

quarts. The price is:

One quart—1 Feeder, 50 cts; 3, \$1.25; per dozen, \$4.00.

Two quarts—1 Feeder, 60 cts; 9, \$1.50; per dozen, \$4.80.

Three quarts—1 Feeder, 75 cts; 3, \$2.00; per dozen, \$7.50.

Single Feeders are sent, postpaid, by mail. Larger orders are sent only by express, at expense of buyer.

All persons subscribing for the WEEKLY for one year and selecting no other premium will receive by mail a one-quart Feeder. Remember, the Feeder and the WEEKLY one year for only \$1 00.

For the POULTRY WEEKLY.

### My Experience With the Craig Incubator.

THE Craig folding incubator consists of a trunk-like box, the upper and larger portion of which contains a hot water tank, and folds back upon hinges like a lid. The walls are several inches thick, and so constructed with paper and other packing as to be impervious to heat and cold. The lower part is the egg chamber, and contains several inches of moist soil covered with fine hay or straw, to prevent the eggs becoming stained by contact with the dirt. The tank is of galvanized iron, and is protected by the walls and packing on all sides except the bottom, which is directly over the eggs, and through which all of the heat of the hot water is radiated. This tank is provided with a filling tube at the top and a faucet at the bottom on one side, so that water may be put in or drawn out without opening the incubator. There is also a ventilator tube which passes through the tank at the top and into the egg chamber, through which a thermometer is passed and suspended by a cord, the ball resting in the nest among the eggs. The ventilator tube is connected with the filling tube by an adjustable elbow-shaped tube, and is discharged into the egg chamber and adds to the moisture. The earth you put into the egg chamber must be moist. The machine is then closed; then sufficient water is heated on a stove and the tank filled. After six hours this must be drawn off and the tank refilled with boiling water, and in another six hours the temperature will be at its height, and the machine thoroughly heated. After getting the temperature in the egg chamber to 105° the eggs are put in. It is very easy to keep it at about that figure by drawing off about 12 quarts of water morning and night and refill with boiling water it does not lo

over two or three degrees in the egg chamber during the night in cold weather. It's very good for keeping its temperature but, for a hatcher, with my experience I don't consider it worth much. It was loaned to me by a friend who didn't care to bother with it although he praised it highly, but he never got a chick out of it, so I thought if there was any hatch in it I would get it out or bust. I got the thing in running order, put in sixty eggs, (it is 100 egg size) and for 21 days that machine was run strictly according to directions. On the morning of the 22nd day as I was about to draw up the thermometer to see how the heat in the egg chamber was, I thought I heard a noise. I listened. Did my ears deceive me, or did visions of the previous night's dream abound? No! There it was again, I was not deceived. Oh no! The peep, peep, peep, that came up through that tube made me yell Eureka and dance the sailor's hornpipe until everyone in the house thought I was bitten by a snake or had gone crazy. I yelled wife, mother, everybody, come and look at these chicks, who says I can't run an incubator? After they had all assembled around the machine I said, when I raise the lid peek in quick and don't let any run out. The lid was carefully raised; lo and behold, Caesar's ghost! "Could my eyes deceive me?" No, they didn't; there alone, all alone, like a lost sheep out of the House of Israel, stood one solitary wee bit of a chick.

"Great Scott, I cried in agony deep,  
Is this the result after three long weeks?"

For a moment silence reigned supreme, then they roared, and you bet I felt mad, but I am going to try it again. So I closed the box and run it for another day in hopes some more would appear, but I only got one more and that one was so weak that it died in a few hours. The first one was a lively chick and is still living, and is a fine large pullet. I broke open the remaining 58 eggs and not one showed any sign of incubation, so I said if it hatched two the other eggs must not be fertile, so the fault must lay with the eggs. I purchased four dozen more eggs from a farmer who I could rely on, and put them in machine and run it with great care for three more weeks. On the morning of the 22nd day I heard that familiar peep, peep. Remembering my last dump, from hilarity to humiliation, I didn't call a family gathering to witness the result this time. Nervously I raised the lid and there again stood or laid one deformed chick. I took it out and closed the lid, and run machine for two days more but nary a chick; the deformed one died. I broke open