time we've read page advertisements of 161 new breakfast foods and fourteen new cereal coffees, all requiring cream as a top dressing!