

hen is as profitable to keep in 1916-17 as she was in 1913-14.

(123.24-94.47) x 3.48—100.11 cents.

(123.24-81.17) x 2.38—100.12 cents.

What about a 150 egg hen? Will she not be more profitable in 1916-17 than in 1913-14? In 1916-17 the profit on the 150 egg hen is (150-9.47) x 3.48—193.24 cents, whereas the profit on the same hen in 1913-14 would have been (150-81.17) x 2.38—164.61 cents. Thus with the 150 egg hen we have 28.63 cents more profit in 1916-17

than we would have had in 1913-14.

There you have the crux of the whole situation. You will plainly see that you keep a hen which lays less than 94.17 eggs in 1916-17 as a total failure. A hen which lays 100 eggs gives a small profit of 19.24 cents. A hen which produces 123.24 eggs gives a profit of \$1.00 and is equally as profitable in 1916-17 as she was in 1913-14 before the outbreak of the war. The 150 egg hen gives a profit of \$1.93, or an excess profit of 28.63 cents more in 1916-17 than in 1913-14.



"Interlude"

By A. SAILOR.

"MR. AMES, I'll never ever forgive you."

That sounded rather strange. In things official the officers must not incur the ill-will of any passengers in things appertaining to another viewpoint the threat of being "never ever forgiven" by a lady, young, dark and pretty when one happens to be on the sunny side of twenty-two is to say the least, most alarming. I swung round in my chair, expressed the deepest consternation and asked to know at least "the crime that brought the sentence."

"On the boat deck just now you said to me: 'Well Miss Scott I suppose you're going to have another giddy time going out as you did when you came home, eh—or have you learned that wholesale heart-stealing is included in the 8th commandment.' Now, I got married in London. The man sitting next to me when you spoke was my husband—he'll want to know everything about everything and I don't

think I'll ever forgive you, really!"

It was then I saw light. Homeward bound in April we had had a very cheerful trip. Miss Scott had been the life and soul of the ship as well as the recipient of all kinds of admiration from the male passengers. While at home she had married an acquaintance of her youth with whom she was now going down to Rio Janeiro. "Now" was in August—my unpardonable crime was in not knowing of the happy event and of the consequent advisability that bygones should be bygones.

All is well that ends well—forgiveness was mine when it was ascertained that the gentleman in question had not caught the gist of my remark—a few discreet questions elicited that happy fact and I can point you to a very happy home in Rio, bygones or not, but the point of my short reminiscence is just this that even in life's comic interludes silence is sometimes most extremely golden.