

Ladies' Chitchat

All communications for this Department
must be addressed to

MRS. ERNEST KABELAC,
Colby, Wash.

"Hear!
Give ear!"

Come one, come all
Obey my cheerful call.

Send sighing sorrow swift away
Let life and love laugh bright and gay.
Come catch a chord of carol sweet,
Where willing workers wisely meet.

Obey my cheerful call,
Come one, come all
Give ear!
Hear!"

That is what Mr. Hall makes the academy bell say, and I have borrowed his words to head this little article, for Mr. Teague has asked me to edit a poultry department especially for ladies in the new paper we all look out for "The British Columbian Fancier." Now I am very anxious to ring a bell, a poultry bell, not an academy bell, loud enough to call the attention of all you busy and leisured ladies to our new poultry department so that we may jointly make it as interesting and as useful as possible. Some of you don't keep poultry. You lose a pleasure and a healthful pleasure too; one that occupies one in the broad breezy life of out-of-doors; keeps physic and the doctors at a distance, and better yet, the more closely one examines the quaint little ways and doings of one's pets, the more fully is one imbued with the conviction that this world and its inhabitants did not grow by chance, but were wisely planned with the tenderest love for all, by an intelligence before whose minutest workings we must stand surprised. It is no exaggeration to say that one may leave a church with heart untouched, the mind unconvinced, tired of a dead level of platitudes, whereas one clever little

way of some animal, bird or insect convinces you in a flash that there is a "Power for Good" overlooking and governing all with pity and love for the life of the most minute.

These are all gains dear ladies. Some of you are so busy you cannot find time you say. Don't you think it would be happier for you if instead of making calls on neighbors you perhaps don't care much for, you were to give the time to just a few pets of some description? I think fowls are the best as they pay their own way with little care, and help to furnish fresh eggs for the table or for sale. Those of you who have children growing up will find that it requires very little inducement to obtain their help, and don't you think that a healthy home out-of-door amusement for the little ones is worth a trifle to obtain? By persuading them to work for the chickens and interesting them in the returns you are helping them to realize early the blessing work well done brings to the industrious child, or man, or woman. You are helping them fall early into the ranks of the workers and diminishing the chances of your boy becoming an idle saloon loafer, or your girl idle, a busybody or a gadabout. Is not this worth while? For yourselves then and for your little ones, I firmly believe home is both happier and healthier for an out-of-door interest, the more absorbing the better. Shakespeare who knew a great deal about the workings of the human mind wrote long ago "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Study with the little ones the wants and ways of your pet chickens, and you will find all of them sympathetic and respondent, thus linking all together in a

bond of kindly interest that will keep the children and yourself in touch where many other interests would fail.

If you have only a tiny place keep some Bantams—they are fine pets for children, or for any one who is not keen over the dollar side of the question, and who likes something dainty and small. They have a very strongly marked individuality. Then for those who have a little more room Plymouth Rocks or Light Brahmas are good. For those having a good range Hamburgs, Leghorns and Minorcas are the very thing. Feed them well; be kind and gentle with them, and they will add both to your happiness and your pocketbook.

Now in conclusion I would be glad to help any lady or child beginning in the fancy, with any advice or help I can give through the columns of our paper. And I would be glad of your experience or any good method you may have of raising chicks, or setting hens, or rearing poultry for the benefit of my department. I am going to offer one copy of "Five Hundred Questions and Answers," written for poultry keepers, for the most interesting and useful letter from a lady or child for our next issue. Letters should be clearly addressed to

MRS. E. KABELAC,
Cristal Palace Poultry Yards,
Colby, Kitsap County,
Wash. State.
Should reach before 10th May.

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J. HENRY LEE DEAD.

J. Henry Lee, the well known artist and poultry authority, died a few days ago at his home in this city. He was one of the leading men in the poultry fraternity to-day, and his untimely death will be a great shock to his numerous friends and the fraternity in general. Mr. Lee had been in poor health for some time. His late book, "Some of Lee's Ideas," has met with good success. He set the book in type himself, without having prepared it in manuscript.—*National Fancier*.